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WALKS AND TALKS

OF AN

AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND.

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TO

GEORGE GEDDES,

Late of the Senate of New York,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

PRESIDENT OF THE ONONDAGA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

Inscribed.

84627

PREFACE.

I DO not deem it necessary to apologize for this memoir of a farmer's visit to England. Every man in travelling will be directed in peculiar paths of observation by his peculiar tastes, habits, and personal interests, and there will always be a greater or less class who will like to hear of just what he liked to see. With a hearty country appetite for narrative, I have spent, previous to my own journey, a great many long winter evenings in reading the books so frequently written by our literary tourists, upon England; and although I do not recollect one of them, the author of which was a farmer, or whose habits of life, professional interests, associations in society, and ordinary standards of comparison were not altogether different from my own, I remember none from which I did not derive entertainment and instruction.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the triteness of the field, I may presume to think, that there will be a great many who will yet enjoy to follow me over it, and this although my gait and carriage should not be very elegant, but so only as one farmer's leg and one sailor's leg with the help of a short, crooked, half-grown academic sapling, for a walking stick, might be expected to carry a man along with a head and a heart of his own.

And as it is especially for farmers and farmers' families that I have written, I trust that all who try to read the book, will be willing to come into a warm, good-natured, broad country kitchen fireside relation with me, and permit me to speak my mind freely, and in such language as I can readily command on all sorts of subjects that come in my way, forming their own views from the facts that I give them, and taking my opinions for only just what they shall seem to be worth.

Some explanation of a few of the intentions that gave direction to my movements in travelling may be of service to the reader.

The wages, and the cost and manner of living of the labouring men, and the customs with regard to labour of those countries and districts, from which foreign writers on economical subjects are in the habit of deriving their data, had been made a subject of more than ordinary and other than merely philanthropical interest to me, from an experience of the difficulty of applying their calculations to the different circumstances under which work must be executed in the United States. My vocation as a

farmer, too, had led me for a long time to desire to know more of the prevailing, ordinary, and generally accepted practices of agriculture, than I could learn from Mr. Coleman's book, or from the observations of most of the European correspondents of our agricultural periodicals, the attention of these gentlemen having been usually directed to the exceptional improved modes of cultivation which prevail only among the amateur agriculturists and the bolder and more enterprising farmers.

The tour was made in company with two friends, whose purposes somewhat influence the character of the narrative. One of them, my brother, hoped by a course of invigorating exercise, simple diet, and restraint from books and other in-door and sedentary luxuries, to re-establish his weakened health, and especially to strengthen his eyes, frequent failures of which often seriously annoyed and interrupted him in the study of his profession. The other, our intimate friend from boyhood, desired to add somewhat to the qualifications usually inquired after in a professed teacher and adviser of mankind, by such a term and method of study as he could afford to make, of the varying developments of human nature under different biases and institutions from those of his own land.

We all considered, finally, that it should be among those classes which form the majority of the people of a country that the truest exhibition of national character should be looked for, and that in their condition should be found the best evidence of the wisdom of national institutions.

In forming the details of a plan by which we could, within certain limits of time and money, best accomplish such purposes as I have indicated, we were much indebted to the information and advice given by Bayard Taylor in his "Views a-Foot."

The part now published contains the narrative of the earlier, and to us most interesting, though not the most practically valuable, part of our journey. I was in the habit of writing my diary usually in the form of a letter, to be sent as occasion offered to friends at home. It is from this desultory letter-diary, with such revision and extension and filling up of gaps, as my memory and pocket-book notes afford, that this volume has been formed. I have most desired to bring before my brother farmers and their families such things that I saw in England as have conveyed practical agricultural information or useful suggestions to myself, and such evidences of simply refined tastes, good feelings, and enlarged Christian sentiments among our English brethren, as all should enjoy to read of. It was my design to have somewhat extended this volume, that it might contain a greater proportion of more distinctly rural matter, but the liberal proposal of Mr. Putnam to include it in the excellent popular Series he is now publishing, makes a limit to its length necessary. Should I have reason to believe, however, that I have succeeded in the purposes which led me to write for the public, I shall be most happy at another time to continue my narrative.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

Tosomock Farm, Southside, Staten Island.

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LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Walks and Talks

OF AN

AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

EMIGRANT PASSENGER AGENTS.—SECOND CABIN.—MUTINY.—DELAY.—DEPARTURE.

WE intended, if we could be suited, to take a second-cabin state-room for our party of three, and to accommodate me my friends had agreed to wait till "after *planting*." While I therefore hurried on the spring work upon my farm, they in the city were examining ships and consulting passenger agents. The confidence in imposition those acquire who are in the habit of dealing with emigrant passengers, was amusingly shown in the assurance with which they would attempt to *lie down* the most obvious objections to what they had to offer; declaring that a cabin disgusting with filth and the stench of bilge-water was sweet and clean, that darkness in which they would be groping was very light (a trick, cer-

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tainly, not confined to their trade), that a space in which one could not stand erect, or a berth like a coffin, was very roomy, and so forth.

Finally we *were* taken in by the perfect impudence and utter simplicity in falsehood of one of them, an underling of "a respectable house"—advertised passenger agents of the ship—which, on the lie being represented to *it*, thought proper to express *its* "regret" at the young man's error, but could not be made to see that it was proper for them to do any thing more,—the error not having been discovered in time for us to conveniently make other arrangements.

We had engaged a "family-room" exclusively for ourselves, in the very large and neatly-fitted cabin of a new, clean first-class packet. We thought the price asked for it very low, and to secure it beyond a doubt, had paid half the money down at the agent's desk, and taken a receipt, put some of our baggage in it, locked the door, and taken the key. The ship was hauling out from her pier when we went on board with our trunks, and found the spacious second cabin had been stored half full of cotton, and the remaining space was lumbered up with ship stores, spare sails, &c. The adjoining rooms were occupied by steerage passengers, and the steward was trying keys to let them into ours. The mate cursed us for taking the key, and the captain declared no one had been authorized to make such arrangements as had been entered into with us, and that he should put whom he pleased into the room.

We held on to the key, and appealed first to the agents and then to the owners. Finally we agreed to take a single room-mate, a young man whom they introduced to us, and whose appearance promised agreeably, and with this compromise were allowed to retain possession. The distinction between second cabin and steerage proved to be an imagina-

tion of the agents—those who had asked for a steerage passage were asked a little less, and had berths given them in the second-cabin state-rooms, the proper *steerage* being filled up with freight. The captain, however, directed the cook to serve us, allowed us a light at night in our room, and some other extra conveniences and privileges, and generally treated us after we got to sea as if he considered us rather more of the "gentleman" class than the rest;—about two dollars apiece more, I suppose

After the ship had hauled out into the stream, and while she lay in charge of the first mate, the captain having gone ashore, there was a bit of mutiny among the seamen. Nearly the whole crew refused to do duty, and pledged each other never to take the ship to sea. Seeing that the officers, though prepared with loaded pistols, were not disposed to act rashly, we offered to assist them, for the men had brought up their chests and were collecting handspikes and weapons, and threatened to take a boat from the davits if they were not sent on shore. It was curious to see how the steerage passengers, before they had any idea of the grounds of the quarrel, but as if by instinct, almost to a man, took sides against the lawful authority.

Having had some experience with the ways of seamen, I also went forward to try to pacify them. (Like most Connecticut boys, I knocked about the world a few years before I *settled down*, and one of these I spent in a ship's forecastle.) The only thing the soberest of them could say was, that a man had been killed on the ship, and they knew she was going to be unlucky; and that they had been shipped in her when too drunk to know what they were about. Perceiving that all that the most of them wanted was to get ashore, that they might have their sprēe out, and as there was no reasoning with them, I advised the mate to send them a fiddle and let them get to dancing. He liked the idea, but had no fid-

dle, so as the next most pacifying amusement, ordered the cook to give them supper. They took to this kindly, and after using it up went to playing *monkey shines*, and with singing, dancing, and shouting kept themselves in good humour until late in the evening, when they, one by one, dropped off, and turned in. The next morning they were all drunk and sulky, and contented themselves with refusing to come on deck when ordered.

When the captain came on board and learned the state of things, he took a hatchet, and with the officers and carpenter jumped into the forecastle, and with a general knocking down and kicking out, got them all on deck. He then broke open their chests and took from them six jugs of grog which they had concealed, and threw them overboard. As they floated astern, a Whitehall boatman picked them up, and after securing the last, took a drink and loudly wished us good luck.

Two or three of the most violent were sent on shore (not punished, but so rewarded), and their places supplied by others. The rest looked a little sour, and contrived to meet with a good many *accidents* as long as the shore boats kept about us; but when we were fairly getting clear of the land, and the wind hauled a bit more aft, and the passengers began to wish she would stop for just one moment, and there came a whirr-rushing noise from under the bows—the hearty *yo-ho—heave-o-hoii*—with which they roused out the stu'n-sails was such as nobody the least bit sulky could have begun to have found voice for.

A handsome Napoleonic performance it was of the captain's:—the more need that I should say that in my mind he disgraced himself by it; because, while we lay almost within hail of the properly constituted officers of the law, and under the guns of a United States fortress such dashing violence

was unnecessary and lawless;—only at sea had he the right, or could he be justified in using it.

I suppose that some such difficulties occur at the sailing of half the ships that leave New York. I have been on board a number as they were getting under way, and in every one of them there has been more or less trouble arising from the intoxicated condition of the crew. Twice I have seen men fall overboard, when first ordered aloft, in going down the harbour.

The ship did not go to sea until three days after she was advertised to sail, though she had her crew, stores, and steerage passengers on board all that time. I do not know the cause of her detention; it seemed unnecessary, as other large ships sailed while we lay idle; and if unnecessary, it was not honest. The loss of three days' board, and diminution by so much of the stores, calculated to last out the passage, and all the other expenses and inconveniences occasioned by it to the poor steerage passengers, may seem hardly worthy of notice; and I should not mention it, if such delays, often much more protracted, were not frequent, sometimes adding materially to the suffering always attending a long passage.

At noon on the 3d of May we passed out by the light-ship of the outer bar, and soon after eight o'clock that evening the last gleam of Fire-Island light disappeared behind the dark line of unbroken horizon.

CHAPTER II.

AT SEA.—INCIDENTS.—SEA SOCIABILITY.—A YARN.—SEA LIFE.—CHARACTERS.—ENGLISH RADICALS.—SKEPTICS.—EDUCATION.—FRENCH INFIDELITY.—PHRENOLOGY.—THEOLOGY.

At Sea, May 23.

WE are reckoned to-day to be about one hundred and fifty miles to the westward of Cape Clear; ship close-hauled, heading north, with a very dim prospect of the termination of our voyage. It has been thus far rather dull and uneventful. We three have never been obliged to own ourselves actually sea-sick, but at any time during the first week we could hardly have declared that we felt perfectly well, and our appetites seemed influenced at every meal as if by a gloomy apprehension of what an hour might bring forth. Most of the other passengers have been very miserable indeed. I notice they recover more rapidly in the steerage than in the cabin. This I suppose to be owing to their situation in the middle of the ship, where there is the least motion, to their simple diet, and probably to their having less temptation to eat freely, and greater necessity to "make an effort," and move about in fresh air.

We have met one school of small whales. There might have been fifty of them, tumbling ponderously over the waves, in sight at once. Occasionally one would rise lazily up so near, that, as he caught sight of us, we could seem to see an expression of surprise and alarm in his stolid, black

face, and then he would hastily throw himself under again, with an energetic slap of his flukes.

One dark, foggy night, while we were "on the Banks," we witnessed a rather remarkable exhibition of marine pyrotechny. The whole water, as far as we could see, was lustrous white, while nearer the eye it was full of spangles, and every disturbance, as that caused by the movement of the ship, or the ripples from the wind, or the surging of the sea, was marked by fire flashes. Very singular spots, from the size of one's hand to minute sparks, frequently floated by, looking like stars in the milky-way. We noticed also several schools, numbering hundreds, of what seemed little fishes (perhaps an inch long), that darted here and there, comet-like, with great velocity. I tried, without success, to catch some of these. It was evident that, *besides the ordinary* phosphorescent animalcula, there were various and distinct varieties of animated nature around us, such as are not often to be observed.

Some kind of sea-bird we have seen, I think, every day, and when at the greatest distance from land. Where is their home? is an oft-repeated question, and, What do they eat? They are mysteries, these feathered Bedouins. To-day, land and long-legged shore birds are coming on board of us. They fly tremulously about the ship, sometimes góing off out of sight and back again, then lighting for a few moments on a spar or line of rigging. Some have fallen asleep so; or suffered themselves, though panting with apprehension, to be taken. One of these is a swallow, and another a wheatear. Some kind of a lark, but not recognisable by the English on board, was taken several days since. It had probably been lost from the Western Islands.

We have seen but very few vessels; but the meeting with one of them was quite an event in sea life. She was coming from the eastward, wind north, and running free, when we

first saw her, but soon after took in her studding-sails and hauled up so as to come near us. When abeam, and about three miles distant, she showed German colours, laid aback her mainsail and lowered a quarter-boat, which we immediately squared away to meet, and ran up our bunting, every body on deck, and great excitement. With a glass we could see her decks loaded with emigrants; and as her masts and sails appeared entirely uninjured, it could only be conjectured that she was distressed for provisions or water. The carpenter was sent to sound the water tanks, and the mate to make an estimate of what stores might be safely spared, while we hastened to our rooms to scribble notes to send home. We finished them soon enough to see a neat boat, rowed by four men, come alongside, and a gentlemanly young officer mount nimbly up the side-ladder. He was received on deck by our second mate, and conducted aft by him to the cabin companion, where the captain, having put on his best dress-coat and new Broadway stove-pipe hat, stood, like a small king, dignifiedly waiting. After the ceremony of presentation, the captain inquired, "Well, sir, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" The young man replied that he came from the ship so and so, Captain ——, who sent his compliments, and desired "*Vaat is te news?*" This cool motive for stopping two ships in mid-ocean, with a fresh and favourable wind blowing for each, took the captain plainly aback; but he directly recovered, and taking him into the cabin, gave him a glass of wine and a few minutes' conversation with a most creditable politeness; a chunk of ice and a piece of fresh meat were passed into the boat, and the steerage passengers threw some tobacco to the men in her. The young officer took our letters, with some cigars and newspapers, and went over the side again, without probably having perceived that we were any less gregarious beings than himself. The curbed

energy and suppressed vexation of our officers, however, showed itself before he was well seated in his boat, by the violent language of command, and the rapidity with which the yards were sharpened and the ship again brought to her course.

This occurrence brought to the mind of our "second dickey" that night, a boarding affair of his own, which he told us of in the drollest manner possible. I wish you could hear his drawl, and see his immoveably sober face, but twinkling eye, that made it all seem natural and just like him, as he spun us the yarn.

He was once, he said, round in the Pacific, in a Sag-Harbour whaler, "rayther smart, we accounted her," when they tried to speak an English frigate, and did not get quite near enough. So, as they had nothing else to do, they "up't and chased her," and kept after her without ever getting any nearer for nearly three days. Finally, the wind hauled round ahead and began to blow a little fresh, and they overhauled her very rapidly, so that along about sunset they found themselves coming well to windward of her, as they ran upon opposite tacks. They then hove-to, and he was sent in a boat to board her, and she promptly came-to also, and waited for him.

Dressed in a dungaree jumper, yellow oil-skin hat, and canvass trowsers, he climbed on board the frigate and was immediately addressed by the officer of the deck.

"Now then, sir, what is it?"

"Are you the cap'en of this here frigate, sir?"

"What's your business?"

"Why, our cap'en sent his compliments to yourn, sir, and —if you are a going home—he wished you'd report the bark Lucreetshy Ann, of Sag-Harbour, Cap'en J. Coffin Starbuck, thirty-seven days from Wahoo (Oahu), seven hundred and

fifty barrels of sperm, and two hundred and fifty of whale; guess we shall go in to Tuckeywarner (Talcahuano)."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Well, no; the old man did say, if you was a mind to, he'd like to have me see if I could make a trade with yer for some tobacky. We hadn't had none now a going on two week, and he's a most sick. How is't—yer mind to?"

"Is that all your business, sir?"

"Well—yes; I guess 'tis about all."

"I think you had better get into your boat, sir."

He thought so too, when he saw the main-yard immediately after begin to swing round. As the officer stepped below, he went over the side. When he called out to have the painter let go though, he was told to wait a bit, and directly a small parcel of tobacco was handed down and the same officer, looking over the rail, asked,

"Did you say the *Lucretia Ann?*"

"Ay, ay, sir; Lucreetshy Ann, of Sag-Harbour."

"Mr. Starboard, I believe."

"'*Buck*,' sir, '*buck*.' How about this 'backey?"

The lieutenant, raising his head, his cap, striking the main-sheet as it was being hauled down, was knocked off and fell into the water, when one of the whalers immediately lanced it and held it up dripping.

"Hallo, mister; I say, what shall we do with this cap? Did you mean ter throw it in."

The officer once more looked over the side, with half a dozen grinning middies, and imperturbably dignified, replied,

"You will do me the favor to present it to Captain Buck, and say to him, if you please, that when he wishes to communicate with one of Her Majesty's ships again, it will be proper for him to do so in person."

"Oh, certainly—oh, yes; good night to yer. Here, let's

have that cap. Give way, now, boys," so saying he clapped it on the top of his old souwester, and as the frigate forged ahead, the boat dropped astern, and was pulled back to the Lucretia Ann.

We have had only three days of any thing like bad weather, and those we enjoyed, I think, quite as much as any. The storm was preceded by some twenty-four hours of a clear, fresh northwester, driving us along on our course with foaming, sparkling, and most exhilarating speed. It gives a fine sensation to be so borne along, like that of riding a great, powerful, and spirited horse, or of dashing yourself through the crashing surf, and in your own body breasting away the billows as they sweep down upon you. Gradually it grew more and more ahead, and blew harder and harder. When we came on deck early in the morning, the horizon seemed within a stone's throw, and there was a grand sight of dark-marbled swelling waves, rushing on tumultuously, crowding away and trampling under each other, as if panic-struck by the grey, lowering, misty clouds that were sweeping down with an appearance of intense mysterious purpose over them. The expression was of vehement energy blindly directed. The ship, lying-to under trifling storm-sail, seemed to have composed herself for a trial, and, neither advancing nor shrinking back, rose and fell with more than habitual ease and dignity. Having been previously accustomed only to the fidgety movements of a smaller class of vessels, I was greatly surprised and impressed by her deliberate movements; the quietness and simplicity with which she answered the threats of the turbulent elements.

"If only that northwester had continued"—every body is saying—"we might have been in Liverpool by this." It's not unfashionable yet at sea to talk about the weather. I am

to write about what is most interesting us! Well, the wind and weather. Bad time when it comes to that? Well, now, —here I am, sitting on a trunk, bracing myself between two berths, with my portfolio on my knees—imagine the motion of the vessel, the flickering, inconstant half-light that comes through a narrow piece of inch-thick glass, which the people on deck are constantly crossing, exclamations from them, dash of waves and creaking of timber, and various noises both distracting and *lullabying*, and if you can't understand the difficulty of thinking connectedly, you may begin to that of writing.

John's eyes have been bad, and we have read aloud with him a good deal; but I tell you it is hard work even to read on board ship. We have had some good talks, have listened to a good deal of music, and to a bad deal, and had a few staggering hops with the ladies on the quarter deck. We contrived a set of chess-men, cutting them out of card-board, fitting them with cork pedestals, and a pin-point to attach them to the board so they would not slip off or blow away. Charley has had some capital games, and I believe found his match with Dr. M., one of the cabin passengers returning home from the East Indies by way of California, who promises to introduce him at a London chess club.

I told you in my letter by the pilot-boat, how we had been humbugged about the second cabin. While this has reduced the cost of our passage to a very small sum, we have had almost every comfort that we should have asked. Our room is considerably more spacious, having been intended for a family apartment, and has the advantage of much less motion than those of the first cabin. For a ship's accommodations it has, too, a quite luxurious degree of ventilation and light. There is a large port in it that we can open at pleasure, having only been obliged to close it during two nights of the

gale. Our stores have held out well, and the cook has served us excellently, giving us, particularly, nice fresh rolls, soups, omelettes, and puddings. We have hardly tasted our cured meat, and with this and our hard bread we are now helping out some of our more unfortunate neighbors. Split peas and portable soup (*bouillon*), with fresh and dried fruit, have been valuable stores; even our friends in the cabin have been gladly indebted to us for the latter. Don't forget when you come to sea to have plenty of fruit.

As the captain desired us to use the quarter-deck privileges, we have associated as we pleased with the first-cabin passengers, and found several valuable acquaintances among them. (Friend, rather, I should call one now.)

Our room-mate, a young Irish surgeon, is a very good fellow, apparently of high professional attainments, and possessed of a power of so concentrating his attention on a book or whatever he is engaged with, as not to be easily disturbed, and a general politeness in yielding to the tastes of the majority that we are greatly beholden to. He is a devoted admirer of Smith O'Brien, and thinks the Irish rising of '48 would have been successful, if he (O'B.) had not been too strictly honest and honorable a man to lead a popular revolt. Of what he saw and knew at that time, he has given us some interesting particulars, which lead me to think that the revolutionary purpose, insurrection, or at least the insurrectionary purpose, and preparation was much more general, respectable, and formidable, than I have hitherto supposed.

Of his last winter's passage, in an emigrant ship, across the Atlantic, he gives us a most thrilling account.

He had been appointed surgeon of a vessel about to sail from a small port in Ireland. She was nearly ready for sea, the passengers collecting and stores taken on board, when some discovery was made that involved the necessity of

withdrawing her. Another ship was procured from Liverpool, and the stores, passengers, doctor, and all, hastily transferred to her in the night, as soon as she arrived. They got to sea, and he found there was hardly a particle of any thing in the medicine chest. He begged the captain to put back, but the captain was a stubborn, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, and only laughed at him. That very night the cholera broke out. He went again to the captain, he beseeched him, he threatened him; he told him that on his head must be the consequences; the captain didn't care a rope yarn for the consequences, he would do any thing else to oblige the doctor, but go back he would not. The doctor turned the pigs out of the long-boat, and made a temporary hospital of it. It was a cold place, but any thing was better than that horrible steerage. Nevertheless, down into the steerage the doctor would himself go every morning, nor leave it till every soul had gone or been carried on deck before him. He searched the ship for something he could make medicine of. The carpenter's chalk was the only thing that turned up. This he calcined and saved, to be used sparingly. He forced those who were the least sea-sick to become nurses; convalescents and those with less dangerous illness, he placed beds for on the galley and the hen-coops, and made the captain give up his fowls and other delicacies to them. Fortunately fair weather continued, and with sleepless vigilance, and strength, as it seemed to him, almost miraculously sustained, he continued to examine and send on deck for some hours each day, every one of the three hundred passengers. On the first cholera symptoms appearing, he gave the patient chalk, and continued administering it in small but frequent doses until the spasmodic crisis commenced; thence he troubled him only with hot fomentations. The third day out a man died and was buried. The captain read the funeral service, and

after the body had disappeared beneath the blue water, the doctor took advantage of the solemn moment again to appeal to him.

"Captain, there are three hundred souls in this ship—"

"Belay that, doctor; I'll see every soul of 'em in Davy's locker, sir, before I'll put my ship back for your cursed physic."

The doctor said no more, but turned away with a heavy heart to do his duty as best he could.

I cannot describe the horrors of that passage as he would. Nevertheless, as far as simple numbers can give it, you shall have the result.

Out of those three hundred souls, before the ship reached New York, there died one, and he, the doctor declared most soberly, was a very old man, and half dead with a chronic (something) when he came on board. So much for burnt chalk and—fresh air!

But seriously, this story, which, as I have repeated it, I believe is essentially true, though not in itself a painful one, not the less strikingly shows with what villanous barbarity, by disregard or evasion of the laws of England, and the neglect or connivance of the port officers, the emigrant traffic is carried on. Some of the accounts of the three other medical men on board, who are also returning from passages in emigrant ships, would disgust a slave-trader. They say that many of the passengers will never go on deck unless they are driven or carried, and frequently the number of these is so great, that it is impossible to force them out of their berths, and they sometimes lie in them in the most filthy manner possible, without ever stepping out from the first heave of the sickening sea till the American pilot is received on board. Then their wives, husbands, children, as the case may be, who have served them with food during

their prostration, get them up, and, if they can afford it, change their garments, throwing the old ones, with the bed and its accumulations, overboard. So, as any one may see, from a dozen ships a day often in New York, they come ashore with no disease but want of energy, but emaciated, enfeebled, infected, and covered with vermin. When we observe the listlessness, even cheerfulness, with which they accept the precarious and dog-like subsistence which, while in this condition, the already crowded city affords them, we see the misery and degradation to which they must have been habituated in their native land. When in a year afterwards we find that the same poor fellows are plainly *growing* active, hopeful, enterprising, prudent, and, if they have been favourably situated, cleanly, tidy, and actually changing to their very bones as it seems—tight, elastic, well-knit muscles taking the place of flabby flesh, as ambition and blessed discontent take the place of stupid indifference,—we appreciate, as the landlords and the government men of Ireland never can, what are the causes of that degradation and misery.

Dr. M. gives much happier accounts of the English governmental emigrant ships to Australia, in which he has made two voyages. Some few of their arrangements are so entirely commendable, and so obviously demanded by every consideration of decency, humanity, and virtue, that I can only wonder that the law does not require all emigrant vessels to adopt them. Among these, that which is most plainly required, is the division of the steerage into three compartments: married parties with their children in the central one, and unmarried men and women having separate sleeping accommodations in the other two.

The others of our midship passengers are mostly English artisans, or manufacturing workmen. There are two or three

farmers, a number of Irish servants, male and female, and several nondescript adventurers; two Scotchmen only, brothers, both returning from Cuba sugar plantations where they have been employed as engineers. They tell us the people there are all for annexation to the United States, but as they cannot speak Spanish, their information on this point cannot be very extensive. Besides ourselves, there is but one American-born person among them. She is a young woman of quite superior mind, fair and engaging, rather ill in health, going to England in hopes to improve it, and to visit some family friends there. The young men are all hoping the ship will be wrecked, so they can have the pleasure of saving her—or dying in the attempt. One goes into the main-chains and sits there for several hours, all alone, every fine day, for no other reason that we can conceive, but to drop himself easily into the water after her, in case she should fall overboard. There are three or four other women, and as many babies, and little boys and girls. They do not cry very often, but are generally in high spirits, always in the way, frolicking or eating, much fondled and scolded, and very dirty.

The most notable character in our part of the ship, is one Dr. T., another returning emigrant physician. He appears to have been well educated, and is of a wealthy Irish family. His diploma is signed by Sir Astley Cooper, whose autograph we have thus seen. Though a young man, he is all broken down in spirit and body from hard drinking. He makes himself a buffoon for the amusement of the passengers, and some of the young men of the first cabin are so foolish as to reward him sometimes with liquor, which makes him downright crazy. Even the pale-faced student, who kept his neighbours awake with his midnight prayers while he was sea-sick, has participated in this cruel fun. Dr. T. has been

smutten, as the second mate says, by a young lady of the first cabin, who does not altogether discourage his gallant attentions. He keeps up the habits of a gentleman in the reduction of his circumstances, eating his dinner at four o'clock, (being thus enabled to cook it while the first-cabin people are below eating theirs, which is served at half-past three). He declares it was only to oblige the owners that he took a berth in the second cabin, and he certainly should not have done so, if he had suspected the *promiscuous* character of the company he should be associated with there. The forenoon he spends in combing his hair and whiskers, cleaning his threadbare coat, smoothing his crushed hat, and polishing his shoes. Now, indeed, since he has become conscious of the tender passion, and can feed on love, he has traded off a part of his stock of bread for a pair of boots, which enables nim to dispense with stockings and straps, much to his relief in dances and fencing bouts. Towards noon he comes on deck with his coat buttoned to the neck; he wears a stock and no collar; his hat is set on rakishly; he has a yellow kid glove for his right hand, the thumb only is missing—his thumb, therefore, is stuck under the breast of his coat allowing the rest to be advantageously displayed; his other hand is carried habitually in the mode of Mr. Pickwick, under the skirt of his coat. He has in his mouth the stump of a cigar that he found last night upon the deck, and has saved for the occasion. After walking until it is smoked out with the gentlemen—to whom he manages to give the impression that he has just finished his breakfast—he approaches, with a really elegant air to the ladies, and, gracefully bowing, inquires after their health. Then, after gazing upwards at the sun a moment, he takes the attitude, "Napoleon at St. Helena," his left hand hidden under his right arm, and, in a deep, tremulous voice, says, "Ourre nooble barruck still cleaves

the breeny ailiment, and bears us on with velucitay 'twarrd th' expectant shoorres of Albeeon's eel. Ah! what a grrand expanse it is of weeld-washing waterrers! Deleeghtful waytherr, 'pon my worrud." He is a good fencer, boxer, card player, and trickster; a safe waltzer, even in a rolling ship, and, when half-seas over, dances a jig, hornpipe, or French *pas seul*, and turns a *pirouette* on the top of the capstan; plays a cracked clarionet, and can get something out of every sort of musical instrument; he spouts theatrically, gives imitations of living actors, sings every thing, *improvises*, and on Sunday chants from the prayer-book, so that even then the religiously inclined may *conscientiously* enjoy his entertainment. A most rare treasure for a long passage. Some of our passengers declare they would have died of dulness if it had not been for him!

There is another Irishman (from the North), who has written a poem as long as Paradise Lost, the manuscript of which he keeps under lock and key, in a small trunk, at the head of his bed, and, as they say, fastened to a life-preserver. It is never out of his head, however, and he manages to find something to quote from it appropriate to every occasion. You might suppose he would be made use of as a butt, but somehow he is not, and is only regarded as a bore. I incline to think him a true poet, for he is a strange fellow, often blundering, stupidly as it seems, upon "good hits," and, however inconsistently, always speaking with the confidence of true inspiration. We have a godless set around us, and he is very impatient of their card-playing and profanity—particularly if the weather is at all bad—declaring that he is not superstitious, but that he thinks, if a man is ever to stand by his faith, it should be when he is in the midst of the awful ocean, and in an unlucky ship. "Nay," he asserts again, "he is *not* superstitious, and no one must accuse him of it,

but if he were not principled against it, he would lay a large wager that this ship never does arrive at her destined port." His poem runs somewhat upon socialism, whether approvingly or condemnatory I have not yet been able quite to understand. I rather think he has a scheme of his own for remodelling society. He uses a good deal of religious phraseology; he is liberal on doctrinal points, does not enlist under any particular church banner, and says himself, that he can bear "any sort of religion (or irreligion) in a man, so he is not a papist." Towards all persons of the Roman church he entertains the most orthodox contempt and undisguised hatred, as becomes, in his opinion, an Irish *Protestant-born* man.

There is a good-natured fellow who has been a flat-boatman on the Mississippi, and more lately a squatter somewhere in the wilds of the West. His *painter* and cat-fish stories, with all his reckless airs and cant river phrases, have much entertained us; of course he has no baggage, but a "heap of plunder." He has a rough, rowdy, blustering, half-barbarous way with him, and you would judge from his talk sometimes, that he was a perfectly lawless, heartless savage; yet again there is often evident in his behaviour to individuals a singularly delicate sense of propriety and fitness, and there is not a man in the ship with whom I would sooner trust the safety of a woman or child in a time of peril. The great fault of the man is his terrific and uncontrollable indignation at any thing which seems to him mean or unjust, and his judgment or insight of narrow-mindedness is not always reliable.

He has formed a strong friendship, or crony-ship, for an Englishman on board, who is a man of about the same native intelligence, but a strange contrast to him in manner, appearance, and opinions, being short, thick-set, slow of speech, and

husky voiced. He is a stone-cutter by trade, and returns to England because, as he says, there is no demand for so *fine work* as he is able to do, in America, and he will be better paid in London. These two men are always together, and always quarrelling. Indeed, the Englishman has, with his slowness and obstinate deafness to reason on any matter that he has once stated his views of, an endless battery of logic and banterings to reply to, for he is the only defender of an aristocratic form of government amongst us, every other man, Irish, Scotch, or English, being a thorough-going, violent, radical democrat. Most of them, indeed, claim the name of red republican, and carry their ideas of "liberty" far beyond any native American I have known. What is more remarkable and painful, nearly all of them, except the Irish, are professedly Deists or Atheists, or something of the sort, for all their ideas are evidently most crude and confused upon the subject, and amount to nothing but pity, hatred, or contempt for all religious people, as either fools or hypocrites, impostors or imposed upon. There is only one of them that seems to have ever thought upon the matter at all carefully, or to be able to argue upon it, and he is so self-satisfied (precisely what he says, by the way, of every one that argues against him), that he never stops arguing. Of him I will speak again.

A remark of one of the farmers, an Englishman, and a very sensible fellow, upon these sentiments so generally held among our company, seemed to me true and well expressed. I think my observation of the lower class of Englishmen in the United States generally confirms it. "I have often noticed of my countrymen," said he, "that when they cease to honour the king, they no longer fear God." That is, as I understand it, when they are led to change the political theory in which they have been instructed, they must lose confidence in a religious creed which they owe about equally to

the circumstances of their birth, neither having been adopted from a rational process in their own minds. Seeing the childish absurdity of many forms which they have been trained to consider necessary, natural, and ordered of God, they lose confidence in all their previous ideas that have resulted from a merely receptive education, and religion and royalty are classed together as old-fashioned notions, nursery bugbears, and romances. It is partly the result of the abominable masquerade of words which is still constantly played off in England on all public occasions, clothing government with antiquated false forms of sacredness. The simple majesty and holy authority that depends on the exercise of justice, love, and good judgment, so far from being made more imposing by this mummery, is lost sight of; while all the folly, indiscretion, and injustice of the administration of the law by fallible and unsanctified agents, is inevitably associated in the minds of the ignorant with all that is holy and true.

The only idea now, these our shipmates entertain of Christianity, seemed to be the particular humbug by which the bishops and clergy make the people think that they must support them in purple and fine linen, just as royalty is the humbug on which the queen is borne, and government the humbug by which the aristocracy are carried on their shoulders, all, of course, in combination. And nothing would convince them of the sincerity of the clergy short of their martyrdom—even that, I fear, should the time come for them to act as judges, they would rather attribute to pride, or, at best, to an exceptional deluded mind. With these ideas, nothing but thorough contempt for him, or fear of punishment, would prevent them from putting a bishop to the test of the stake, if he should fall into their hands.

While this explanation, if it is correct, should not hinder

the promulgation of sound republican views, it strongly opposes the fear that many have, of providing for the lower classes an education that shall make them capable of free independent thinking. It is long ago too late in any country in the world, to prevent the masses from learning that little that is dangerous. Yet, even in England, it is argued by churchmen that education, unless managed by the church, is the foe of their religion! Surely, there must be consciousness of evil in this fear of the light. True religion is not a machinery for fitting men with beliefs and morals. The free man in Christ cannot be the subject of ignorance. It is as much slavish and disloyal to God to be blindly led by a priest, as to be wheedled by a politician; and more than it is to be ruled over and crushed by a tyrant. Let *us* remember, too, that slaves to party or to creed are not confined to monarchies, but that all churches and governments whose authority is not dependent on the untrammelled and honest judgment of free intelligent minds, are alike ungodly and degrading.

If this view of the connection of liberal politics with religious skepticism is correct, it follows that we may look with less of horror and more of hope upon the infidelity which has so scandalized the national character of France. We may conceive it as the unnatural and convulsive action of a mind which the last thrust of tyranny has suddenly aroused from a long, false dream. Sitting in judgment over the wickedness of tyrants and the licentiousness of courts, it would be strange, unnatural, almost unreasonable, that a people whose religious teachers had been dependent on those tyrants,—had been the most active sycophants of those courts,—teachers, who had taught them that the power there seated was sacred, should hold in reverence for a moment longer, any of the dogmas of a religion so debased. The authority, the stability

of the throne, which they have ground to powder and thrown to the free winds, was a part of the very idea of the being and government of the God in whom they had been instructed to believe. Would they not be fools still to worship *such* an idol of the imagination? And what then? The natural and fearful reaction here also, from torpidity and stupid delusion, which a *little* knowledge must provoke. And which is best —a dead, superstitious morality, or a live, working-onward infidelity—a slow poison, swallowed in a sugar-coated bolus, or an active, painful, purging black-draught? Let us yet hope (for years are but hours with a nation), that repudiation of lying forms and ignoble use of the name of God, and His Holy Word is but a symptom which precedes a return of healthy fidelity to the truth of God.

To return to the man that I mentioned as being more thoughtful and fond of argument than the others, and who for that reason I have reserved to speak of more particularly, as affording a more tangible illustration of English popular skepticism and agrarianism of the day.

He was born near Sheffield, had been a good while in the United States, and now returned to England, thinking that some particular art, in smelting, I believe, that he had acquired, would be more valued there. He had certainly been a serious and constant thinker, but his information was limited, superficial, and inaccurate, and he was better at quibbling and picking inconsistencies, than at sustained and thorough reasoning. He was a man that would have a strong influence with a certain kind of honest people, not able to think far originally; and as his activity would infuse itself into them, and he was generally in earnest after something, his influence might possibly in the end be more good than bad. No one could sleep easily, at all events, while he was near them (as,

literally, some of us had uncomfortable experience). He had been brought up to the best of the cunning of his parents and friends, a strict ——ist; and nothing can be more characteristic of the blundering progress likely to be made by a man cramped with an "education," after the cowardly fashion to which the stiff-necked people of England so generally condemn their children, than his account of his coming to Deism.

While quite young, he said that he saw inconsistencies in the religious doctrines which had been battered into him, and for years labored painfully and devoutly to reconcile them; yet each dogma, however contradicted by another, seemed plainly to rest on Bible language (always understanding that language as interpreted by his teachers), constantly looking into every thing else that came in his way, he obtained from itinerant lecturers some knowledge of phrenology, and reading a few books upon it, and practising among his fellow-workmen, he soon acquired not only a good deal of theoretical understanding of the science, and acuteness in discerning character, but considerable skill as a manipulator. So, as he moved from place to place, sometimes, I suspect, giving lectures himself also upon it, he had accumulated experience that to him incontestably proved the foundation in nature of the science. He was still a church-going man, and still worshipped under the shadow of his congenital creed, still trying to reconcile what seemed its discrepancies, when one day he read in the religious newspapers of his sect an article on phrenology, in which the reverend editor, in strong terms, declared its devilish origin and untruth.

His argument, what there was of it, for his strength was mostly spent in ridicule, denunciation, and everlasting condemnation, was based on the assumption that phrenology was inconsistent with free will and moral responsibility, therefore irreconcilable with the Bible. To listen to phre-

nologists, then, was to close the eye of faith; "if you accept phrenology as truth, you deny God. If the Bible is true, phrenology is false; if phrenology is true, the Bible is a lie Phrenology is infidelity."

"Then," exclaimed he, "*I* am an infidel, for I *know* as well as the nose on my face, that phrenology *is* true." He forthwith began to study infidel books, soon so scandalized his church, that he was publicly expelled from it, and thenceforth he had looked upon the Bible only as a block in the road, over which every man must leap before he can become free to truth. As the great barrier to the progress of his race, he set himself diligently to searching out every cranny of error and crevice of inconsistency from which he could proudly poke the dust, and expose to reasoners equally shallow with himself; unconscious, poor fellow, that he was merely picking into blind traditions, uninspired translations, and hard-squeezed interpretations; rubbish of mortal church-builders and vain-glorious creed-idolaters, accumulating for nineteen centuries over the real under-laying adamant of divine truth.

He had even yet, while with us, all the zeal and activity in this purpose that characterizes the young convert to any faith; talked to every one that would listen to him, and lugged in his "cause" most pertinaciously with every company he joined, no matter what might be the subject of conversation before he entered. There was little use to argue with him, for he would shift his ground as fast as it was weakened under him, and by changing the question, never knew that he failed to sustain himself. He would insist on making the Bible responsible for every ridiculous notion that foolish or designing men have ever professed to ground upon it, and constantly insisted on taking part in those quarrels, it was little matter to him on which side, which, like the fierce little disputes one often hears in a family, only show the real

bond of love, in the common interest, that can make matters so trivial seem important. On the grand and simple purpose of the Bible, from which all Christendom is nursed, he would always avoid to look or argue.

I had myself always managed to avoid discussion with him, till one night, as he came to me on deck to repeat the good things with which he had successively sent to bed the Episcopalian, the Unitarian, the Calvinist, and the poet, fearing that he presumed from my silence that I sympathized with his opinions, and would enjoy his triumphs, I thought it not honest to do so longer; but as I really cared very little for the views one way or the other against which the shafts of his wit had been directed, I desired, if possible, to get him to examine the broad, catholic citadel of which these, at best, were insignificant outworks, in which alone, too, I had sufficient confidence to be willing to encounter him. I found it almost impossible, however, to draw his attention from them. They had been made to appear to him so much the most important part of Christianity, that he could hardly for an instant raise his eyes above them, or see through their obstruction. This difficulty, common enough perhaps anywhere, is peculiarly characteristic of English working-men, and is, as I imagine, a direct result of the prevalent views of education among the religious classes of their country. I have seen immense evil, as I think, arising from it, and have a strong conviction of its exceeding folly and danger. I cannot, however, presume upon the general interest of my readers in the subject, and will not pursue it; but as illustrating what I mean, and also as showing what seems to me the best way to meet the difficulties I have referred to, I will endeavour to give, in the Appendix, for those who care to listen to it, a report of our conversation.* It is, of course, impossible to

* See Appendix A.

report minutely a conversation after a considerable lapse of time. I wish to give the general ideas brought out, with so much of their connection as shall show the manner in which they were suggested, and the motive of presenting them, as this must often greatly affect their force and character. The reader is requested to bear this remark in mind in other conversations which will be found in this book. It is the idea given, and the exhibition of character presented in any way, that I endeavour to recall and dramatize with all the truth of my memory.

CHAPTER III.

SAILORS.—"SOGERS."—BOOKS.—ANECDOTES.

IF the purport of my title would permit it, I should like to write a long chapter on our ship's crew, and the general subject of American officers and seamen. I will, however, but give, in this one word, my testimony, as one having had some experience as to the tyranny, barbarity, and lawlessness with which in most of our merchant ships the common seamen are treated; and the vice, misery, and hopelessness to which, as a body, they are left on our shores, by the neglect or ill-judged and parsimonious assistance of those who compass sea and land to make proselytes of the foreign heathen.

Our ship's crew, as is usual in a Liverpool packet, are nearly all foreigners—English, Scotch, Irish, Danes, French, and Portuguese. One boasts of being "half-Welsh and half-Heelander," judging from this specimen, I have not a very high opinion of the cross. The mate is a Dane, the second and third mates, Connecticut men. The captain, also, is from somewhere down east. He is a good and careful seaman, courteous in his manners, and a religious man, much more consistently so than pious captains I have known before proved to be, after getting on blue water. He never speaks to the seamen, or directly has any thing to do with them. In fact, except when he is taking observations, or in bad weather, or an emergency, you would never see in him any

thing but a floating-hotel keeper. It is plain, nevertheless, that his eye is everywhere, and a single incident will show that the savage custom of the sea has not been without the usual influence upon him. He went to the kitchen the other day and told the cook he must burn less wood than he had been doing. The cook, who is a peculiarly mild, polite, peaceable, little Frenchman, replied that he had along been careful not to use more than was necessary. The captain immediately knocked him down, and then quietly remarking, "You'll take care how you answer me next time," walked back to join the ladies. The cook fell on the stove, and was badly burned and bruised.

The men complain that their food is stinted and poor, and they are worked hard, at least they are kept constantly at work; men never exert themselves much when that is the case. It has been evident to me that they all *soger* systematically. (*Sogering* is pretending to work, and accomplishing as little as possible.) It is usually considered an insult to accuse one of it, but one day I saw a man so evidently trying to be as long as he could at some work he had to do in the rigging, that I said to him,—

"Do you think you'll *make eight bells* of that job?"

He looked up with a twirl of his tongue, but said nothing.

"Have you been at it all the watch?"

"Ay, sir, I have."

"A smart man would have done it in an hour, I should think."

"Perhaps he might."

"Do you call yourself a soger?"

"Why, sir, we all sogers, reg'lar, in this here craft. D'ye see, sir, the capten's a mean man, and 'ould like to get two days' work in one out on us. If he'd give us *watch-and-watch*, sir, there'd be more work done, you mote be sure, sir."

Sunday is observed by sparing the crew from all labour not necessary to the sailing of the ship, but as it is the only day in which they have watch-and-watch, or time enough to attend to such matters, they are mostly engaged in washing and mending their clothes. We had selected a number of books at the Tract-house, which we gave away among them. They were received with gratitude, and the pictures at least read with interest. The printed matter was read somewhat also; I noticed three men sitting close together, all spelling out the words from three different books, and speaking them aloud in a low, monotonous tone. If they had come to a paragraph in Latin, I doubt if they would have understood what they read any less. The truth is, as I have often noticed with most sailors, *a book is a book*, and they read it for the sake of reading, not for the ideas the words are intended to convey, just as some people like to work out mathematical problems for the enjoyment of the work, not because they wish to make use of the result. I saw a sailor once bargaining with a shipmate for his allowance of grog, offering him for it a little book, which he said was "first-rate reading." After the bargain was closed I looked at the book. It was a volume of Temperance tales. The man had no idea of making a practical joke, and assured me with a grave face, that he had read it all through. One Sunday, in the latter part of a passage from the East Indies, one of my watchmates, an old sea-dog, closed a little carefully preserved Testament, and slapping it on his knee, said, with a triumphant air, as if henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—"There! I've read that book through, every word on't, this voyage; and, damme, if I ha'nt got more good out on't than I should 'a got going aft long with the rest on ye, to hear that old pharisee (the captain) make his long prayers." Then, after gazing at it a few moments,

he added, musingly, as if reflecting on the mutability of human affairs, "I hookt that book from a feller named Abe Williams, to the Home, down to Providence, 'bout five year ago. His name was in't, but I tore it out. I wonder what's become on him now; dead,—as like as not" (puts it up and takes out his pipe); "well, God'll have mercy on his soul, I hope."

CHAPTER IV.

ON SOUNDINGS.—ENGLISH SMALL CRAFT.—HARBOUR OF LIVERPOOL.

Sunday, May 25th.

AT sunset yesterday the mate went to the royal yard to look for land, but could not see it. By our reckoning we were off Mizzen Head, a point to the westward of Cape Clear, steering east by south, fresh wind and rising, going nine knots, thick weather and rain. Several gannets (a kind of goose with white body and black wings) were about us. Some one said they would probably go to land to spend the night, and there was pleasure in being so made to realize our vicinity to it. Several vessels were in sight, all running inside us, and steering northeast. We thought our captain over anxious to give Cape Clear a wide berth, and were very sorry not to make the land before dark. After sunset it grew thicker, and the wind, which had been increasing all day, by midnight was a gale. He got all sail in but the reefed top-sails; then hove-to, and found bottom in fifty-five fathoms. I was quite satisfied now with the captain's prudence; the sea was running high, and the cliffs of Ireland could not be many miles distant. As it was, I felt perfectly safe, and turned in, sleeping soundly till nine o'clock this morning. About an hour later they made the light on the old Head of Kinsale, where the Albion was lost some thirty years since. The captain says we passed within ten miles of Cape Clear light without seeing it. He was just right in his reckoning,

and the vessels that went inside of us were all wrong, and he thinks must have got into trouble. We are now nearly up to Waterford, and off a harbour where, many years ago, a frigate was lost, with fifteen hundred men. It is foggy yet, and we can only see the *loom* of the land.

Monday, May 27th.

The Channel yesterday was thick with vessels, and I was much interested in watching them. A collier brig, beating down Channel, passed close under our stern. We were going along so steadily before it that I had not before thought of the violence of the wind. It was amazing to see how she was tossed about. Plunging from the height of the sea, her white figure-head would divide the water and entirely disappear, and for a moment it would seem as if some monster below had seized her bowsprit and was taking her down head foremost; then her stern would drop, a great white sheet of spray dash up, wetting her foresail almost to the foretop; then she would swing up again, and on the crest of the billow seem to stop and shake herself, as a dog does on coming out of the surf; then, as the wind acted on her, she would fall suddenly over to leeward, and a long curtain of white foam from the scuppers would be dropped over her glistening black sides. It was very beautiful, and from our quiet though rapid progress, showed the superior comfort of a large ship very strikingly. We have not rolled or pitched enough during all the passage to make it necessary to lash the furniture in our room. Afterwards we saw a Welsh schooner, then a French lugger with three masts, then a cutter with one, all quite different in rig and cut of sail from any thing we ever see on our coast.

About four o'clock we sighted Tuscar light, and could see beyond it, through the fog, a dark, broken streak, on which

we *imagined* (as the dull-eyed said) darker spots of wood and lighter spots of houses, and which we called Ireland. We saw also at some distance the steamer which left Liverpool the day before for Cork. She was very long and low, and more clipper-like in her appearance than our sea-going steamers of the same class. At sunset we were out of sight of land again and driving on at a glorious rate, passing rapidly by several large British ships going the same course.

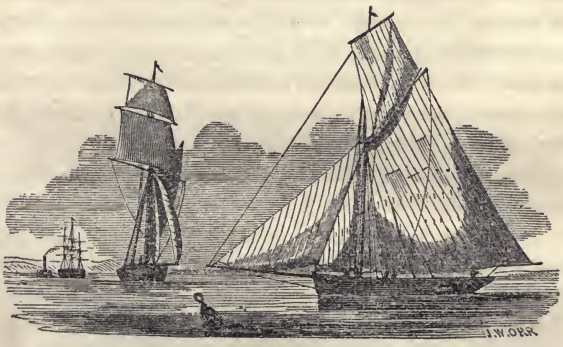
I was up two or three times during the night, and found the captain all the while on deck in his India-rubber clothes, the mate on the forecastle, look-outs aloft, every thing drawing finely, and nothing to be seen around us but fog, foam, and fire-flashing surges. At three o'clock this morning, John called me, and I again came on deck. It was still misty, but there was LAND—dark and distinct against the eastern glow—no more "imagination." It was only a large, dark ledge of rocks, with a white light-house, and a streak of white foam separating between it and the dark blue of the sea; but it seemed thrillingly beautiful. In a few minutes the fog opened on our quarter, and disclosed, a few miles off, a great, sublime mountain, its base in the water, its head in the clouds. The rock was the Skerrys; the mountain, Holyhead. Very soon, high, dark hills, piled together confusedly, dimly appeared on our right—dimly and confused, but real, substantial, unmistakable solid ground—none of your fog-banks! These were on the island of Anglesea. Then, as the ship moved slowly on, for the wind was lulling, past the Skerrys, the fog closed down and hid it all again, and we went below to dress. When again we came up it was much lighter, and the brown hills of Anglesea were backed up by the blue mountains of Wales distinct against the grey cloud behind them. Soon a white dot or two came out, and the brown hill-sides became green, with only *patches* of dark brown—*ploughed ground*—

real old mother earth. As it grew still lighter, the white spots took dark roofs, and coming to Point Linos, a telegraph station was pointed out to us; our signal was hoisted, and in five minutes we had spoken our name to a man in Liverpool. We had just begun to distinguish the *hedgerows*, when there was a sudden flash of light, disclosing the cottage windows, and Charley, looking east, exclaimed, "THE SUN OF THE OLD WORLD."

A long, narrow, awkward ugly thing—a cross of a canal-boat with a Mystic fishing-smack—with a single short mast, a high-peaked mainsail, a narrow staysail coming to the stem-head, and without any bowsprit; so out from the last fog-bank like an apparition comes the pilot-boat. Directly she makes more sail, and runs rapidly towards us. Our yachtman-passenger, coming on deck, calls her by name, and says that she is here considered a model of beauty, and that a portrait of her has been published. To say the right thing for her, she does look stanch and weatherly, the sort of craft altogether, if he were confined to her tonnage, and more mindful of comfort than of time, that one might choose to make a winter's cruise in off Hatteras, or to bang through the ice after Sir John Franklin. The pilot she has now sent aboard of us does not, in his appearance, contrast unfavourably with our own pilots, as travellers have generally remarked Liverpool pilots to. He is an intelligent, burly, sharp-voiced Englishman—a reliable-looking sort of man, only rather too dressy for his work. He brings no news; pilots never do. When we took on board the New York pilot, in my passage from the East Indies, we had had no intelligence from home for more than six months. The greatest news the pilot had for us, turned out to be that another edition of Blunt's Coast Pilot was out. I contrived to keep myself within ear-shot of him and the captain, as they conversed for half an

hour after he came on our deck, and this was all I could learn, and except the late arrivals and departures and losses of vessels, this was all we got from him for two days. Our Liverpool pilot, however, brings us a Price Current and Shipping-List newspaper, in which we find an allusion to "the unfavorable news from France" as affecting the state of trade, but whether it is of floods, hurricanes, or revolutions, there is no knowing. In the same way we understand that the loyal English nation are blessed with another baby prince, and are stopping their mills to give God thanks for it. There is a slight fall in cotton too reported, and since he read of it, our New Orleans man has been very busy figuring and writing letters.

After the pilot came the first English shower ("It's a fine day," says the boatman, just now coming on board—we have only had three showers this forenoon), and then it fell calm, and the ship loitered as if fatigued with her long journey. It is now noon, and while I am writing, a low, black, business-like



scullion of a steamboat has caught hold of the ship, and means to get her up to the docks before night. On her paddle-boxes

are the words in letters once white, and the only thing pre tending to be white about her, "The Steam-Tug Company's Boat, No. 5, the *Liver* of Liverpool." Long life to her then, for she is a friendly hand stretched out from the shore to welcome us. A good-looking little boat too she is, much better fitted for her business than our New York tow-boats.

May 28th.

We were several hours in getting up to town yesterday, after I had written you. Long before any thing else could be seen of it but a thick black cloud—black as a thunder-cloud, and waving and darkening one way and the other, as if from a volcano—our approach to a great focus of commerce was indicated by the numbers which we met of elegant, graceful, well-equipped and ship-shape-looking steamers, numerous ships—graceful spider-rigged New York liners, and sturdy quarter-galleried, carved and gilt, pot-sided, Bristol built, stump-to'-gallant-masted old English East-Indiamen (both alive with cheering emigrants, hopeful of Australian and Michiganian riches, and yet defiant of sea-sickness), dropping down with the tide, or jerked along by brave little steam-tugs, each belching from her chimney, long, dense, swelling volumes of smoke; with hosts of small craft lounging lazily along, under all sorts of sooty canvass.

These small craft are all painted dead black, and you cannot imagine how clumsy they are. The greater part of them are single masted, as I described the pilot-boat to be. In addition to the mainsail and fore-staysail (an in-board jib), they set a very large gaff topsail, hoisting as a flying sail, with a gaff crossing the topmast (like our men-of-war's boat sails), their bowsprit is a spar rigging out and in, like a steering sail-boom, and with this they stretch out an enormous jib, nearly as long in the foot as in the hoist, and of

this too, before the wind, some of them make a beam-sail. If it blows fresh, they can shorten in their bowsprit and set a smaller jib; and about the time our sloops would be knotting their second reef and taking their bonnets off, they have their bowsprit all in board, their long topmast struck, and make themselves comfortable under the staysail and a two-reefed mainsail. If it comes on to blow still harder, when ours must trust to a scud, they will still be jumping through it with a little storm staysail, and a *balance-reefed* mainsail as shown in the cut.

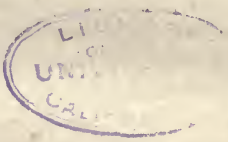
These single-masted vessels are called cutters, not sloops (a proper sloop I did not see in England); and our word cutter, wrongly applied to the revenue schooners, is derived from the English term, revenue cutter, the armed vessels of the British preventive service, being properly cutters. Cutters frequently carry yards and square sails. We saw one to-day with square-sail, topsail, top-gallant, and royal set. I have heard old men say that when they were boys, our coasting sloops used to have these sails, and before the revolution our small craft were, not uncommonly, also cutter-rigged. Instead of being of whitewashed cotton, the sails of the coast-

ers here are *tanned* hemp, having the appearance, at a little distance, of old worn brown velvet. In sailing qualities the advantage is every way with us; in the build, the rig, and in the cut, as well as the material of the sails; for our cotton duck will hold the wind a great deal the best. Ninety-nine in a hundred of our single-masted market-boats, in a light wind, would run around the fastest coaster in the Mersey with the greatest ease. They are not calculated at all for working to windward, but are stiff and weatherly, and do very well for boxing through the Channel, I suppose; but for such business we should rig schooner fashion, and save the expense of an extra hand, which must be wanted to handle their heavy mainsail and boom. Further up, we saw on the beach several cutter-rigged yachts. They were wide of beam, broad sterned, sharp built, and deep, like our sea-going clippers.

The immediate shores grew low as we entered the Mersey. It was nearly calm, but though the surface of the water was glassy smooth, it was still heaving with the long muscular swell of the sea until we reached the town. We approached nearer the land, where, on the right hand, there was a bluff point, bare of trees, with large rocks cropping out at its base; beneath the rocks a broad, hard, sand beach, and low on the water's edge, a castle of dark-brown stone, the only artificial defence, that I noticed, of the harbour. The high ground was occupied by villas belonging to merchants of Liverpool, and the place is called New Brighton, and bearing a resemblance to our New Brighton. There is the same barrenness of foliage, and some similarity in the style of the houses, though there are none so outrageously out of taste as some of those that obtrude upon the scenery of Staten Island, and none so pretty as some of the less prominent there.

As we entered the cloud that had hitherto interrupted our view in front, we could see, on the left, many tall chimneys

and steeples, and soon discerned forests of masts. On the right, the bank continued rural and charming, with all the fresh light verdure of spring. Below it we could distinctly see, and quite amusing it was, many people, mostly women and children, riding donkeys and driving pony-carriages on the beach. It seemed strange that they did not stop to look at us. There were bathing-wagons too, drawn by a horse out into three or four feet water, and women floundering into it out of them and getting back again very hastily, as if they found it colder than they had expected. We approached incomplete structures of stone-work along the water's edge, in which men and horses were clustering like bees. Soon we passed them, and were looking up at the immense walls of the docks, each with its city of shipping securely floating fifteen or twenty feet higher than the water on which we were, it being now low ebb. At five, in the rumble and roar of the town, our anchor dropped. The ship could not haul into the docks until midnight tide, and the steam-tug took us, who wished it, to the shore, landing us across the Dublin steamer at the Prince's Dock quay.



CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST OF ENGLAND.—THE STREETS.—A RAILWAY STATION.—THE DOCKS AT NIGHT.—PROSTITUTES.—TEMPERANCE.—THE STILL LIFE OF LIVERPOOL.—A MARKET.

AT the head of the gang-plank stood a policeman, easily recognised and familiar, thanks to Punch, who politely helped us to land, thus giving us immediate occasion to thank the government for its hospitality, and its regard for our safety and convenience. It was a real pleasure to stamp upon the neat, firm, solid mason-work of the dock, and we could not but be mindful of the shabby log-wharves we had stumbled over as we left New York. We were immediately beset by porters, not rudely, but with serious, anxious deference and care to keep a way open before us. I was assisting a lady, and carried her bag; a man followed me pertinaciously. "I tell you I have no baggage," said I. "But, sir, this bag?" "Oh, I can carry that." "Excuse me, sir; you must not, indeed; *gentlemen* never does so in *this country*." After handing the lady into a hackney-coach, we walked on. The landing-place was spacious, not encumbered with small buildings or piles of freight, and though there was a little rain falling, there was a smooth, clean stone pavement, free from mud, to walk upon. There was a slight smell of bituminous smoke in the air, not disagreeable, but, to me, highly pleasant. I snuffed it as if passing a field of new-mown hay—snuffed and pondered, and at last was brought to my mind

the happy fireside of the friend, in the indistinct memory of which this peculiar odour of English coal had been gratefully associated.

Coming on shore with no luggage or any particular business to engage our attention, we plunged adventurously into the confused tide of life with which the busy streets were thronged, careless whither it floated us. Emerging from the crowd of porters, hackmen, policemen, and ragged Irish men and women on the dock, we entered the first street that opened before us. On the corner stood a church—not un-American in its appearance—and we passed without stopping to the next corner, where we paused to look at the dray-horses, immensely heavy and in elegant condition, fat and glossy, and docile and animated in their expression. They were harnessed, generally, in couples, one before another, to great, strong, low-hung carts, heavy enough alone to be a load for one of our cartmen's light horses. Catching the bustling spirit of the crowd, we walked on at a quick pace, looking at the faces of the men we met more than any thing else, until we came to a wall of hewn drab stone, some fifteen feet high, with a handsomely cut balustrade at the top. There was a large gateway in it, from which a policeman was driving away some children. People were going in and out, and we followed in to see what it was. Up stairs, we found ourselves on a broad terrace, with a handsome building, in Tuscan style, fronting upon it. Another policeman here informed us that it was a railway station. The door was opened as we approached it by a man in a simple uniform, who asked us where we were going. We answered that we merely wished to look at the building. "Walk in, gentlemen; you will best take the right-hand platform, and return by the other." A train was backing in; a man in the same uniform stood in the rear car, and moved his hand round as if turning

an imaginary driving-wheel, the engine at the other end being governed by his motions:—forward—slower—slower—faster—slower—stop—back. The train stopped, the doors were unlocked by men in a more brilliant uniform, and there was a great rush of passengers to secure good seats. Women with bundles and band-boxes were shoved this way and that, as they struggled to hoist themselves into the doors; their parcels were knocked out of their hands, porters picked them up and threw them in, reckless where. So bewildered and flustered did they all seem to be, that we could not refrain from trying to assist them. There was nothing in the plan or fittings of the building that needs remark, and we soon returned to the terrace, where we remained some time observing the peculiarities of the houses and the people passing in the vicinity.

Going into the street again we wandered on till it was quite dark, with no other object but to get a general impression of the character of the town. We looked into a few houses where we saw a sign of "Clean and well-aired beds," and found that we should have no difficulty in getting comfortable lodgings at a very moderate price. From nine until twelve we were waiting at the dock for the ship to haul in, or trying in vain to get a boat to go on board of her. There were many vessels laying near the great gates, all standing by, when they should be opened at high-water, to be hauled in.

The broad promenade outside the dock walls was occupied by the police, stevedores, watermen, boarding-house keepers, and a crowd of women, waiting to help in the ships or to receive their crews when the tide should have risen enough to admit them. I was surprised at the quietness and decency of these "sailors' wives," as they called themselves; they were plainly and generally neatly dressed, and talked quietly

and in kind tones to each other, and I heard no loud profanity or ribaldry at all. Whether this was owing to the presence of the police I cannot say, but I am sure it would be impossible to find, in America, vice, shame, and misery so entirely unassociated with drunkenness or excitement and riot. They were not as young as girls of the same sort in the streets of New York, and in the strong gas-light their faces seemed expressive of a quite different character; generally they were pensive and sad, but not ill-natured or stupid. It occurred to me that their degradation must have been reached in a different way, and had not brought with it that outcasting from all good which they would suffer with us. As they stood, companioned together with each other, but friendless, some with not even hats to protect them from the rain, others, with their gowns drawn up over their head, and others, two together, under a scanty shawl, it would have been difficult, I thought, for a woman, who is always found most unforgiving of her sister's sin, not to have been softened towards those abandoned thus to seek support of life that night. We could not but think the kind words with which the sailors recognised and greeted them, as the ships hauled near, were as much dictated by pity and sympathy as by any worse impulses. They said, "If nobody else cares for you, we do." If nobody else is waiting to welcome us, we know that you will be glad that we are coming to the land once more, so, cheer up, and we will help each other again to enjoy a short space of jollity, excitement, and forgetfulness.

There is a benevolent enterprise on foot here for shipping these victims of frailty by wholesale to Australia. A strange way, it seems, to think of peopling a new Anglo-Saxon world; but who is prouder of his ancestry than your Virginian, whose colony, it is thought, was originally furnished in much the same way with mothers? The fact that

the project is favoured by intelligent, practical, religious men, is gratifying, and the remarks they are reported as making in public meetings on the subject, indicate a hopeful appreciation of the effect of circumstances upon character.

Tired of waiting for the ship, and a good deal fatigued with our tramps on the pavements, about half-past twelve we went back into the town, and by the very obliging assistance of the policemen found lodgings in a "Temperance Hotel," still open at that late hour. We were a little surprised to find a number of men in the coffee-room drinking beer and smoking. The subject of their conversation was some project of an association of working-men to combine their savings, and make more profitable investment of them than could be made of the small amounts of each separately. There were late newspapers on the table, and we sat up some time longer to read them, but they were still at it, puffing and drinking, and earnestly discussing how they could best use their money, when we went up to bed. We had good beds in pleasant rooms for which we paid twenty-five cents each.

The next morning we got our trunks from the ship, the custom-house officers searching them before they left the dockyard. Books, letters, and daguerreotypes were examined minutely, but the officers were very civil and accommodating; so also were the cartmen that took them to the inn for us. The expense of getting our luggage through the searching office, and carting it a mile, was only twenty-five cents for each trunk, and "tuppence for beer."

We went to a small lodging-house that we had examined last night, and found neat and comfortable, and kept by an agreeable woman. We have a large front room, comfortably furnished, and down stairs is a quiet parlor and dining-room. We breakfast in the house, and dine and sup at eating shops.

The whole cost of living so we make but about seventy-five cents each a day. As good entertainment would cost more than that in New York. We have made a few purchases of clothing, and find every thing we want cheaper than in New York.

Liverpool, Tuesday, 28th May.

The common building material here is a light, greyish-red brick. Stone of different colours is used in about the same proportion that it is in New York. The warehouses are generally higher than the same class of buildings there, but the dwelling-houses lower, seldom over three stories. The old houses, in narrow streets, are generally small, and often picturesque from the carvings of time upon them, or from the incongruous additions and improvements that have been made to them at intervals. At the railway station we noticed such differences in the windows of a two-story house near us, as these. There were two below; one of these, being a shop front, was entirely modern, with large panes of glass in light wooden sashes. The other was of small panes, set in heavy wood-work, such as you see in our oldest houses. One of the upper windows had small square panes set in lead; those of the other were *lozenge*-shaped, and in neither were they more than three inches wide. The frames were much wider than they were high, and they opened sideways. In the newer part of the city, the fashionable quarter, there are a good many brick-walled houses faced with *stucco*. Others are of Bath stone, and these are not unfrequently *painted* over of the original colour of the stone. Bath stone, which is the most common material of mason work, is a fine-grained free-stone, very easy to the chisel. It is furnished much cheaper than our brown stone, so much so that there would be a chance of exporting it to America with profit. There is a finer sort of it, called by the masons Caen stone, which is brought

from Normandy. The colour of both is at first buff, but rapidly changes to a dark brown. There are some buildings of red sandstone, of a little lighter colour than that now so much used in New York. In buildings mainly of brick, stone is used more considerably than with us; and there are none of those equivocating, sanded-wood parapets, porticos, steps, &c.; all is the *real grit*. The bricks are mottled, half red and half greyish yellow; the effect, at a little distance, being as I said a yellow or greyish red, much pleasanter than the bright red colour of our Eastern brick. Every thing out of doors here soon gets *toned down*, as the artists say, by the smoke. Perhaps it is partly on this account that pure white paint is never used; but the prevailing taste is evidently for darker colours than with us. The common hues of the furniture and fitting up of shops, for instance, is nearly as dark as old mahogany. This gives even the dram-shops such a rich, substantial look, that we can hardly recognise them as of the same species as our tawdry "saloons," that are so painted, gilded, and bedizened to catch flies with their flare. There are no "oyster cellars," but oysters "raw and in the shell," are exposed in stands about the street, like those of our "hot corn," and apple women. Liquor shops, always with the ominous sign of "*Vaults*," are very frequent, and often splendid. The tea and coffee shops are among the richest in the streets. The bakers' fronts are also generally showy, and there are a great many of them. It seems to be the general custom, for poor families at least, to make their own bread, and send it in to them to be baked. The first night we were ashore, we got some bread and butter, and American cheese, at a baker's, and saw in ten minutes a dozen loaves called for. They had sheet-iron checks, with numbers on them, which were given up on the presentation of a corresponding check, and, for a loaf of ten or twelve pounds, a penny for baking—in the

same way that passengers' baggage is checked on our rail roads.

Wood is used in the interior of houses more than I had imagined it would be. Its cost is high. I inquired the price of what looked like a common "Albany board," such as I buy in New York for sixteen cents; it was of the value of about thirty-five cents. The kitchens, as far as we have observed, are on the street floor, level with the living apartments. Coarse pottery and wicker-work utensils are more common than with us. Few of the houses in the town have trees about them. Occasionally an old mansion is set a little back, and has a little shrubby foliage in front of it—most commonly of elms dwarfed to the size and natural shape of a green-gage plum-tree. There are, though, in the better part of the town, some most charming public grounds. I have never seen any thing in America to compare with them. I will speak of them more particularly at another time.

The surface of the ground on which the town is built is irregular, and the streets crooked and running at every angle with each other. Generally they are short, and if long, at every few blocks the names are changed. The names are often singular; many, far apart, have the same with different prefixes, as Great and Little, North and South, &c. We are in "Great Cross Hall street;" after a slight turn it is called "Tythe Barn street," and further on Chapel street. *Tythe Barn*, I understand, is derived from the name of the building in which the tithes were deposited when they were taken in kind—a tenth of the hay, wheat, poultry, &c. There is a steep ascent near us called "Shaw's Brow;" it is fitted with smooth stone tracks for cart-wheels, with narrow stones between them set *on end* for the horses' feet, double teams here generally going *tandem*. The best streets are paved, as in New York, only one-quarter the distance across them, the intermedi-

ate space being macadamized. This makes a very pleasant road. There is generally a wide side-walk, which is flagged as in our cities; but in the commercial streets it is oftener paved like the carriage-way, and in the narrowest there is none at all. The streets are very clean, and all the side-walks, gutters, and untravelled spaces appear to be swept every day.

I have been through two markets. One of them is an immensely large building, covering about two acres, right in the centre of the town; it is clean, light, and well ventilated. What a wonder it is that the people of New York will put up with such miserable, filthy, crowded hovels as their markets are! In this building there are over five hundred stalls and tables. It has its own superintendant of weights and measures, and a thorough and constant police. There are twelve men whose employment is to keep it clean. The garbage is passed readily through traps into vaults below, from which it is removed at night. The rules for those who use it, are excellent to secure healthy condition of food, neatness, order, and fair play, and they are strictly enforced. To my mind, this structure, and the arrangements connected with it, is an honour to Liverpool, not second to her docks. And she has three other large public markets, besides small ones for particular purposes. The meat stalls are frequently owned by women, and, except a better supply of birds and rabbits, did not offer any thing different from those of our butchers. A part of the market seemed to be occupied by country women for the sale of miscellaneous wares.

The fish market was in another building, which was entirely occupied by women, nice and neat, though skinning eels and cleaning fish. The milk market also seemed to be altogether in the hands of women. Milk is not peddled about as in New York, but sold from cellar-shops. If one wants a cup of tea, our landlady runs across the street for a penny-

worth of it. "From hand to mouth" so, seems to be common with many things. The material for our breakfast is mostly bought after we have ordered it. As we did not mention what we would have till after the shops were closed last night, we had to wait till nine o'clock for it this morning. Business hours begin later than in America. I think the market is not open till eight, which they speak of as "very early." In this respect we have found no difficulty in accommodating ourselves to English customs.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PEOPLE AT LIVERPOOL.—POVERTY.—MERCHANTS.—SHOPKEEPERS.—WOMEN.—SOLDIERS.—CHILDREN.—DONKEYS AND DRAY HORSES.

I HAVE mentioned the most general features of the town which, at first sight, on landing in Europe from New York, strike me as peculiar. Having given you its still life, you will wish me to people it.

After we had wandered for about an hour through the streets the first afternoon we were ashore, I remarked that we had not yet seen a single well-dressed man, not one person that in America would have been described as "of respectable appearance." We were astonished to observe with what an unmingled stream of poverty the streets were swollen, and J. remarked that if what we had seen was a fair indication of the general condition of the masses here, he should hardly feel justified in dissuading them from using violent and anarchical means to bring down to themselves a share of the opportunities and comforts of those "higher classes" that seem to be so utterly separated from them. There are a great many Irish in Liverpool, but the most that we had thus far seen evidently were English, yet not English as we have known them. Instead of the stout, full-faced John Bulls, we had seen but few that were not thin, meagre, and pale. There was somewhat rarely an appearance of actual misery, but a stupid, hopeless, state-prison-for-life sort of expression. There were not unfrequently some exceptions

to this, but these were men almost invariably in some uniform or livery, as railroad hands, servants, and soldiers.

The next morning, in the court-yard of the Exchange (the regular 'Change assemblage seemed to meet out of doors), we saw a large collection of the merchants. There was nothing to distinguish them from a company of a similar kind with us, beyond a general Englishness of features and an entire absence of all *oddities*—with astonishing beards and singularities of costume. One young man only wore small clothes and leggins, which would perhaps have disagreeably subjected him to be noticed with us. They were stouter than our merchants, and more chubby-faced, yet not looking in vigorous health. They were, on the whole, judging by a glance at their outsides, to be more respected than any lot of men of the same number that I ever saw together in Wall street. Many of them, and most of the well-dressed men that we have seen in the streets, have had a green leaf and simple *posy* in a button-hole of their coats.

The shopkeepers of the better class, or retail merchants, are exactly the same men, to all appearance, that stand behind the counters with us. *Merchant*, means only a wholesale dealer in England; retailers are *shopkeepers*. The word *store* is never applied to a building; but the building in which goods are stored is a *warehouse*.

Women are more employed in trade than with us; I have no doubt with every way great advantage. The women in the streets are more noticeably different from ours than the men. In general, they are very cheaply and coarsely clad. Many of the lower class have their outer garments ordinarily drawn up behind, in the scrubbing-floor fashion. Caps are universally worn, and being generally nice and white, they have a pleasant effect upon the face. The very poorest women look very miserably. We see bruised eyes not unfre-

quently, and there is evidently a good deal of hard drinking among them. They are larger and stouter, and have coarser features. There are neither as many pretty nor as many ugly faces as with us; indeed, there are very few remarkably ill-favoured in that respect, and almost none strikingly handsome. The best faces we have seen were among the fish-stalls in market. With scarcely an exception, the fish-women were very large and tall, and though many of them were in the neighbourhood of fifty, they had invariably full, bright, unwrinkled faces, beautiful red cheeks, and a cheerful expression. English women, generally, appear more bold and self-reliant, their *action* is more energetic, and their carriage less graceful and drooping than ours. Those well dressed that we have seen, while *shopping*, for instance, are no exceptions. Those we have met to converse with are as modest and complaisant as could be desired, yet speak with a marked promptness and confidence which is animating and attractive. We met a small company last night at the residence of a gentleman to whom we had a letter, and spent the evening precisely as we should at a small tea-party at home; we might easily have imagined ourselves in New England. The gentlemen were no way different, that we noticed, from cultivated men with us, and the ladies only seemed rather more frank, hearty, and sincere-natured than we should expect ours to be to strangers.* There was nothing in their dresses that I can think of as peculiar, yet a general air, not American—a heavier look and more *crinkles*, and darker and more mixed-up colours. We see many rather nice-looking females, probably coming in from the country, driving themselves about town as if they understood it, in jaunty-looking chaises and spring-carts.

* These ladies were Irish. The remark hardly applies to English ladies, certainly not unless you meet them domestically. The English in their *homes*, and the English "*in company*," are singularly opposite characters.

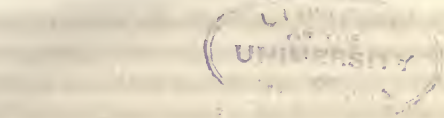
As J. and I were standing this noon by the window of a curiosity-shop, a lady addressed us: "This is very curious; have you noticed it?" (pointing at something within the window). "I wish you would help me to read what is written upon it." She spoke exactly as if she *belonged to our party*. She was not young or gayly-dressed, but had all the appearance and used the language of a well-bred and educated woman. We conversed with her for a minute or two about the article, which was some specimen of Australian natural history.

There are a good many soldiers moving about in fine undress uniforms; one regiment is in blue, which I did not suppose the British ever used. The men look well—more intelligent than you would suppose. Many are quite old, grey-headed, and all are very neat and orderly in the streets.

The children look really *punchy*. It strikes me the young ones are dressed much older, while the young men are clothed much more boyishly than in America. Quite large children, of both sexes, are dressed exactly alike, and whether girls or boys (they look between both), you cannot guess—girls with fur hats, such as full-grown men wear, and boys in short dresses and pantalettes.

There are lots of the queerest little donkeys in the streets; some of them would not weigh more than Nep (my Newfoundland dog), and most of them are not as large as our two-year-old steers. They are made to draw most enormous loads. I saw one tugging a load of coal, on the top of which two stout Irishmen sat, and stopped them to ask the weight. It was 1200 (besides themselves), and the top of the donkey's back was just even with my waist. The driver said he bought her five years ago for two pounds ($10), and she was then called an old one. Here is one now coming up the hill with a great load of furniture, a man on behind it, and a boy on

the shafts—a poor little rat of a thing, with the meekest expression you can conceive of. It is just as much as he can stagger along with, and the boy jumps off to relieve—no! the young satan has gone to his head and is cudgelling him. The poor little donkey winks and turns his head, and drops his ears, and nearly falls down. The boy stops (probably a policeman heaves in sight) and takes his seat on the shaft again, and the donkey reels on. The man aft has continued his smoking all the while, without taking any notice of the delay. As I write, there goes by another—a very handsome, large fat one, drawing a market cart, with a pretty country girl among the hampers driving.



CHAPTER VII.

LIVERPOOL CONTINUED.—IRISH BEGGARS.—CONDITION OF LABOURERS.—COST OF LIVING.—PRICES.—BATH HOUSE.—QUARANTINE.—THE DOCKS.—STREET SCENE.—"COMING YANKEE" OVER NONSENSE.—ARTISTIC BEGGING.

I HAVE learned nothing reliable about the price of labour here; the Irish emigration keeps it lower in Liverpool than elsewhere. This reminds me of beggars, and of a placard posted everywhere about the streets to-day. The beggars are not very frequent, and are mostly poor, pitiable, sickly women, carrying half-naked babies. The placard is as follows:—"The SELECT VESTRY inform their fellow-citizens, that in consequence of the extremely low price of passage from Ireland—4*d.* (8 cts.), great numbers are coming here apparently with no other object than to beg. They earnestly desire that nothing should be given them." As a specimen, they mention the following: an Irish woman, pretending to be a widow, was taken up, who had obtained 3*s.* 2*d.* (80 cts.) in an hour and a half after her arrival. Her husband was found already in custody.

The people all seem to be enjoying life more, or else to be much more miserable than in America.* The labourers

* I was surprised to find this remark in my first letter from Liverpool, for it is the precise counterpart of my impression on landing again in the United States, after six months absence in Europe. I observe lately, that the Earl of Carlisle has said something of similar import. I do believe the people of the United States have less of pleasure and less of actual suffering

seem haggard and stupid, and all with whom I have talked, say a poor man can hardly live here. There is a strong anti-free-trade growling among them, and they complain much of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, asserting that American ships are now getting business that was formerly in the hands of the English alone, and so American sailors do the labour in the docks which was formerly given to the stevedores and working-men of the town.

Clothing, shoes, &c., and rents, are a good deal cheaper than in New York, and common articles of food but little higher. I have obtained the following, as specimens of prices for a few ordinary necessaries of life (1st of June):

Beef, *mutton*, and *pork*, fine, 12½ cts. a pound; *lamb*, 16 cts.; *veal*, 10 cts.

Salmon, 33 cts. a pound; *fresh butter*, 27 cts.; *potatoes*, 31 cts. a peck.

Fowls, 75 cts. a pair; *rabbits*, 50 cts. a pair; *pigeons*, 37 cts. each.

Best Ohio flour ("superfine"), $6 25 a barrel.

Bread, 2½ cts. a pound, or a loaf of 12 lbs., 30 cts.

Bread of best quality, 3 cts. per lb., or loaf of 12 lbs., 35 cts.

Sugar is higher, and tropical fruits, pine-apples, oranges, &c., are sold by the hucksters for more money than in New York.

Gas.—The town is well lighted by gas, and it is much used in private houses—much more generally than in New York. Price $1 12 per 1000 feet.

Water.—Water is conveyed through the town and to the

than any other in the world. Hopefulness, but hope ever unsatisfied, is marked in every American's face. In contrast with Germany, it is particularly evident that most of us know but little of the virtuous pleasure God has fitted us to enjoy in this world.

shipping in tubes, through which I believe it is forced by steam-engines by several companies. The manner in which they are remunerated I did not learn.

Bathing.—There is a very large and elegant bath-house (covering half an acre), built of stone, by the corporation, at an expense of $177,000. It is fitted with suitable accommodations for all classes of bathers, at various prices. There is a public bath (45 by 27 feet) for gentlemen, and another for ladies. The water is all filtered, and the cold baths have a constant fresh supply and outflow. A steam-engine is employed for pumping, etc. From what I saw, I should suppose the use of this establishment was *fashionable.* There are also floating baths in the river, as at New York; and beach-bathing and sea-swimming can be enjoyed at a few minutes' distance, by ferry, from the town.

Quarantine.—There are no buildings or ground employed for quarantine, but a number of large hulks are moored in the bay for this purpose. Quarantine vessels are anchored near them, and keep a yellow flag flying. It is a great many years since a vessel has been quarantined here, however, the medical men being generally agreed that such precaution is useless, or effective of more harm than good.

We have not made a business of sight seeing, and I want to give you the general aspect of the town, rather than show up the lions. The Liverpool docks, however, are so extensive, and so different from any thing we have of the kind in America, that you will wish me to give a few particulars of them.

The Docks are immense basins, enclosed from the river, or dug out from the bank, walled up on all sides by masonry, and protected on the outside, from the sea, by solid stone piers or quays. In these quays are gates or locks, through

which, at high-water, vessels enter or leave. When the water has slightly fallen they are closed, and the water being retained, the ships are left securely floating at a height convenient for removing their cargoes. The docks are all enclosed by high brick walls, but between these and the water there is room enough for passing of carts, and for the temporary protection of goods under wooden sheds, as they are hoisted out, and before they can be removed. The streets about the docks are mostly lined with very large and strong fire-proof warehouses. The quay outside the docks is broad enough to afford a wide terrace upon the river, which is called the Marine Parade, and is much resorted to as a promenade. Stone stairs at intervals descend to the bottom of the river, and there are similar ones within the docks to give access to small boats. There are buoys and life-preservers lashed to the rails of the bridges, and small houses, occasionally furnished with instruments and remedies, for the resuscitation of drowning persons.

There are graving docks in which the depth of water can be regulated at pleasure, for the inspection and repair of the bottoms of vessels; and there are large basins for coasters, to which there are no gates, and in which the tide rises and falls, leaving them in the mud at the ebb. The large docks are connected with each other, and with the graving docks, by canals, so a vessel can go from one to another at any time of tide, and without going into the river.

But you have yet no idea of the spaciousness and grandeur of the docks. Some of them enclose within their walls ten or twelve acres, half of which, or more, is occupied by vessels. The twelve now completed (there are more building) extend along in front of the town uninterrupted by buildings for more than two miles, or further than from Whitehall Stairs to Corlear's Hook, in New York. On the

other side of the river, a considerably larger extent of docks is laid out and constructing. A basin for coasters, which covers over sixteen acres, and in which there is twelve feet at low water, is just completed there.

Each dock has its own dock-master, custom-house superintendant, and police force. The police is the most perfect imaginable. It is composed of intelligent and well-instructed young men, most courteous and obliging, at the same time prompt and efficient. It quite surprised me to see our fierce captains submit like lambs to have their orders countermanded by them.

There are three docks for the convenience of steamers alone. The American steamers, I suppose, are too large to go into them, for they are lying in the stream.

The docks were built by the town, and besides the wonderful increase of its commerce which they have effected, the direct revenue from them gives a large interest on their cost. The charges are more moderate than at other British ports, and this has, no doubt, greatly helped to draw their commerce here. This is the principal ground, for instance, of the selection of Liverpool in preference to Bristol as the port of departure for transatlantic steamers. The foreign commerce of Liverpool is the most valuable of any town in the world. Its immense business is probably owing to its being the best port in the vicinity of the thickest manufacturing district of England. It is not naturally a good harbour, but a very exposed and inconvenient one. The port charges at Bristol have been lately greatly reduced, and are now lower than those of Liverpool, or any other port in the United Kingdom. The amount paid by vessels for dockage has in some years been $1,000,000, and the whole is expended by the corporation in improvements of the town and for public purposes.

The small steam craft do not usually go into the docks, but

land passengers on the quays outside. The ferry-boats, of which there are half a dozen lines crossing the Mersey, all come to one large floating wharf, from which the ascent to the quays is made easy at all times of tide, by a sufficiently long, hinged bridge.

There is a Sailor's Home now building here, which will certainly be a noble record of the justice and liberality of the merchants of the port to their humble associates on the sea. It is situated in an open public place, not far from the Custom House and City Hall. It is built of stone, in the Elizabethan Gothic style, and was considered a design worthy of giving Prince Albert honour in the laying of its corner-stone. It is already a stately edifice.

There are chapels for seamen in several (possibly in all) of the docks.*

Later. We have left Liverpool, and while breathing this delicious fragrance of hawthorn and clover, it is hard to think back to the stirring dusty town, but I will try for a few minutes to do so, and then bring you with me (I wish I could!) out into the country.

A great deal that interested us at Liverpool I must omit to tell you of. I should like to introduce you to some of the agreeable acquaintances we met there, but in what we saw of social life there, there was hardly any thing to distinguish

* The laws of the port require, That for three hours at high water, there shall be an efficient person on the deck of every vessel in the docks or basins: That the anchor shall be in-board, jib-boom run in, &c.: That no article of freight shall be allowed to remain on the dock-quays for more than forty-eight hours [penalty, $1.25 an hour]: That no light or fire shall be allowed [without special permission] on any vessel in the docks or basins at any time. This last regulation prevents cooking on board, and makes it necessary for the crews to live on shore. The consequent customs are very inconvenient, expensive, and demoralizing to the seamen.

it from America. We were much pleased with some of the public gardens and pleasure-grounds that we visited, and when we return here I may give you some account of them. I meant to have said a little more about the style of building in the newer and extending parts of the city; it did not differ much, however, from what you might see at home, in some of the suburbs of Boston for instance.

It would be more strange to you to see long, narrow streets, full from one end to the other, of the poorest-looking people you ever saw, women and children only, the men being off at work, I suppose, sitting, lounging, leaning on the door-steps and side-walks, smoking, knitting, and chatting; the boys playing ball in the street, or marbles on the flagging; no break in the line of tall, dreary houses, but strings of clothes hung across from opposite second-story windows to dry; all dwellings, except a few cellar, beer, or junk shops. You can see nothing like such a dead mass of pure poverty in the worst quarter of our worst city. In New York, such a street would be ten times as filthy and stinking, and ten times as lively; in the middle of it there would be a large fair building, set a little back (would that I could say with a few roods of green turf and shrubbery between it and the gutter in which the children are playing), with the inscription upon it, "Public Free School;" across from the windows would be a banner with the "Democratic Republican Nominations;" hand-organs would be playing, hogs squealing, perhaps a stampede of firemen; boys would be crying newspapers, and the walls would be posted with placards, appealing, with whatever motive, to patriotism and duty, showing that statesmen and demagogues could calculate on the people's reading and thinking there. There would be gay grog-shops too, with liberty poles before them, and churches and Sunday-school rooms (with lying faces of granite-painted pine) by

their side. The countenances of the people here, too, exhibited much less, either of virtuous or vicious character, than you would discern among an equally poor multitude in America, yet among the most miserable of them (they were Irish), I was struck with some singularly intelligent, and even beautiful faces, so strangely out of place, that if they had been cleaned and put in frames, so the surroundings would not appear, you would have taken them for those of delicate, refined, and intellectual ladies.

Thursday morning, May 30th.

We packed all our travelling matter, except a few necessaries, in two trunks and a carpet-bag, and I took them in a public carriage to the freight station, to be sent to London. The trunks were received, but the bag the clerks refused, and said it must be sent from the passenger station. I had engaged to meet my friends in a few minutes at the opposite side of the town from the passenger station, and the delay of going there would vexatiously disarrange our plans. I therefore urged them to take it, offering to pay the passenger luggage extra, freight, &c. They would be happy to accommodate me, but their rules did not admit of it. A *carpet-bag* could not be sent from that station at any price. I jumped on to the box, and drove quickly to the nearest street of shops, where, at a grocer's, I bought for twopence a coffee-sack, and enclosing the bag, brought it in a few minutes back to the station. There was a good laugh, and they gave me a receipt at once for *a sack*—to be kept in London until called for.

On the quay, I noticed a bareheaded man drawing with coloured crayons on a broad, smooth flagstone. He had represented, in a very skilful and beautiful manner, a salmon laid on a china platter, opposite a broken plate of coarse crockery; between these were some lines about a "rich man's dish" and

a "poor man's dinner." He was making an ornamental border about it, and over all was written, "*Friends! I can get* NO WORK; *I must do this or starve.*"

His hat, with a few pence in it, stood by the side of this. Was it not eloquent?

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRKENHEAD.—FERRY-BOATS.—GRUFF ENGLISHMAN.—THE ABBEY.—FLOUR.—MARKET.—THE PARK.—A DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION.—SUBURBAN VILLAS, &c.

THE ferry-boat by which we crossed to Birkenhead was very small and dingy. There was no protection from the weather on board of her, except a narrow, dark cabin under deck. There were uncushioned seats all around the outside, against the rail, and the rest of the deck was mostly filled up with freight, spars, &c. She had a bowsprit, and a beautiful light, rakish mast, and topmast fitted to carry a gaffsail. She was steered with a wheel in the stern. The pilot or master (a gentleman with a gold band on his hat and naval buttons), stood on the paddle-boxes to direct, and a boy stood over the engine to pass orders below. The engine was under deck, the tops of the cylinders only appearing above it. It was, however, entirely exposed to observation, and showed excellent workmanship, and was kept perfectly clean and highly polished. It was of entirely different construction from any American engine, having three oscillating cylinders. The "*hands*" looked like regular tars, wearing tarpaulins, with the name of the boat in gilt letters on the ribbon, blue baize shirts, and broad-bottomed trowsers hung tight on the hips. The boat came *alongside* the wharf, ran out her hawsers, and took in her passengers by a narrow gang-plank; and yet she makes her trip once in ten minutes. There would not be

room enough on her decks for one of our Rockaways to stand, and she seemed to have no idea of ferrying any thing but foot-passengers. What would the good people of Birkenhead think of a Fulton ferry-boat, with its long, light, and airy rooms, their floors level with the street, and broad carriage-roads from stem to stern, crossing and recrossing without turning round, or ever a word of command, or a rope lifted from morning till evening and from evening till morning? The length of the ferry is about the same as the South Ferry of Brooklyn, and the fare one penny.

BIRKENHEAD is the most important suburb of Liverpool, having the same relation to it that Charlestown has to Boston, or Brooklyn to New York. When the first line of Liverpool packets was established, there were not half a dozen houses here; it now has a population of many thousands, and is increasing with a rapidity hardly paralleled in the New World. This is greatly owing to the very liberal and enterprising policy of the land-owners, which affords an example that might be profitably followed in the vicinity of many of our own large towns. There are several public squares, and the streets and places are broad, and well paved and lighted. A considerable part of the town has been built with reference to general effect, from the plans and under the direction of a talented architect, GILESPIE GRAHAM.

We received this information while crossing in the ferry-boat from a fellow-passenger, who, though a stranger, entered into conversation, and answered our inquiries with a frankness and courtesy that we have thus far received from every one in England. By his direction, we found near the landing a square of eight or ten acres, about half of it enclosed by an iron fence, and laid out with tasteful masses of shrubbery (not trees), and gravel walks. The houses about it stood detached, and though of the same general style, were suffi-

ciently varied in details, not to appear monotonous. These were all of stone.

We left this, and were walking up a long, broad street, looking for a place where we could get a bite of something to eat, when the gentleman who had crossed at the ferry with us joined us again, and said that as we were strangers we might like to look at the ruins of an ABBEY which were in the vicinity, and he had come after us that if we pleased he might conduct us to it.

Right in the midst of the town, at the corner of a new brick house, we came upon an old pile of stone work. Old, indeed!—under the broken arch of a Gothic window, the rain-water had been so long trickling as to wear deep channels; cracking, crumbling, bending over with age, it seemed in many places as if the threatening mass had only been till now withheld from falling prostrate by the faithful ivy that clung to it, and clasped it tight with every fibre.

You cannot imagine the contrast to the hot, hurrying, noisy world without, that we found on entering the little enclosure of the old churchyard and abbey walls. It was all overshadowed with dense foliage, and only here and there through the leaves, or a shattered arch round which the ivy curled with enchanting grace, would there be a glimpse of the blue sky above. By listening, we could still hear the roar of wheels, rumbling of rail-cars, clanging of steamboat bells, and the shouts of jovial sea-captains, drinking gin and water in a neighbouring tea-garden, over which the American flag was flying. But within the walls there was no sound but the chirps of a wren, looking for her nest in a dark cranny; the hum of bees about an old hawthorn bush; the piping of a cricket under a gravestone, and our own footsteps echoed from mysterious crypts.

Our guide having pointed out to us the form of the ancient

structure, and been requited for his trouble by seeing the pleasure he had given us, took his leave. We remained a long time, and enjoyed it as you may think.

Did you ever hear of Birkenhead Abbey? I never had before. It has no celebrity; but coming upon it so fresh from the land of youth, as we did, so unexpecting of any thing of the kind—though I have since seen far older ruins, and more renowned—I have never found any so impressively aged.

A ruined end of the old prior's house had been repaired and roofed over many years ago, and was used as a school-house—many years ago, for the ivy on it was very strong and knarled, and bushes and grass were growing all over the roof. I send you a hasty sketch of it;—wouldn't you like the memory of such a school? (*See vignette, title page.*)

At the market-place we went into a baker's shop, and, while eating some buns, learned that the poorest flour in market was American and the best French. Upon examination of his stock, we thought he had hardly a fair sample of American flour, but his French flour was certainly remarkably fine, and would be so considered at Rochester. He said it made much whiter bread than either American or English, and he used but little of it unmixed, except for the most delicate pastry. French and English flour is sold in sacks, American in barrels. He thought American flour was not generally *kiln-dried*,* and was much injured in consequence.

* The great bulk of the flour we are now exporting to England is of inferior quality, worth about $3 50 when common superfine is $4 50. It is used extensively by the *millers* in England to mix with a superior quality of their own grinding of English wheat. By the way, the custom of taking a toll in kind, as a compensation for grinding at grist-mills, which our fathers brought from England, and which we retain, is now obsolete there. The millers make their charges in money, and are paid as in any other business.

When we left he obligingly directed us to several objects of interest in the vicinity, and showed us through the market. It is but little less in size, and really appears finer and more convenient than the one I described in Liverpool.

The roof, which is mostly of glass, is high and airy, and is supported by two rows of slender iron columns, giving to the interior the appearance of three light and elegant arcades. The contrivances to effect ventilation and cleanliness are very complete. It was built by the town, upon land given to it for the purpose, and cost $175,000.

The baker had begged of us not to leave Birkenhead without seeing their *new park*, and at his suggestion we left our knapsacks with him, and proceeded to it. As we approached the entrance, we were met by women and girls, who, holding out a cup of milk, asked us—"*Will you take a cup of milk, sirs?—good, cool, sweet, cow's milk, gentlemen, or right warm from the ass!*" And at the gate was a herd of donkeys, some with cans of milk strapped to them, others saddled and bridled, to be let for ladies and children to ride.

The gateway, which is about a mile and a half from the ferry, and quite back of the town, is a great, massive block of handsome Ionic architecture, standing alone, and unsupported by any thing else in the vicinity, and looking, as I think, heavy and awkward. There is a sort of grandeur about it that the English are fond of, but which, when it is entirely separate from all other architectural constructions, always strikes me unpleasantly. It seems intended as an impressive preface to a great display of art within; but here, as well as at Eaton Park, and other places I have since seen, it is not followed up with great things, the grounds immediately within the grand entrance being very simple, and apparently rather overlooked by the gardener. There is a large archway for carriages, and two smaller ones for those on foot,

and, on either side, and over these, are rooms, which probably serve as inconvenient lodges for the labourers. No porter appears, and the gates are freely open to the public.

Walking a short distance up an avenue, we passed through another light iron gate into a thick, luxuriant, and diversified garden. Five minutes of admiration, and a few more spent in studying the manner in which art had been employed to obtain from nature so much beauty, and I was ready to admit that in democratic America there was nothing to be thought of as comparable with this People's Garden. Indeed, gardening, had here reached a perfection that I had never before dreamed of. I cannot undertake to describe the effect of so much taste and skill as had evidently been employed; I will only tell you, that we passed by winding paths, over acres and acres, with a constant varying surface, where on all sides were growing every variety of shrubs and flowers, with more than natural grace, all set in borders of greenest, closest turf, and all kept with most consummate neatness. At a distance of a quarter of a mile from the gate, we came to an open field of clean, bright, green-sward, closely mown, on which a large tent was pitched, and a party of boys in one part, and a party of gentlemen in another, were playing cricket. Beyond this was a large meadow with rich groups of trees, under which a flock of sheep were reposing, and girls and women with children, were playing. While watching the cricketers, we were threatened with a shower, and hastened back to look for shelter, which we found in a pagoda, on an island approached by a Chinese bridge. It was soon filled, as were the other ornamental buildings, by a crowd of those who, like ourselves, had been overtaken in the grounds by the rain; and I was glad to observe that the privileges of the garden were enjoyed about equally by all classes. There were some who were attended by servants, and sent at once for their carriages,

but a large proportion were of the common ranks, and a few women with children, or suffering from ill health, were evidently the wives of very humble labourers. There were a number of strangers, and some we observed with note-books and portfolios, that seemed to have come from a distance to study from the garden. The summer-houses, lodges, bridges, &c., were all well constructed, and of undecaying materials. One of the bridges which we crossed was of our countryman, Remington's patent, an extremely light and graceful erection.

I obtained most of the following information from the head working-gardener.

The site of the park and garden was, ten years ago, a flat, sterile, clay farm. It was placed in the hands of Mr. Paxton, in June, 1844, by whom it was laid out in its present form by June of the following year. Carriage roads, thirty-four feet wide, with borders of ten feet, and walks varying in width, were first drawn and made. The excavation for a pond was also made, and the earth obtained from these sources used for making mounds and to vary the surface, which has been done with much *naturalness* and taste. The whole ground was thoroughly under-drained, the minor drains of stone, the main, of tile. By these sufficient water is obtained to fully supply the pond, or lake, as they call it, which is from twenty to forty feet wide, and about three feet deep, and meanders for a long distance through the garden. It is stocked with aquatic plants, gold fish, and swans.

The roads are macadamized. On each side of the carriage way, and of all the walks, pipes for drainage are laid, which communicate with deep main drains that run under the edge of all the mounds or flower beds. The walks are laid first with six inches of fine broken stone, then three inches cinders, and the surface with six inches of fine rolled gravel. All the stones on the ground which were not used for these purposes,

were laid in masses of rock-work, and mosses and rock-plants attached to them. The mounds were then planted with shrubs, and heaths and ferns, and the beds with flowering plants. Between these, and the walks and drives, is everywhere a belt of turf (which, by the way, is kept close cut with short, broad scythes, and shears, and swept with *hair-brooms*, as we saw). Then the rural lodges, temple, pavilion, bridges, *orchestra for a band of instrumental music*, &c., were built. And so, in one year, the skeleton of this delightful garden was complete.

But this is but a small part. Besides the cricket and an archery ground, large valleys were made verdant, extensive drives arranged—plantations, clumps, and avenues of trees formed, and a large park laid out. And all this magnificent pleasure-ground is entirely, unreservedly, and for ever the people's own. The poorest British peasant is as free to enjoy it in all its parts as the British queen. More than that, the baker of Birkenhead has the pride of an OWNER in it.

Is it not a grand good thing? But you are inquiring who *paid* for it. The honest owners—the most wise and worthy townspeople of Birkenhead—in the same way that the New-Yorkers pay for "the Tombs," and the Hospital, and the *cleaning* (as they amusingly say) of their streets.

Of the farm which was purchased, one hundred and twenty acres have been disposed of in the way I have described. The remaining sixty acres, encircling the park and garden, were reserved to be sold or rented, after being well graded, streeted, and planted, for private building lots. Several fine mansions are already built on these (having private entrances to the park), and the rest now sell at $1.25 a square yard. The whole concern cost the town between five and six hundred thousand dollars. It gives employment at present,

to ten gardeners and labourers in summer, and to five in winter.*

The generous spirit and fearless enterprise, that has accomplished this, has not been otherwise forgetful of the health and comfort of the poor.† Among other things, I remember, a public washing and bathing house for the town is provided. I should have mentioned also, in connection with the market, that in the outskirts of the town there is a range of stone slaughter-houses, with stables, yards, pens, supplies of hot and cold water, and other arrangements and conveniences, that enlightened regard for health and decency would suggest.

The consequence of all these sorts of things is, that all about the town, lands, which a few years ago were almost worthless wastes, have become of priceless value; where no sound was heard but the bleating of goats and braying of asses complaining of their pasturage, there is now the hasty click and clatter of many hundred busy trowels and hammers. You may drive through wide and thronged streets of stately edifices, where were only a few scattered huts, surrounded by quagmires. Docks of unequalled size and grandeur are building, and a forest of masts grows along the shore; and

* "When the important advantages to the poorer classes, of such an extensive and delightful pleasure-ground, are taken into consideration, no one will be inclined to say that such an expenditure does not merit the most unbounded success, and the deepest public gratitude. Here nature may be viewed in her loveliest garb, the most obdurate heart may be softened, and the mind gently led to pursuits which refine, purify, and alleviate the humblest of the toil-worn."

† "Few towns, in modern times, have been built with such regard to sanitary regulations, as Birkenhead, and in no instance has so much been done for the health, comfort, and enjoyment of a people, as by those energetic individuals with whose names the rise and progress of Birkenhead are so intimately connected."—*Dr. J. H. Robertson.*

there is no doubt that this young town is to be not only remarkable as a most agreeable and healthy place of residence, but that it will soon be distinguished for extensive and profitable commerce. It seems to me to be the only town I ever saw that has been really built at all in accordance with the advanced science, taste, and enterprising spirit that are supposed to distinguish the nineteenth century. I do not doubt it might be found to have plenty of exceptions to its general character, but I did not inquire for these, nor did I happen to observe them. Certainly, in what I have noticed, it is a model town, and may be held up as an example, not only to philanthropists and men of taste, but to speculators and men of business.

After leaving the park, we ascended a hill, from the top of which we had a fine view of Liverpool and Birkenhead. Its sides were covered with villas, with little gardens about them. The architecture was generally less fantastic, and the style and materials of building more substantial than is usually employed in the same class of residences with us. Yet there was a good deal of the same *stuck up* and uneasy pretentious air about them that the suburban houses of our own city people so commonly have. Possibly this is the effect of association, in my mind, of steady, reliable worth and friendship with plain or old-fashioned dwellings, for I often find it difficult to discover in the buildings themselves the elements of such expression. I am inclined to think it is more generally owing to some disunity in the design—often, perhaps, to a want of keeping between the mansion and its grounds or its situation. The architect and the gardener do not understand each other, and commonly the owner or resident is totally at variance in his tastes and intentions from both; or the man whose ideas the plan is made to serve, or who pays for it, has no true independent taste, but had fancies

to be accommodated, which only follow confusedly after custom or fashion. I think, with Ruskin, it is a pity that every man's house cannot be really his own, and that he cannot make all that is true, beautiful, and good in his own character, tastes, pursuits, and history manifest in it.

But however fanciful and uncomfortable many of the villa houses about Liverpool and Birkenhead appear at first sight, the substantial and thorough manner in which most of them are built will atone for many faults. The friendship of nature has been secured to them. Dampness, heat, cold, will be welcome to do their best. Every day they will improve. In fifty or a hundred years fashions may change, and they will appear, perhaps, quaint, possibly grotesque; but still strong, HOME-LIKE, and hospitable. They have no shingles to rot, no glued and puttied and painted gimcrackery, to warp and crack and moulder; and can never look so shabby, and desolate, and dreary, as will nine-tenths of the buildings of the same denomination now erecting about New York, almost as soon as they lose the raw, cheerless, impostor-like airs which seem almost inseparable from their newness.

CHAPTER IX.

A RAILWAY RIDE.—SECOND CLASS.—INCONVENIENT ARRANGEMENTS.—FIRST WALK IN THE COUNTRY.—ENGLAND ITSELF.—A RURAL LANDSCAPE.—HEDGES.—APPROACH TO A HAMLET.—THE OLD ALE-HOUSE AND THE OLD JOHN BULL.—A TALK WITH COUNTRY PEOPLE.—NOTIONS OF AMERICA.—FREE TRADE.—THE YEW TREE.—THE OLD RURAL CHURCH AND GRAVE-YARD.—A PARK GATE.—A MODEL FARMER.—THE OLD VILLAGE INN.—A MODEL KITCHEN.—A MODEL LANDLADY.

WE were very tired when we again reached the baker's. After passenger-life at sea, a man's legs need to be brought into active service somewhat gradually. As we had spent more time than we had meant to at Birkenhead, we determined to rest ourselves for a few minutes, and get a start of a few miles into the country by the railroad. A seat, however, on the hard board benches of an English second-class car, crowded, and your feet cramped under you, does not remove fatigue very rapidly.

A heavy cloud darkened the landscape, and as we emerged in a few moments from the dark tunnel, whirling out of town, big drops of rain came slanting in upon us. A lady coughed, and we closed the window. The road ran through a deep cutting, with only occasionally such depressions of its green-sodded bank, that we could, through the dusty glass, get glimpses of the country. In successive gleams:—

A market-garden, with rows of early cabbages, and lettuce, and peas;—

Over a hedge, a nice, new stone villa, with the gardener shoving up the sashes of the conservatory, and the maids tearing clothes from the drying-lines;—

A bridge, with children shouting and waving hats;—

A field of wheat, in drills as precisely straight, and in earth as clean and finely-tilled, as if it were a garden-plant;—

A bit of broad pasture, with colts and cows turning tail to the squall; long hills in the back, with some trees and a steeple rising beyond them;—

Another few minutes of green bank;—

A jerk—a stop. A gruff shout, "Brombro!" A great fuss to get the window on the other side from us open; calling the conductor; having the door unlocked; squeezing through the ladies' knees, and dragging our packs over their laps—all borne with a composure that shows them to be used to it, and that they take it as a necessary evil of railroad travelling. The preparations for rain are just completed as we emerge upon a platform, and now down it comes in a torrent. We rush, with a quantity of floating muslin, white ankles, and thin shoes, under an arch. With a sharp whistle and hoarse puffing the train rumbles onward; grooms pick up the lap-dog and baskets; flaunting white skirts are moved again across the track; another rush, in which a diminutive French sun-shade is assisted by a New York umbrella to protect a new English bonnet; a graceful bow in return, with lifting eyebrows, as if in inquiry; and we are altogether crowded in the station-house.

In a few minutes they go off in carriages, and room is left us in the little waiting-room to strap on our knapsacks. The rain slackens—ceases, and we mount, by stone steps up a bank of roses and closely-shaven turf, to the top of the bridge over the cutting.

There we were right in the midst of it! The country—

and such a country!—green, dripping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb-stricken by its loveliness, as, from the bleak April and bare boughs we had left at home, broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy, blooming May—in an English lane; with hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; homely old farm-houses, quaint stables, and haystacks; the old church spire over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming through the watery atmosphere, and all so quiet—the only sounds the hum of bees and the crisp grass-tearing of a silken-skinned, real (unimported) Hereford cow over the hedge. No longer excited by daring to think we should see it, as we discussed the scheme round the old home-fire; no longer cheering ourselves with it in the stupid, tedious ship; no more forgetful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town—but there we were, right in the midst of it; long time silent, and then speaking softly, as if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon it and breathed it—never to be forgotten.

At length we walked on—rapidly—but frequently stopping, one side and the other, like children in a garden; hedges still, with delicious fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as we can see, true farm-fencing hedges; nothing trim, stiff, nice, and amateur-like, but the verdure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch beside them, which raises and strengthens them as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms over its light green foliage. Here and there a holly bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and a few other shrubs, mingle with it. A cart meets us—a real heavy, big-wheeled English cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy-hoofed, sleek, heavy English cart-horses; and a carter—a real apple-faced, smock-

frocked, red-headed, wool-hatted carter—breeches, stockings, hob-nailed shoes, and "*Gee-up Dobbin*" English carter. Little birds hop along in the road before us, and we guess at their names, first of all electing one to be Robin-Redbreast. We study the flowers under the hedge, and determine them nothing else than primroses and buttercups. Through the gates we admire the great, fat, clean-licked, contented-faced cows, and large, white, long-wooled sheep. What else was there? I cannot remember; but there was that altogether that made us forget our fatigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way we were going—serious, happy, and grateful. And this excitement continued for many days.

At length as it becomes drenching again, we approach a stone spire. A stone house interrupts our view in front; the road winds round it, between it and another; turns again, and there on our left is the church—the old ivy-covered, brown-stone village church, with the yew-tree—we knew it at once, and the heaped-up, green, old English churchyard. We turn to the right; there is the old ale-house, long, low, thatched-roofed. We run in at the open door; there he sits, the same bluff and hearty old fellow, with the long-stemmed pipe and the foaming pewter mug on the little table before him. At the same moment with us comes in another man. He drops in a seat—raps with his whip. *Enter* a young woman, neat and trim, with exactly the white cap, smooth hair, shiny face, bright eyes, and red cheeks, we are looking for—"*Muggoyail, lass!*"

. . . . . Mug of ale!—ay, that's it! Mug of ale!—Fill up! Fill up! and the toast shall be

"MERRIE ENGLAND! HURRAH!"

We sit with them for some time, and between puffs of smoke, the talk is of "the weather and the crops." The maid

leaves the door open, so we can look into the kitchen, where a smart old woman is ironing by a bright coal fire. Two little children venture before us. I have just succeeded in coaxing the girl on to my knee, as C. mentions that we are Americans. The old woman lays down her iron and puts on her spectacles to look at us. The stout man who had risen to take an observation of the weather, seats himself again and calls for another mug and *twist*. The landlord (a tall thin man, unfortunately) looks in and asks how times go where we come from. Plenty of questions follow that show alike the interest and the ignorance of our companions about America, it being confused apparently in their minds with Ireland, Guinea, and the poetical *Indies*. After a little straightening out, and explanation of the distance to it, its climate and civilized condition, they ask about the present crops, the price of wheat, about rents, tithes, and taxes. In return, we get only grumbling. "The country is ruined;" "things weren't so when they were young as they be now," and so on, just as a company of our tavern-lounging farmers would talk, except that every complaint ends with blaming Free-Trade. "Free-Trade—hoye sirs,—free-trade be killing the varmers."

We left them as soon as the shower slackened, but stopped again immediately to look at the yew through the churchyard gate. It was a very old and decrepit tree, with dark and funereal foliage—the stiff trunk and branches of our red-cedar, with the leaf of the hemlock, but much more dark and glossy than either. The walls of the church are low, but higher in one part than another. The roof, which is slated, is high and steep. The tower is square, with buttresses on the corners, on the tops of which are quaint lions rampant. It is surmounted by a tall, symmetrical spire—solid stone to the ball, over which, as I am the son of a Puritan, is a weather-

cock. There are little, narrow windows in the steeple, and swallows are flying in and out of them. Old weather-beaten stone and mortar, glass, lead, iron, and matted ivy, but not a splinter of wood or a daub of paint. Old England for ever! Amen.

A mile or two more of such walking as before the shower, and we came to a park gate. It was, with the lodges by its side, neat, simple, and substantial. The park was a handsome piece of old woods, but, as seen from the road, not remarkable. We were told, however, that there was a grand old hall and fine grounds a long ways within. Near the park there were signs of an improving farmer: broad fields of mangel-wurzel in drills; large fields, partly divided by wire fences, within which were large flocks of sheep; marks of recent under-draining; hedges trimmed square, and every thing neat, straight, and business-like.

As it grows dark we approach another village. The first house on the left is an inn—a low, two-story house of light drab-coloured stone. A bunch of grapes (cast in iron) and a lantern are hung out from it over the foot-path, and over the front door is a square sign—"THE RED LION—*licensed to sell foreign spirits and beer, to be drunk on the premises.*" We turn into a dark hall, and opening a door to the left, enter—the kitchen. Such a kitchen! You would not believe me if I could describe how bright every thing is. You would think the fireplace a show-model, for the very bars of the grate are glistening. It is all glowing with red-hot coals; a bright brass tea-kettle swings and sings from a polished steel crane—hook, jack, and all like silver; the brass coal-scuttle, tongs, shovel, and warming-pan are in a blazing glow, and the walls and mantel-piece are covered with bright plate-covers, and I know not what other metallic furniture, all burnished to the highest degree.

The landlady rises and begs to take our wet hats—a model-landlady, too. What a fine eye!—a kind and welcoming black eye. Fair and stout; elderly—a little silver in her hair, just showing its otherwise thick blackness to be no lie; a broad-frilled, clean white cap and collar, and a black dress. Ah ha! one of the widows that we have read of. We hesitated to cross the clean-scoured, buff, tile floor with our muddy shoes; but she draws arm-chairs about the grate, and lays slippers before them, stirs up the fire, though it is far from needing it, and turns to take our knapsacks. "We must be fatigued—it's not easy walking in the rain; she hopes we can make ourselves comfortable."

There is every prospect that we shall.

CHAPTER X.

TALK WITH A FARMER;—WITH A TENDER-HEARTED WHEELWRIGHT—AN AMUSING STORY.—NOTIONS OF AMERICA.—SUPPER.—SPEECH OF THE ENGLISH.—PLEASANT TONES.—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS.—THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.—ZACCHEUS IN THE OAK TREE.—EDUCATION.—BED-CHAMBER.—A NIGHTCAP AND .... A NIGHTCAP.

ON one side near the fire there was a recess in the wall, in which was a *settle* (a long, high-backed, wooden seat). Two men with pipes and beer sat in it, with whom we fell to talking. One of them proved to be a farmer, the other a jack-of-all-trades, but more distinctly of the wheelwright's, and a worshipper of and searcher after ideal women, as he more than once intimated to us. We were again told by the farmer that free trade was ruining the country—no farmer could live long in it. He spoke with a bitter jocoseness of the regularity of his taxes, and said that though they played the devil with every thing else, he always knew how *tithes* would be. He paid, I think he said, about a dollar an acre every year to the church, though he never went to it in his life; always went to chapel, as his father did before him. He was an Independent; but there were so few of them thereabouts that they could not afford to keep a minister, and only occasionally had preaching. When he learned that we were from America, he was anxious to know how church matters were there. Though a rather intelligent man, he was utterly ignorant that we had no state church; and though a dis

senter, the idea of a government giving free trade to all sorts of religious doctrine seemed to be startling and fearful to him. But when I told him what the rent (or the interest on the value) of my farm was, and what were its taxes, he wished that he was young that he might go to America himself; he really did not see how he should be able to live here much longer. He *rented* a farm of about fifty acres, and was a man of about the same degree of intelligence and information that you would expect of the majority of those *owning* a similar farm with us. Except that he was somewhat stouter than most Yankees, he did not differ much in appearance or dress from many of our rather old-fashioned farmers.

The tender-hearted wheelwright could hardly believe that we were really born and brought up in America. He never thought any foreigners could learn to speak the language so well. He too was rather favourably struck with the idea of going to America, when we answered his inquiries with regard to mechanics' wages. He was very cautious, however, and cross-questioned us a long time about the cost of every thing there—the passage, the great heat of the climate, the price of beer; and at length, touching his particular weakness, he desired to be told candidly how it would be if he should marry before he went. If he should get a wife, a real handsome one, would it be safe for him to take her there? He had heard a story—perhaps we knew whether it was true or not—of a man who took a handsome wife out with him, and a black man, that was a great rich lord in our country, took a great liking to her, and offered the man ten thousand pounds for her, which he refused; and so the great black lord went away very wroth and vexed. When he was gone, the woman upbraided her husband: "Thou fool, why didst thee not take it and let me go with him? I would have returned to thee to-morrow." Then the man followed after the black

lord, and sold his wife to him for ten thousand pounds. But the next day she did not return, nor the next, neither the next; and so the man went to look for her; and lo! he found her all dressed up in silk and satin, 'lighting from a coach, and footmen waiting upon her. So he says to her, "Why didst thee not return the next day?" "*Dost take me for a fool, goodman?*" quoth she, and stepped back into her fine coach and drove off; and so he lost his handsome wife.

Besides the kitchen, there were, on the lower floor of the inn, two or three small dining or tea rooms, a little office or accounting closet for the mistress, and a *tap-room*, which is a small apartment for smoking and drinking. These are all plainly but neatly furnished. There is a large parlour above stairs, somewhat elegantly furnished. The kitchen, tap-room, and office are low rooms, and over these is the parlour. The dining-rooms are higher, and over them are the bed-chambers. Thus the parlour is allowed a high ceiling, level with the eaves of the roof, and you enter it from a landing some steps lower than the bed-chambers. The latter are carried up under the roof, with dormer windows, and are very pleasant rooms. It will be seen that all the travellers' rooms or apartments are thus made spacious at the expense of height in the others, and that yet there is a convenient arrangement and connection of the whole.

We had supper in a little back room, as neat as care and scouring could make and keep it. The table was much such a one as Mrs. Marcombe, in Hanover, would have set for a couple of tired White Mountain pedestrians, except the absence of any kind of cakes or pies. The ham had a peculiar taste, and was very good, C. says, the least unpleasant of any he was ever tempted to eat. It had been dried by hanging from the ceiling of the kitchen, instead of being regularly *smoked*, as is our practice. The milk and butter

(which was not in the least salted) were very sweet and high-flavoured.

In the evening we had a long talk with the old woman and her daughter. The latter was a handsome person with much such a good, beaming face as her mother, but with youth, and more refinement from education and intelligence. She also was a widow with two sweet, shy little girls.

There are peculiarities in the speech of these women that would distinguish them anywhere from native Americans. Perhaps the novelty of them is pleasing, but it has seemed to us that the speech of most of the people above the lowest class of labourers that we have met, is more agreeable and better than we often hear at home. Perhaps the climate may have effect in making the people more habitually animated—the utterance more distinct and varied. Sentences are more generally finished with a rising inflection, syllables are more forcibly accented, and quite often, as with our landlady, there is a rich musical tone in the conversational voice to which we are not yet so much accustomed, but that it compels us to listen deferentially. I wonder that beauty of speech is not more thought of as an accomplishment. It is surely capable of great cultivation, and should not be forgotten in education.

Except in the lower class, the choice of words seems often elegant, and we hear very few idiomatic phrases or provincialisms. Where we do notice them, in the class I am now speaking of, it would not seem an affectation of singular language in an educated person with us, but rather a fortunate command of vigorous Saxon words. We have never any difficulty in understanding them, while we do sometimes have to reconstruct our sentences, and find substitutes for some of our words, before we are plainly understood. The "H" difficulty is an exception to all this, with nearly all the

people, except the most polished, that we have met. Is it not singular? Among the lowest classes, however, there are many words used that puzzle us; others are pronounced curiously, and many of our common words are used in new combinations. There is an old-fashioned, quaint set of words in common use that we only understand from having met with them in old books—in the Bible, for instance. The words *Master* and *Mistress* (instead of Mister and Misses, as we have got to pronounce them), and *lad* and *lass*, are usual. "*Here, lad!*" "*Well, Maister?*" I first heard in the Liverpool market. I passed a man there, too, leading a dray-horse, with a heavy load, up one of the steep streets. He was encouraging him in this way: "Coom on, my lad! Coom on, my good lad!" When he had reached the brow he stopped and went before the noble beast, who, with glistening eyes, and ears playing beautifully, bowed his head to be patted, "*Good lad! good lad! Well, thee's done it!*"*

We had noticed yesterday in Liverpool that the omnibuses were decorated with branches of trees, ribbons, and flags; the union-jack (British ensign) was hoisted in several places, the children seemed to be enjoying a half-holiday in the afternoon, and once we saw them going together in an irregular procession, carrying a little one dressed with leaves and crowned with a gilt-paper cap, and singing together in shrill chorus some verses, of which we only understood the frequent repetition of the words: "The twenty-ninth of May! the twenty-ninth of May!" It occurred to C. to ask whether all this was intended to celebrate any thing. "Oh,

* A gentleman, riding towards Chowbet, and seeing a boy in the road, shouted out to him, "My lad, am I half-way to Chowbet?" Young Lancashire looked up at the querist, and said, "Hah con aw tell, tha' foo', when I doon't know wheear ta' coom fra?"—*Liverpool paper.*

surely," our hostess said, "it was the twenty-ninth of May —King-Charles-and-the-Oak day." In her husband's time, they used always to keep it in good style, ornamenting their house all over with oak boughs, and all the stage-coaches and the horses used to be decked with oak boughs too. "How beautifully," says C., aside, "do such pretty simple customs keep alive the remembrance of old historic facts!" "But why do they carry about the *child?*" She did not recollect clearly, but she had the impression that King Charles was a baby when it occurred. She had forgotten exactly how it was, she said, "but it told all about it in the Bible." "In the Bible! mother; you mean in the History of England, do you not?" said her daughter, smiling. "Was it?" replied the old lady, "I never had time to read much in the large History of England. Let me see—why, no; now I am sure it was in the Bible. Don't you remember—what's his name —Zack—Zack—Zacheriah? yes, Zacheriah; how he climbed up into an oak tree to see King Charles go by!"

A large and most powerful class, including many even of the more conservative of the dissenters in England, are terribly afraid of a national system of education that shall be free from Church influence. The people had better be left to grow up in ignorance, rather than that they should not be instructed in theological dogmas. I have actually heard a refined and educated gentleman, occupying an influential position, advocate the idea that all the education the common people needed was so much as would enable them to read their Bible, prayer-book, and catechism. Except for this, he would never let them have a teacher, but would leave them to the parson. He would break up every dissenter's school —have no school in the land that was not a part of the Church. The godless system of education which was now favoured in high quarters (on the plan of our New-England

common schools!) he verily believed, if adopted, would be a national sin that God would arise in his anger to punish.

Our landlady had lived almost to old age under the shadow of the Church, in which the story of Zaccheus is every year read aloud, and in which a religious celebration of the restoration of King Charles is by law performed every 29th of May. But a person of sound faculties, native-born, could not probably be found in New-England, whose godless education would not have made impossible such a confusion of religious instruction as had been given her.*

I am writing now in my bedroom. Though the ceiling is low, it is large and well furnished. There are large pitchers of water, foot-bath, and half-a-dozen towels. The bed is very large, clean, and richly curtained. The landlady has sent me up a glass of her home-brewed beer, with a nightcap which I noticed she hung by the fire when I left the kitchen. The chambermaid has drawn down the bed-clothes, and says, "The bed has been well aired, sir." Good night.

* There is a service for the 29th of May in the Book of Common Prayer, which, by royal order (commencing "*Victoria Regina.* It is our Royal Will and Pleasure," &c., and countersigned by Lord John Russell on the 21st of June, 1837), is to be performed in every church, college, and chapel in the United Kingdom every year. It is most blasphemously absurd and false in its historical allusions and slavish moralizings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BREAK OF DAY.—A FULL HEART.—FAMILIAR THINGS.—THE VILLAGE AT SUNRISE.—FLOWERS.—BIRDS.—DOG KENNELS.—"THE SQUIRE" AND "THE HALL."—ROOKS.—VISIT TO A SMALL FARM.—THE COWS.—THE MILKING.—THE DAIRY-MAIDS.—THE STABLES.—MANURE.—BONES.—PASTURE.—WHITE CLOVER.—IMPLEMENTS.—CARTS.—THE ENGLISH PLOUGH AND HARROW.

31st May.

IT was very early this morning when I became gradually aware of the twittering of house-sparrows, and was soon after brought to more distinct consciousness of time and place by the long clear note of some other stranger bird. I stepped from bed and kneeled at a little, low, latticed window, curtained without by a woodbine. Parting the foliage with my hands, I looked out upon a cluster of low-thatched cottages, half overgrown with ivy; a blooming hawthorn hedge, enclosing a field of heavy grass and clover glistening with dew; a few haystacks; another field beyond, spotted with sheep; a group of trees; and then some low hills, over which the dawn was kindling, with a faint blush, the quiet, smoky clouds in a grey sky. It may seem an uninteresting landscape, but I gazed upon it with great emotion, so great that I wondered at it. Such a scene I had never looked upon before, and yet it was in all its parts as familiar to me as my native valley. Land of our poets! Home of our fathers! Dear old mother England! It would be strange if I were not affected at meeting thee at last face to face.

I dressed, and worked my way through the dark, crooked stairs to the kitchen, where, on the bright steel fender, I found my shoes dry and polished. I walked through the single short street of the hamlet. The houses were set closely together, with neat little gardens about them. They were of every age; one I noticed marked with the date 1630—about the time of the first settlement in Connecticut. It was of stone, narrow, with a steep roof covered with very small slates; the windows much wider than high, and filled with little panes of glass set in strips of lead. Except in this and the materials of which it was built, it was not unlike some of the oldest houses that we yet see in our first Puritan villages, as Hadley and Wethersfield.

A blackbird hopped before me, but did not whistle, and plenty of little birds were chirping on the walls and rose-bushes, but there was nothing like the singing we have at home of a spring morning.* At the other end of the village was another inn—"The Blue Lion," I believe, and a tall hostler opening the stable doors was dressed just as I wanted to see him—jockey-cap, long striped waistcoat, breeches, and boots.

As I returned I saw the farmer that had been at the inn the night before, and asked him to let me see his cows. He said they were coming down the lane, and if I went with him I should meet them. Passing a group of well-built, neat, low buildings, he said they were the squire's kennels. They were intended for greyhounds, but he had his pointers in them now.

"The squire's! But where's the squire's house?"

"Yon's the hall," pointing to a distant group of trees, above which a light smoke was rising straight up in the calm

* An English friend, now in America, thinks I am wrong in this.

air, and a number of large black birds were rapidly rising and falling. "Yon's the hall; ye see the rooks."

"The rooks! Then those are rooks, are they?"

"Ay, be they—rooks—do ye not know what rooks be?"

"Yes, but we don't have them in America."

"No! not have rooks? They be main good in a pie, sir."

We met the cows, of which there were about a dozen, driven by a boy towards the farm-house. Any one of them would have been considered remarkably fine in America. They were large and in good order; with soft, sleek skin, and like every cow I have seen in England, look as if they had just been polished up for exhibition. He could tell nothing of their breed except of one, a handsome heifer, which he said came partly of Welsh stock. He took me across a field or two to look at a few cows of the squire's. They were finer than any of his, and seemed to be grade short-horns.

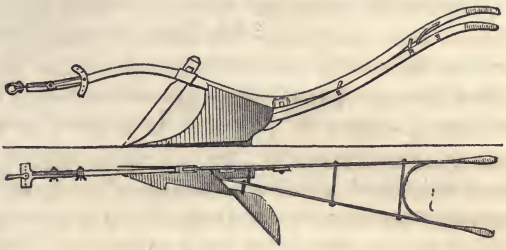
The cows were driven into hovels, which he called *ship-pens*, and fastened at their mangers by a chain and ring sliding on an upright post (the latest fashion with us), eight of them in an apartment, standing back to back. Three or four of his daughters came out to milk—very good-looking, modest young women, dressed in long, loose, grey, homespun gowns. They had those high wooden tubs to milk in that we see in the old pictures of sentimental milkmaids. It seems constantly like dreaming to see so many of these things that we have only known before in poetry or painting.

The dairy-house and all the farm buildings were of brick, interworked with beams of wood and thatched. They were very small, the farm being only of fifty acres, and the hay and grain always kept in stacks. The arrangements for saving manure were poor—much the same as on any tolerably good farm with us—a hollowed yard with a pool of liquid on one side. He bought some dung and bones in Liverpool,

but not much. He esteemed bones most highly, and said they did immense good hereabout. They made a sweeter, stronger, and more permanent pasture. Where he had applied them twelve years ago, at the rate of a ton to an acre, he could see their effect yet. He took me into an adjoining field which, he said, was one of the best pastures in the village. It had been ploughed in narrow lands, and the ridges left high, when it was laid down. The sward was thicker, better *bottomed*, than any I ever saw in America. He sowed about a bushel of grass seeds to the acre, seeding down with oats. For cheese pasture, he valued white clover more than any thing else, and had judged, from the taste of American cheese, that we did not have it. For meadows to be mowed for hay, he preferred sainfoin and ray-grass. He had lately underdrained some of his lowest land with good effect. His soil is mostly a stiff clay resting on a ledge of rocks.

The farm-carts were clumsy and heavy (for horses), with very large wheels with broad tires and huge hubs, as you have seen the English carts pictured. The plough was a very long, sharp, narrow one, calculated to plough about seven inches deep, and turn a slice ten inches wide, with a single pair of horses. The stilts, of iron, were long and low, and the beam, also of iron, very high, with a goose-neck curve. It is a very beautiful instrument, graceful and strong; but its appearance of lightness is deceptive, the whole being of iron; and this, with its great length, though adding to its efficiency for nice, accurate work in perfectly smooth and clear, long fields, would entirely unfit it for most of our purposes. On the rocky, irregular, hill-side farms of New England, or the stump lands of the West, it would be perfectly useless; but I should think it might be an admirable plough for our New York wheat lands, or perhaps for the prairies after they had been once broken.

The harrow used on the farm was also of iron, frame and all, in three oblong sections, hinged together. These were



about all the tools I saw, and they were left in a slovenly way, lying about the farm-yard and in the road.

CHAPTER XII.

BREAKFAST AT THE INN.—A TALE OF HIGH LIFE.—THE GARDEN OF THE INN.—AN OLD FARM-HOUSE.—TIMBER HOUSES.—LABOURERS' COTTAGES.—WATTLES AND NOGGIN WALLS.—A "FERME ORNEE."—A LAWN PASTURE.—COPPER-LEAVED BEECHES.—TAME BLACK CATTLE.—APPROACH TO CHESTER.

I RETURNED to my room in the inn, and had written a page or two of this before any one was stirring. Then I heard the mistress waking the servants, and soon after "John the boots" came to my door to call me, as I had requested him to.

After with difficulty prevailing upon the landlady and her daughter to breakfast with us, we had a very sociable time with them over the tea and eggs which they had prepared for us. They were interested to hear of the *hard* coal we burned (anthracite) that made no smoke, and of *wood* fires, and of our peculiar breakfast dishes, griddle-cakes, and Indian bread. They told us of other members of their family—two or three in Australia—and of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood. They spoke kindly and respectfully of the vicar—"a sporting man, sir, and fond of good living," the old lady added, after mentioning his charity and benevolence. In speaking of the gentry, it was difficult for her to believe that we did not know the general history of all the families. We asked about a park we had passed. It was —— Park, and had a remarkable story to be told of it; but so constantly did she anticipate our knowledge, taking for granted that we

knew all that had occurred until within a short time, that it was long before we could at all understand the *news* about it. As you are probably equally ignorant, I will tell you the tale connectedly, as we finally got it.

It had been the property of Sir T——, who occupied the hall in it until his death, a year or two ago, and had been in his family many hundred years. The estate included several villages—the whole of them, every house and shop, even the churches—and was valued at £800,000 ($4,000,000). On the death of Sir T., Sir W., his son, inherited his title and estate. But Sir W. was a sporting man, and had previously gambled himself in debt to Jews in London £600,000. He came to the hall, however, and remained there some time, keeping two packs of hounds. He was a good landlord, and the family were beloved. Lady M. had established and maintained a national (church) school; and in the winter was in the habit of serving out a large quantity of soup every day to the poor of the estate. But at length the bailiffs came, and Sir W. went to France, and his family dispersed among their relatives all over the kingdom. Lady M. last winter had been very ill, and nothing ailed her, the physicians said, but sorrow.

And now they were going to sell it—they did not know how they could—but they showed us a considerable volume, illustrated with maps and lithographs, of "plans and particulars" of the estate, on the first page of which, "Messrs. —— had the honour to announce that they had been instructed by the honourable proprietor, to sell at auction, on a certain six days, upwards of fifteen hundred acres of very fine rich land, let to an old and respectable tenantry, including the whole of the town of ———, together with several manors and manorial rights, which have been commuted at £500 *per annum*." They showed us also another volume, containing in

one hundred and twelve quarto pages, descriptions of the furniture, plate, library, paintings, wines, &c., with many engravings—a strange exposure of noble housekeeping to our republican eyes. Seeing that we were much interested in this, the landlady offered to give it to us; it was of no use to her, she said, and we were quite welcome to it. It was really of some value in several ways, and we offered to pay for it, but she would not sell it.

Before we left, they showed us through the little garden of the inn; it was beautifully kept, and every thing growing strongly. Then, after buckling on our knapsacks, and bringing us another mug of *home-brewed*, our kind entertainers took leave of us with as much good-feeling and cordiality as if we were old friends, who had been making them a short visit, following us out into the street, with parting advice about the roads and the inns, and at last a warm shaking of hands.

The country we walked over for a few miles after leaving the village, was similar to that we saw yesterday—flattish, with long, low undulations—the greater part in pasture, and that which was not, less highly cultivated than I had expected to find much land in England, the stock upon it almost altogether cows, and these always looking admirably well; the fields universally divided by hedges, which, though they add much to the beauty of the landscape, when you are in a position to look over it, greatly interrupt the view, and always are ill-trimmed, irregular, and apparently insecure. We met no one on the road, saw very few habitations, and only two men at work, ploughing, for several miles; then a cluster of cottages, an inn, and a large old *timber-house*. As I had been informed (very wrongly) that these were getting rare in England, and it was very peculiar and striking, I stopped to sketch it.

Imagine a very large, old-fashioned New England farm-house with the weather-boarding stripped off and all the timber exposed. Fill up the intervals with brick, and plaster them over even with the outer surface of the beams; then whitewash this plastered surface and blacken the timber, and you have the walls of the house. A New England house, however, would have three times as many windows. The

roof is mostly of very small old slates, set with mortar, and capped (ridged) with thick quarried stones. It is repaired with large new slates in several places, and an addition that has been made since the main part was erected, which is entirely of brick in the walls, with no timber, is heavily thatched with straw, as are also all the out-buildings.

The rear of the farm-house probably contains the dairy, and is covered with thatch to secure a more equable temperature.

All the other buildings in the hamlet were similarly built—timber and whitewashed walls, and thatch roofs. While I was sketching, the farmer, a great stout old man, and the first we have seen in top-boots, came out and entered into

conversation with us. He was much amused that I should think his house worth sketching, and told us it had been long (rented) in his family. He had no idea how old it was. He described the cottages, which were certainly very pretty to look at, as exceedingly uncomfortable and unhealthy—the floors, which were of clay, being generally lower than the road and the surrounding land, and often wet, and always damp, while the roofs and walls were old and leaky, and full of vermin. The walls of these cottages were all made by interlacing twigs (called *wattles*) between the timbers, and then *plashing* these with mud (*noggin*), inside and out, one layer over another as they dried, until it was as thick as was desired; then the surface was made smooth with a trowel and whitewashed.

A few miles further on we came to a large, park-like pasture, bounded by a neatly trimmed hedge, and entered by a simple gate, from which a private road ran curving among a few clumps of trees to a mansion about a furlong distant. We entered, and rested ourselves awhile at the foot of some large oaks. The house was nearly hidden among trees, and these, seen across the clear grass land, were the finest groups of foliage we had ever seen. A peculiar character was given it by one or two *copper-leaved* beeches—large, tall trees, thickly branched from the very surface of the ground. (These trees, which are frequently used with great good effect in landscape gardening in England, are rare in America, though they may be had at the nurseries. There are two sorts, one much less red than the other.) The cattle in this *pasture-lawn* were small and black, brisk and wild-looking, but so tame in reality, that as we lay under the tree, they came up and licked our hands like dogs. The whole picture completely realized Willis's beautiful ideal, "The Cottage *Insoucieuse*."

The country hence to Chester was more elevated and broken, and the walk delightful. We saw many beautiful things, but have seen so many more interesting ones since, that I can hardly remember them. The road, too, was more travelled. We met a stage-coach, with no inside passengers, and the top overloaded, and a handsome carriage and four, the near wheeler and leader ridden by postilions in bright livery, and within, an old gentleman under a velvet cap, and young lady under a blue silken calash. The fields, too, were more tilled; and one of fifty acres, which was ridged for some root crop, was the most thoroughly cultivated piece of merely farming ground I ever saw. There were several women at work in the back part of it. I could not make out what they were doing.

About the middle of the forenoon, we came to the top of a higher hill than we had before crossed, from which we looked down upon a beautiful rich valley, bounded on the side opposite us by blue billowy hills. In the midst of it was the smoke and chimneys and steeples of a town. One square, heavy brown tower was conspicuous over the rest, and we recognised by it the first cathedral we had seen.

As we approached the town, the road became a crooked paved street, lined with curious small antique houses, between which we passed, stopping often to admire some singular gable, or porch, or grotesque carving, until it was spanned by a handsome brown stone arch, not the viaduct of a railroad, as at first seemed likely, nor an arch of triumph, of the pictures of which it reminded us, but one of the four gateways of the city. Passing under it, we found on the inner side a flight of broad stone stairs leading on to the wall, which we ascended. At the top, on the inside of the wall, was a printer's shop, in which guide-books were offered for sale. Entering this we were received by an intelligent and obliging young man

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who left the press to give us chairs, and with whom we had an interesting conversation about the town and about his trade. Printers' wages, if I recollect rightly, were about one quarter more in New York than in Chester. After purchasing a guide-book and a few prints of him, we accepted his invitation to leave our knapsacks in his shop, and take a walk on the walls before entering the town.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHESTER WITHOUT.—A WALK ON THE WALLS.—ANTIQUITIES.—STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Chester, June 2d.

MY journal is behindhand several days, what little time I have had to write being occupied in finishing my last letter. Meantime, I have seen so much, that if I had a week of leisure I should despair of giving you a good idea of this strange place. But that you may understand a little how greatly we are interested, I will mention some of the objects that we have seen, and are seeing. Use your imagination to the utmost to fill up the hints, rather than descriptions, of these that I shall give you. You need not fear that when you come here the reality will disappoint you, or fail to astonish you with its novelty, its quaintness, and the strange mingling of venerable associations with its modern art and civilization.

We were about to leave the printer's for a walk on the wall. I will not detain myself with a detailed account of our proceedings, but imagine that you are with me, while I point out to you a few of the note-worthy objects.

We are on the top of the wall, a few feet from the side of the archway through which we entered the town. Look down now on the outside. The road, just before it enters the gate, crosses, by a bridge, a deep ravine. In it, some seventy feet

below us, you see the dark water, perhaps of old the *fosse*, but now a modern commercial canal. A long, narrow boat, much narrower than our canal-boats, laden with coals, is coming from under the bridge; a woman is steering it, and on the cabin, in large, red letters, you see her name, "*Margaret Francis*," and the name of the boat, the "*Telegraph*." That arch was turned by a man now living, but that course of stones —the dark ones between the ivy and the abutment—was laid by a Roman mason, when Rome was mistress of the world.

Walk on. The wall is five feet wide on the top, with a parapet of stone on the outside, and an iron rail within. Don't fear, though it is so far and deep to the canal, and the stone looks so time-worn and crumbling; it is firm with true Roman cement, the blood of brave men. Here it is strengthened by a heavy tower, now somewhat dilapidated. Look up, and you see upon it a rude carving of a phœnix; under it an old tablet, with these words:—

"ON THIS TOWER STOOD CHARLES THE FIRST, AND SAW HIS ARMY DEFEATED."

Within the tower is the stall of a newsman. Buy the London Times, which has come some hundred miles since morning, with the information that yesterday the honourable president of a Peace Society was shot in a duel. (A fact.)

Pass on. On one side of us are tall chimneys, through which, from fierce forge fires, ascend black smoke and incense of bitumen to the glory of mammon. Close on the other side stands a venerable cathedral, built by pious labour of devout men to the laud and service of their God. We look into the burying-ground, and on the old gravestones observe many familiar names of New England neighbours.

Narrow brick houses are built close up to the wall again, and now on both sides; the wall, which you can stride across, being their only street or way of access. Here, again, it

crosses another broad road, and we are over another entrance to the city—the "*new* gate;" it is not quite a century old. We look from it into the market-place. Narrow, steep-gabled houses, with their second story frowning threateningly over the sidewalks, surround it. But the market-building is modern. See! the sparrow lighting on the iron roof burns her feet and flies hastily over to the heavy, old, brown thatch, where the little dormers stick out so clumsily cosy.

Odd-looking vehicles and oddly-dressed people are passing in the street below us: a woman with a jacket, driving two stout horses in one of those heavy farm-carts; an omnibus, very broad, and carrying passengers on the top as well as inside, with the sign of "The Green Dragon;" the driver, smartly-dressed, tips his whip with a knowing nod to a pretty Welsh girl who is carrying a tub upon her head. There are lots of such damsels here, neat as possible, with dark eyes and glossy hair, half covered by white caps, and fine, plump forms, in short striped petticoats and hob-nailed shoes. There goes one, straight as a gun-barrel, with a great jar of milk upon her head. And here is a little donkey, with cans of milk slung on each side of him, and behind them, so you cannot see why he does not slip off over his tail, is a great brute, with two legs in knee-breeches and blue stockings, bent up so as to be clear of the ground, striking him with a stout stick across his long, expressive ears. A sooty-faced boy, with a Kilmarnock bonnet on his head, carrying two pewter mugs, coming towards us, jumps suddenly one side, and, ha! out from under us, at a rattling pace, comes a beautiful sorrel mare, with a handsome, tall, slightly-made young man in undress military uniform; close behind, and not badly mounted either, follow two others—one also in uniform, with a scarlet cap and a bright bugle swinging at his side; the other a groom in livery, neat as a pin; odd again, to

American eyes, those leather breeches and bright top-boots. Who was it? Colonel Lord Grosvenor, going to review the yeomanry. We shall see them the other side of the city. His grandfather built this gate and presented it to the corporation; you may see his arms on the key-stone. But now go on.

On the left, you see an old church tower, and under it the ragged outline and darker coloured stone of still older masonry. A swallow has just found a cranny big enough to build her nest in, that Father Time has been chiselling at now for eight hundred years. Eight hundred? Yes; it was *rebuilt* then. You can see some of the *older*, original wall at the other end—no, not that round Saxon arch, but beyond the trees—a low wall with a heavy clothing of ivy. The steamboat is just coming out from behind it now. In the year 973, King Edgar landed at this church from a boat, in which he had been rowed by eight kings, whom he had conquered. An ugly, smoky old tub is that steamboat; it would hardly be thought fit for the conveyance of criminals to prison in America. But doubtless it is a faster and more commodious craft than King Edgar's eight-king power packet.

We cross another gateway, and pass a big mill. The dam was built, I don't know when. The Puritans, they say, tried to destroy it, for its bad name, perhaps, but could not, because, like a duck, it kept under a high flood of water until the Cavaliers, making a rush to save it, spiked their guns.

Our path turns suddenly, and runs along the face of a stone wall, supported by brackets high above the water of the river, but some distance below the parapets—parapets of a castle. Soon we pass a red-coated sentry, and now you see a tower that looks older than the rest. The battle-axes of William the Conqueror once clanged where that fellow is

lounging with a cigar. Beyond, on the esplanade, were wont to assemble the formidable feudal armies of the Earls of Chester, whose title is now borne by the German Prince Albert's eldest son. Quite a different appearance they must have made from this regiment of Irishmen in red-cloth coats and leather helmets.

Stop a moment to look at the old bridge—step back to the angle—there you see it—half-a-dozen arches of different forms and shades of colour, not particularly handsome, but worth noticing. The blackest of the arches was turned half a century before Jamestown was founded—that is, it was then *rebuilt.* The *old* bridge, from which the stones for it were taken, was built by Queen Ethefleda. Who was she? I am sure I don't know—some one who reigned here a thousand years ago, I believe, though I never heard any thing else of her. You'll be shown her great-grandmother's cradle somewhere about town very likely.

Just above is another bridge. What a fine arch! Yes; the longest in the world, it is said. That was not built by a queen, but a little girl was the first to cross it, who afterwards *developed up* into "her most gracious Majesty, Victoria, whom God long preserve," as the loyal guide-book has it.

". . . . Poor fellow! he is very lame, isn't he!"

"Oh, he is begging; probably an impostor. Don't encourage him."

"He only asks a penny to keep him from starving; his son has not been able to get any work lately, or he would not let him beg."

"Let him go to America; there's enough work for him if he really wants it; its what they all say. Give him a ha'penny then, and be rid of him. Now, look over there, between the trees, and see the entrance to the Marquis of

Westminster's park."—A great, fresh pile of bombasti towers and battlements to shelter a gate and protect the woman who opens it from—rain and frost. It is but recently finished, and costs, says the printer, £10,000.

What says the beggar? Free trade and the Irish have cut down wages, since he used to work on the farms, from five shillings to eighteen pence. I don't believe it.

He reasserts it, though. He has stood himself at Chester Cross on the market day, and refused to work for four and sixpence, and all the beer he could drink. It may be true—the printer tells us; in the old Bonaparte years, in harvest time, it was not unlikely to have been so. With wheat at a guinea a bushel, the farmers did not have the worst of it even then. Those were good times for farmers. Soldiers can't reap, but they must eat. The government *borrowed* money to pay the farmers for supporting the war, and now the farmers are paying the debt.

"Give me something to buy a little bread, good sirs,' repeats the old man; "I can't work, and my son .... These dirty Irish and this cussed free trade ....."

Hark! horns and kettle-drums! Come on. It is the band of the yeomanry; we shall see them directly ..... There! Five squadrons of mounted men trotting over a broad green meadow below us. Well mounted they seem to be, and well seated too. Ay; fox hunting will make good cavalry. Doubtless many of those fellows have been after the hounds.

Possibly. But never one of them charged a buffalo herd, I'll be bound.

This green plain—a sort of public lawn in front of the town—is about twice as large as Boston Common, and is called "The Roodee." It is free from trees, nothing but a

handsome meadow, and a race-course runs round it. On this course, by the way, the greatest number of horses ever engaged in a single match have been run. In 1848, the entries were one hundred and fifty-six, of which one hundred and six accepted.

Right below us, on the meadow, there is pitched a *marquée.* It belongs to a cricket club. I want you to notice the beautiful green sward of their playing ground. It is shaven so clean and close. You see men are sweeping it with hair-brooms.

Here again, in this garden on the other side of the wall, there used to be a nunnery. There is the entrance to a subterranean passage, by which, if you could keep a candle burning, you might pass under the city back to the cathedral.

. . . . Are you tired of ruins? Here is one more that may rouse your Puritan blood: a heavy tower built into the wall, connected with a larger one at some distance outside. How old they look! No paintings and no descriptions had ever conveyed to me the effect of age upon the stone itself of these very old structures. How venerable! how stern! how silent—yet telling what long stories! We will not ask for the oldest of them, but—you see there, where the battlements are broken down in one place—that breach was made by a ball thrown from the hill yonder; and the cannon that sent it was aimed by Oliver Cromwell.

How beautiful, how indescribably beautiful, are those thick masses of dark, glossy, green ivy, falling over the blackened old ramparts, like the curls of a child asleep on its grandfather's shoulder!—*Whew!* dont let the sparks get in your eye! They have pierced the wall right under us, and here goes an express train fifty miles an hour, from Ireland to London by way of Holyhead, with dispatches for her Ma-

jesty (by way of Lord Palmerston's head). The Roman masonry that resisted the Roundhead batteries, has yielded to the engines of peace.

But, as we move on, even higher marks of civilization are pointed out to us. Here, close to the wall, and in the shadow of the old tower, is a public bath and wash-house. A little back is a hospital for the poor, and near it a house of correction. Across the valley is a gloomy-looking workhouse, and in another direction a much more cheering institution, beautifully placed on a hill, among fine, dark, evergreen trees, through which you can see the bright sunshine and smile of God falling upon it. It is the Training College—a normal school, for preparing teachers for the church schools of the diocese. And here, on the left, as we approach the north gate again, is an old charity school-house, the Blue-coat Hospital. The boys at play are all young George Washingtons, dressed in long-skirted blue coats, and breeches, and stockings.

. . . . So here we are, back at the good-natured printer's office, having been a circuit of three miles on the walls of the city. Its population is twenty-five thousand (mostly within). If you have observed that nearly all the houses are low, you will not suppose that much room is taken up by streets and unoccupied grounds, where that number is accommodated in such limited space, and you will be ready to explore the interior with great curiosity. If your taste for the quaint and picturesque is at all like mine, you will be in no danger of disappointment.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHESTER WITHIN.—PECULIARITIES OF BUILDING.—THE ROWS.—A SEA-CAPTAIN.—ROMANCING.—AN OLD INN.—OLD ENGLISH TOWN HOUSES.—TIMBER HOUSES.—CLAIMING AN INHERITANCE.—A COOK SHOP.—ONE OF THE ALLEYS.—BREAKING INTO THE CATHEDRAL.—EXPULSION.—THE CURFEW.

THE four gates of the city are opposite, and about equally distant from each other. Four streets run from them, meeting in the centre and dividing it into four quarters. These principal streets are from one to three rods wide, and besides them there are only a few narrow alleys, in which carts can pass. But the whole city is honeycombed with by-ways, varying from two to five feet in width; sometimes open above, and sometimes built over; crooked and intricate, and if he cares where they lead him to, most puzzling to a stranger. Besides these courts, alleys, and foot-paths, there is another highway peculiarity in Chester, which it will be difficult to describe.

Imagine you have entered the gate with us after the walk about the wall. The second story of most the old houses is thrown forward, as you have seen it in the "old settler's" houses at home. Sometimes it projects several feet, and is supported by posts in the sidewalk. Soon this becomes a frequent, and then a continuous arrangement; the posts are generally of stone, forming an arcade, and you walk behind them in the shade. Sometimes, instead of posts, a solid wall supports the upper house. You observe, as would be likely

in an old city, that the surface is irregular; we are ascending a slight elevation. Notwithstanding the old structure overhead, and the well-worn, thick, old flagging under foot, we notice the shop fronts are finished with plate-glass, and all the brilliancy of the most modern commercial art and taste. Turning, to make the contrast more striking, by looking at the little windows and rude carvings of the houses opposite, we see a bannister or hand-rail separates the sidewalk from the carriage-way, and are astonished, in stepping out to it, to find the street is some ten feet below us. We are evidently in the second story of the houses. Finding steps leading down, we descend into the streets and discover another tier of shops, on the roofs of which we have been walking.

Going on, we shortly come to where the streets meet in the centre of the town. Passing over the ground where the *cross*, and the pillory, and other institutions of religion, and justice, and merry-making formerly stood, we ascend steps, and are again in one of those singular walks called by the inhabitants the Rows. There are no more stylish shop fronts, but dark doorways and old windows again, and on almost every door-post little black and red checkers, which hieroglyphics, if you are not sufficiently versed in Falstaffian lore to understand, you can find rendered in plain black and white queen's English (or people's English by our law), under some woman's name, painted on the beam overhead—"Licensed to sell beer," &c. Generally there will be an additional sign, naming the inn or tavern, always in letters and almost never in portraiture. I remember "The Crown and Castle," "The Crown and Anchor," "The Castle and Falcon," "The King's Head," "The Black Bear," "The Blue Boar," "The Pied Bull," "The Green Dragon," "The White Lion," "The Sun and Apple Tree," "The Colliers' Arms," "The Arms of Man," "The Malt Shovel," etc., etc.

Instead of columns and a hand-rail, or a dead-wall on the street side of the row, it is now and then contracted by a room, which is sometimes occupied by a shop, and sometimes seems to be used as a vestibule and staircase to apartments overhead, for we see a brass plate with the resident's name, and a bell-pull, to the door.

On the inner side are frequent entrances to the narrow passages that I mentioned, which may be long substitutes for streets, communicating, after a deal of turning and splitting into branches, with some distant alley or churchyard, or other main street, with the front doors of wealthy citizens' houses opening upon them; or they may be merely alleys between two tenements leading to a common yard in the rear; or again, if you turn into one, it may turn out to be a private hall, and after one or two short turns end in a kitchen. Never mind—don't retreat; put on a bold face, take a seat by the fire as if you were at home, and call for a mug of beer. Ten to one it will be all right. Every other housekeeper, at least, is a licensed taverner.

We had great sport the first hour or two we were in town hunting for lodgings. We were disposed to sleep under the very oldest English architecture in which we could be comfortably accommodated. Many of the places at which we applied were merely houses of refreshment, and had no spare bedrooms. In one of these, "The Boot Inn," we found an old sea-captain, who, some twenty years ago, had traded to New York, and enjoyed talking and making inquiries about persons he had met and places he had visited. Fortunately we knew some of them, and so were constrained to sit down to some bread and cheese and beer, and listen to some tough yarns of Yellow Jack and Barbary pirates. At one end of the kitchen was a table with benches on three sides of it, and a great arm-chair on the other. Over the chair hung a union

jack, and before it on the table was a strongly-bound book, which proved to be "The Record of the Boot Inn Birthday Club." The bond entered into by each member on entering this association was, that he should treat the club to plenty of good malt liquor on his every future birthday. There was a constitution and many by-laws, the penalty for breaking which was always to be paid in "beer for the club."

At other inns we would be shown, by delightfully steep, narrow, crooked, and every way possible inconvenient stairways, up through low, dark spaces of inclined plane, into long, steep-roofed, pigeon-house-like rooms, having an air as gloomy and mysterious as it was hot and close. Then, upon our declining to avail ourselves of such romantic and typhous accommodations, instead of being reconducted down by the tortuous path of our ascent, we would be shown, through a back door in the third story, out upon a passage that seemed to be also used as a public street (footway), doors opening from it which were evidently entrances to residences in the rear.

Finally we were suited; and now I am writing on an old oak table, with spiral legs, sitting in an old oak chair, with an Elizabethan carved back, my feet on an old oak floor (rather wavy), stout old oak beams over my head, and low walls of old oak wainscot all around me. Resting on an old oak bench by the window, is a young man with a broad-brimmed felt hat slouched half over his face. Across the street, so near we might jump into it if we were attacked from the rear, is a house with the most grotesquely-carved and acutely-pointed gable possible to be believed real, and not a pasteboard scene, with the date "1539" cut in awkward figures over the cockloft window, high in the apex. For fifteen minutes there has been a regular "*clink, clink*," deadening all other sounds but the clash of sabres against spurs, and distant

bugle-calls, as a body of horsemen are passing in compact columns through the narrow street, from the castle, out by the north gate, towards *Rowton Moor.*

To be sure, it is a California and not a Cavalier sombrero that shades my friend, and the men of war outside are but mild militiamen, carrying percussion-lock carbines indeed, but who have fought for nothing so valiantly as for the corn laws. But when shall I again get as near as this to *Prince* Charlie and the Ironsides? and shall I not make the most of it? At least, there is no prompter's bell, no carpenters in their shirt-sleeves rushing in and sliding off the scenery. That 1539 over the way is TRUE; I can see the sun shine into the figures. Away, then, with your 1850! I will drink only old wine—or better—*What ho! a cup of sack!* Shall I not take it easy in mine inn?

The house is full of most unexplainable passages and unaccountable recesses, of great low rooms and little high rooms, with ceilings in various angles to the walls, and the floor of every one at a different elevation from every other, so that from the same landing you step up into one and down into another, and so on. Back of a little kitchen and big pantry, down stairs, we have another parlour. In it is a grand old chimney, and opposite the fireplace a window, the only one in the room. It is but three feet high, but, except the room occupied by a glass *buffet* in one corner and a turned-up round-table in the other, reaches from wall to wall. To look out of it, you step on to a raised platform, about three feet broad, in front of it, and on this is an old, long, high-backed *settee.* I must confess that it is not the less pleasant in the evening for an unantique gas-light.

As I lay in bed last night, I counted against the moon seventy-five panes of glass in the single window of our sleeping apartment. The largest of them was four by three, and

the smallest three by one inches. They are set in lead sashes, and the outer frame is of iron, opening horizontally on hinges.

There are none but *timber houses* all about us; the walls white or yellow, and the timbers black. The roofs are often as steep as forty-five degrees with the horizon, and the gables always front on the street. If the house is large there will be several gables, and each successive story juts out,

overhanging the face of that below. There is no finical verge-board, or flimsy "drapery" in the gable, but the outermost rafter (a stout beam that you cannot expect to see warped

off or blown away) is boldly projected, and your attention perhaps invited to it by ornamental carving. Porches, bow-windows, dormers, galleries (in the rows), and all the prominent features of the building are generally more or less rudely carved. One house near us is completely covered with figures. C. says they represent Bible scenes. There is one compartment which he supposes a tableau of the sacrifice of Isaac, Abraham being represented, according to his *exegesis*, by a bearded figure dressed in long flapped waistcoat and knee-breeches.

Another house has these words cut in the principal horizontal beam: *God's Providence is mine Inheritance*—1652. It is said the family residing in it was the only one in the city that entirely escaped the great plague of that year.

You may imagine how intensely interesting all this is. We cannot keep still, but run about with a real boyish excitement. We feel indeed like children that have come back to visit the paternal house, and who are rummaging about in the garret among their father's playthings, ever and anon shouting, "See what I've found! see what I've found!" If we had been brought here blindfolded from America, and were now, after two days' visit, sent back again, we should feel well repaid for the long sea-passage. If we were to stay here a month, we should scarcely enjoy less than we now do, rambling about among these relics of our old England.*

* Some months later than this we were at a supper party, after some old English ballads and songs had been sung, when one of the company apologized for it, saying, "We forget our American friends. It is selfish in us to sing only these national songs in which we are peculiarly interested. Have you nothing American, now?" "Excuse me, sir," I replied, "those are our national songs as much as yours. You forget that we are also countrymen of Will Shakspeare, and Robin Hood, and Richard the Lion-hearted. Our mothers danced with your fathers under that same 'green-wood,' and around the 'May-pole.' Our fathers fought for their right in

Going into a cook-shop for supper, the first afternoon we were in Chester, we were shown through three apartments into a kitchen, and from that into a long, narrow, irregularly-shaped room, with one little window high above our heads, and twenty-seven old wood engravings in frames about the walls. We had a very tolerable supper given us, and were served by a six-foot-high Welsh girl that could understand but little of our English. When we were ready to leave, a back door was opened, and we were told that the first opening to the left would bring us to the street. We found ourselves in one of the narrow covered ways, and instead of turning off to the street as directed, kept on in it to go where it should happen to lead. Sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, running first, as it appeared, between a man's kitchen and his dining-room; then into a dust-yard; then suddenly narrowed, and turned one side by a stable; then opening into a yard, across which a woman over a wash-tub was scolding her husband, sitting with a baby and smoking at a window; then through a blacksmith's shop into a long, dark, crooked, passage, like the gallery of a mine, at the other end of which we found ourselves on a paved street not far from the cathedral.

We entered the burying-ground, and seeing that a small door, that is cut in the large door of the cathedral, was ajar, pushed it open and went in. It was dark, silent, and chill. We felt strangely as we groped our way over the unobstructed stone floor, and could make nothing of it until our eyes,

this land against Turk, Frenchman, Spaniard, and Pretender. We have as much pride in Old England, gentlemen, as any of you. We claim the right to make ourselves *at home* on that ground with you. You must not treat us as strangers." "You are right; you are welcome. Give us your hand. The old blood will tell!" And the whole table rose with a hurrah, shaking our hands with a warmth that only patriotic pride will excuse among Englishmen.

becoming adapted to the dimness, we discovered gilded organ-pipes, and were going towards them, when a small door in front of us was opened, and a man came out, saying impatiently, "Who *are* you? what do you want? Take off your hats."

"We are strangers, looking at the cathedral."

"Can't see it, now; can't see it, now. Service every day at four and ten o'clock."

As we were going out, a great bell began to toll. "What is that, sir?" said I.

"What?"

"That bell tolling—what is it for?"

"Why, that's the cuffew," and he closed and bolted the door, while we stood still without; and as the long waving boom of the bell pulsed through us, looked wonderingly at each other, as if America and the nineteenth century were a fading dream, slowly repeating, "The curfew; the curfew."

CHAPTER XV.

CHESTER MARKET.—THE TOWN COMMON.—RACE-COURSE.—THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY, AND THE MILITIA OF ENGLAND.—PUBLIC WASH-HOUSE.—"MR. CHAIRMAN."

THE day after we came to Chester was market-day, and the streets were busy at an early hour with people coming in from the country to sell produce or purchase the supplies for their families for the coming week. The quantity of butter exposed for sale was very large, and the quality excellent. The fish-market also was finely supplied. The dealing in both these articles was mostly done by women.*

After walking through the market we went to the Roodee, and there saw the yeomanry reviewed. They wore a snug blue uniform, were armed with sabres, carbines, and pistols, and were rather better mounted and drilled than any of our mounted militia that I have seen. The active commander seemed to be a regular martinet. If the lines got much out of dress while on the trot, he would dash up, shaking his fist, and loudly cursing the squadron at fault. I noticed, also, that when pleased he sometimes addressed them in the ranks

* We noted the following as the common prices :—

Butchers' meat, 10 to 14 cents per lb.
Best fresh butter in balls of 1¼ lbs., 35 cents.
Salmon, fresh from the Dee, 35 cents per lb.
Turbot, 35 cents per lb.
Soles and other fish, 16 cents per lb.

as "gentlemen." He was probably some old army officer, engaged to drill them.

A young man in the dress of an officer, but dismounted, said, in answer to our inquiries, that their number was 800, in five companies. Most of them were farmers, every farmer of a certain age in the county (as we understood him) being obliged to serve three years, but allowed to send a substitute if he chooses, and sometimes is represented by his servant. They are out but once a year for training, and then for eight days, and while engaged receive 75 cents a day. They can not be ordered out of the country, and are never called into any active service, except to quell riots.

I frequently asked afterwards for more information about the yeomanry, but never of a person that seemed to know much about them. A man in the ranks of the Denbighshire yeomanry told us the service was optional. In some counties there is no such body, and the organization, laws, and customs of it seem to vary in the different regiments. There is a regular foot-militia organization throughout England (the "train bands"), but none of them, I believe, have been paraded for many years.

According to a parliamentary return of 1838, there were then of the mounted yeomanry, 251 troops and 13,594 privates; the annual expense of maintaining them was $525,000. The enrolled militia of England in 1838 numbered 200,000 men. The officers of these forces, when in service, *rank* with those of the army of the same grade. A part of the uniform and mountings of the yeomanry are paid for by the government, and some small daily compensation is allowed the privates when in service. A drill-sergeant and a trumpeter is also permanently attached to each troop, with a salary from the state.

Napier mentions that the greater part of the 16,000 Brit-

ish troops who gained the battle of Talavera were men drafted from the militia at home, and that they had but very recently joined the army in Spain.

Coming up from the Roodee, we visited the castle. It is of no importance in a military way, except as a depôt. There are 30,000 stand of arms, and a large quantity of gunpowder stored in it. It is garrisoned by an Irish regiment at present, which, as well as the yeomanry, has a very good band of music, by which the town benefits.

We afterwards visited the public baths and wash-house. In its basement there are twenty square tubs, each with hot and cold water cocks, wash-board, and pounder, a drying-closet heated by steam to 212° F., &c. In the first story are the usual private baths, and a swimming tank or public bath, having a constant influx of fresh water by a jet from below, and an overflow. It is 45 by 36 feet, 2½ feet deep at one end, 6 at the other, contains 36,000 gallons, and is furnished with swings, diving-stage, life-buoys, &c. It was built by a committee of the citizens, and bought by the town very soon after it went into operation. The whole cost was $10,000, most of which was raised by a stock subscription. The water is supplied from the canal, and is all filtered—the cost of the filtering machine being $200. The principal items of current expenses are fuel and salaries. The cost of coal (very low here) is $5 a week. There are four persons constantly employed in the establishment, viz., superintendent and wife, who are paid $10 a week, and receive something besides as perquisites (supplying bathing-dresses, for instance, at a small charge); the bath-attendant, and the fireman, who each have $7 50 a week. Total salaries $25 a week. The charges for the use of the clothes-washing conveniences is about one cent an hour. For the baths it varies from two to twenty-five cents, select

hours being appointed for those who choose, by paying a larger sum, to avoid a crowd. There are also commutations by the year at lower rates: boys, for instance, have a yearly ticket for a little over a dollar. During the first year it has something more than paid expenses. The number of bathers the last week (in May) was over one thousand. I mention these statistics, as this establishment is rather smaller than most of the kind, and they may serve the projectors of a similar one in some of our smaller cities.

We had had at breakfast the company of a little, fat dignified person, whose talk much amused us by its likeness to that of some of Dickens' characters. On returning to the inn at noon, we found sitting with him a cadaverous-faced man, with long hair, and very seedy clothes, who seemed from his expressions to be an artist. Beer had just been brought into them as we entered, but the painter after taking a long draught, mildly suggested that "something stronger might facilitate business." The fussy man replied that he never took any thing but malt liquors before dinner. The artist said that he required something more. "I haven't had any thing but beer this morning, except a couple of glasses of brandy, and a little go o'rum with a dab of butter and sugar in it." Here he looked at me with a smile and a nod, that invited my good fellowship, and I ventured to ask how much beer he might have had besides that. "Not more than half a dozen glasses, sir." "Really, I should have supposed that would be drink enough for half a day." "Not for a man like me; I have drank thirty-six glasses—half pints—of strong Welsh ale in a day, and all the better of it." The stout man said he never drank over a dozen, or at the highest, fifteen, in a day, and never, except in peculiar circumstances, took spirits before dinner; after dinner he would go

as far as any body. He often had to preside at public dinners, and though of course, he then, for the sake of example, had to drink more than any one else, he always kept on his seat as long as there was any one to drink with him, "as you very well know, sir," he added, appealing to the artist. "Undoubtedly, Mr. Chairman," the latter replied, "*un*doubtedly, sir."

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO EATON HALL.—THE LARGEST ARCH IN THE WORLD.—THE OUTER PARK.—BACKWOODS' FARMING.—THE DEER PARK.—THE HALL.—THE PARTERRE.—THE LAWN.—THE FRUIT GARDEN.—STABLES.

IN the afternoon we walked to Eaton park.

Probably there is no object of art that Americans of cultivated taste generally more long to see in Europe, than an English park. What artist, so noble, has often been my thought, as he, who with far-reaching conception of beauty and designing power, sketches the outline, writes the colours, and directs the shadows of a picture so great that Nature shall be employed upon it for generations, before the work he has arranged for her shall realize his intentions.

Eaton hall and park is *one* of the seats of the Marquis of Westminster, a very wealthy nobleman, who has lately been named "Lord High Chamberlain to her Majesty," a kind of state-housekeeper or steward, I take it—an office which Punch, and a common report of a niggardly disposition in his private affairs, deems him particularly appropriate to.

We left town by the new, or Grosvenor bridge—a simple, grand, and every way excellent work, crossing the Dee by a single arch, which we are told is the largest in the world. It is entirely free from decorative ornament, and the effect of it, as seen looking from the river side, is most imposing. I know of nothing in America to compare with it.

It was built by the marquis, whose family name is Grosvenor, at a cost of $180,000 (£36,000). The designer was Thomas Harrison, an architect of note, who formerly lived in Chester.*

By the side of the road we found an oratory, or small chapel, building, and gardeners laying out grounds for a rural cemetery. Beyond this we came to the great castellated edifice that I have before spoken of as the gateway to the park. Such we were told it was, and were therefore surprised to find within only a long, straight road, with but tolerable mowing lots alternating by the side of it, with thick plantations of trees, no way differing from the twenty-year old natural wood of my own farm, except that hollies, laurels, and our common dog-wood were planted regularly along the edge. After a while we pushed into this wood, to see if we could not scare up some of the deer. We soon saw daylight on the outside, and about twelve rods from the road, came to an open field, separated from the road only by a common Yankee three-rail fence, which I had not expected to see in England; very poor it was too, at that.

A stout boy, leaning heavily on the stilts, was ploughing the stubble-ground (apparently a *summer fallow*). We jumped over and asked what crop the ground was preparing for. The horses stopped of their own accord when we spoke. The boy turned and sat upon the stilts-brace, and then answered—"Erdnow."

The same answer, or some other sounds that we could not guess the meaning of, followed several other questions. The

* The main arch spans two hundred feet, and its height is forty feet, and there two dry arches, each twenty feet wide and forty feet high. From the surface of the water to the road is over sixty feet. The parapet walls are three hundred and fifty feet long, with a carriage-way and foot-path between, of thirty feet.

plough had a wooden beam, bound round with hoop iron. The horses, one black and the other white, seemed to be worn-out hacks; the harness was mended with bits of rope; the furrows were crooked and badly turned. Altogether, a more unfarmer-like turn-out, and a worse piece of work I never saw in our own backwoods. When we last saw the ploughman, he had taken off his woollen cap and seemed about lighting a pipe, and the horses were beginning to nibble at the stubble, which stuck up in tufts all over the ploughed ground. In getting back to the road we crossed a low spot, sinking ankle deep in mire, and noticed several trees not eight inches thick, which showed signs of decay.

We tramped on for several miles through this tame scenery and most ungentlemanly farming, until it became really tiresome. At length the wood fell back, and the road was lined for some way with a double row of fine elms. Still no deer. A little further, and we came to a cottage most beautifully draped with ivy; passed through another gate. Ah! here is the real park at last.

A gracefully, irregular, gently undulating surface of close-cropped pasture land, reaching way off illimitably; dark green in colour; very old, but not very large trees scattered singly and in groups—so far apart as to throw long unbroken shadows across broad openings of light, and leave the view in several directions unobstructed for a long distance. Herds of fallow-deer, fawns, cattle, sheep, and lambs quietly feeding near us, and moving slowly in masses at a distance; a warm atmosphere, descending sun, and sublime shadows from fleecy clouds transiently darkening in succession, sunny surface, cool woodside, flocks and herds, and foliage.

The road ran on winding through this. We drew a long breath, and walked slowly for a little way, then turned aside at the nearest tree, and lay down to take it all in satisfac-

torily. Then we rose and went among the deer. They were small and lean, all with their heads down feeding. Among them was one pure white fawn. I believe none of them had antlers, or more than mere prongs. They seemed to be quite as tame as the sheep; but suddenly, as we came still nearer, all, as if one, raised high their heads, and bounded off in a high springing gallop. After going a few rods, one stopped short, and facing about, stood alone with ears erect, and gleaming eyes, intent upon us. A few rods further the whole herd stopped and stood in the same way, looking at us. One by one the heads again dropped; a fawn stepped out from among them; the one nearest us turned and trotted to it, and then all fell quietly to feeding again.

The sheep were of a large, coarse-woolled variety, some of them nearly as large, only not standing quite so high, as the deer—not handsome at all (as sheep) even for a mutton breed; but in groups at a distance, and against the shadows, far prettier than the deer. The cattle were short horned, large, dapple skinned, sleek, and handsome, but not remarkable.

We concluded that the sheep and cattle were of the most value for their effect in the landscape; but it was a little exciting to us to watch the deer, particularly as we would sometimes see them in a large herd leisurely moving across an opening among the trees, a long way off, and barely distinguishable; or still more when one, two, or three, which had been separated from a nearer herd, suddenly started, and dashed wildly by us, within pistol shot.

"I don't think they are as large as our Maine fallow deer."

"I wonder if they'd taste as good as they did *that night.*"

"Well, I reckon not—no hemlock to toast them over."

"Or to sleep on afterwards, eh!"

"And no wolves to keep you awake."

"No! How the bloody rascals did howl that night though, didn't they?"

Following the carriage road, we came near a mass of shrubbery, over and beyond which the trees were closer and taller. It was separated from the deer park by an iron fence. Passing this by another light gate, and through a screen of thick underwood, we found ourselves close to the entrance front of the Hall.

"It is considered the most splendid specimen of the pointed Gothic. It consists of a centre and three stories, finished with octagonal turrets, connected with the main part by lofty intermediate towers, the whole enriched by buttresses, niches, and pinnacles, and adorned with elaborately carved heraldic designs, fretwork, and foliage, surmounted throughout by an enriched battlement."

So much from the Guide Book. It is not my business to attempt a criticism of "the finest specimen of the pointed Gothic" in England; but I may honestly say that it did not, as a whole, produce the expected effect of grandeur or sublimity upon us, without trying to find reasons for the failure. Even when we came to look at it closely, we found little to admire. There was no great simple beauty in it as a mass, nor yet vigorous original character enough in the details to make them an interesting study. The edifice is long and low, and covered with an immense amount of meaningless decoration.

Such was our first impression, and we were greatly disappointed, you may be sure. We admired it more afterwards on the other side, from the middle of a great garden, where it seems to stand much higher, being set up on terraces, and gaining much, I suspect, from the extension of architectural character to the grounds in its front. Here we acknowledged a good deal of magnificence in its effect. Still it seemed as if it might have been obtained in some other

style, with less labour, and was much frittered away in the confusion of ornament.

This garden is a curiosity. It is in the geometrical style, and covers eight acres, it is said, though it does not seem nearly that to the eye. It is merely a succession of small arabesque figures of fine grass or flower beds, set in hard, rolled, dark-coloured gravel. The surface, dropping by long terraces from the steps of the hall to the river, is otherwise only varied by stiff pyramidal yews and box, and a few vases. On the whole, the effect of it in connection with the house, and looking towards it, is good, more so than I should have expected; and it falls so rapidly, that it affects the landscape seen in this direction *from* the house but very little. This is exquisitely beautiful, looking across the Dee, over a lovely valley towards some high, blue mountains. From other parts of the hall grand vistas open through long avenues of elms, and there are some noble single trees about the lawn.

This English elm is a much finer tree than I had been aware of—very tall, yet with drooping limbs and fine thick foliage; not nearly as fine as a single tree as our elm, but even more effective, I think, in masses, because thicker and better filled out in its general outline.

The hall was undergoing extensive alterations and repairs; and all the grounds immediately about it, except the terrace garden, were lumbered up with brick and stone, and masons' sheds, and in complete confusion. Being Saturday, all the workmen had left, and it was long before we could find any one about the house. We had got very thirsty, and considering that such a place would not be left without any tenants, determined to rouse them out and get a drink. After hammering for some time at a door under the principal entrance, a woman came and opened it a few inches, and learning our wish, brought us a glass of water, which she

passed out through the narrow opening, never showing her face. We were amused at this, which she perceiving, told us the door was chained and padlocked, so she could not open it wider.

Soon after, while looking for an entrance to the fruit garden, we met a gamekeeper, who was followed by a pet cub fox. He very obligingly, and with a gentlemanly manner showed us through such parts of the establishment as he was able to. There was nothing remarkable in the gardens or glass-houses, except some very large and wonderfully well-trained fruit trees on walls. Every thing was neglected now, however, and we did no more than glance at them. There were some new stables nearly finished, the plans of which I studied with interest. Each horse is to have a private box for himself. I do not recollect the exact size, but it is at least twelve feet square on the floor, and more than that high. In the ceiling is a ventilator, and in one corner an iron rack for hay (much like a fire-grate), and there is probably intended to be a small manger for fine and wet feed. There is a grating for drainage in the floor, and, besides these, no other fixtures whatever. The horse is to be left free within the walls.

CHAPTER XVII.

GAMEKEEPER.—GAME PRESERVES.—ECCLESTON, A PRETTY VILLAGE.—THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.—DRAINING.—CHILDREN PLAYING.—THE RIVER-SIDE WALK.—PLEASURE PARTIES.—A CONTRASTING GLIMPSE OF A SAD HEART.—SATURDAY NIGHT.—BALLAD SINGER.—MENDICANTS.—ROW IN THE TAP-ROOM.—WOMAN'S FEEBLENESS.—CHESTER BEER, AND BEER-DRINKING

THE gamekeeper advised us to return to Chester by another road, and following his direction, we found a delightful path by the river side. We had not gone far before we overtook another keeper carrying a gun. It is hard for us to look upon wild game as property, and it seemed as if the temptation to poach upon it must be often irresistible to a poor man. It must have a bad effect upon the moral character of a community for the law to deal with any man as a criminal for an act which in his own conscience is not deemed sinful. Even this keeper seemed to look upon poaching as not at all wrong—merely a trial of adroitness between the poacher and himself, though it was plain that detection would place the poacher among common swindlers and thieves, exclude him from the society of the religious, and from reputable employment, and make the future support of life by unlawful means almost a necessity. He said, however, there was very little poaching in the neighbourhood. Most of the farmers were allowed to shoot within certain limits, and the labouring class were generally wanting in either the means or the pluck to attempt it.

Evidently a man has a right to foster and increase the natural stock of wild game upon his own land, that is, in a degree to domesticate it; and the law should protect him in the enjoyment of the results of the labour and pains he has taken for this purpose. The exceedingly indefinite and undefinable character of such property, however, makes the attempt to preserve it inexpedient, and often leads to injustice; and when the preserve is sustained at the expense of very great injury to more important means of sustaining human life in a half-starved community, the poacher is more excusable than the proprietor.

That this is often the case in England I more than once saw evidence. A picture, drawn by the agricultural correspondent of the *London Times* of Nov. 11, 1851, represents a scene of this kind, more remarkable however than any that came under my notice:

"At Stamford we passed into Northamptonshire, obtaining a glimpse of the Marquis of Exeter's finely wooded park and mansion of Burleigh. This magnificent place, founded by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer Cecil, with its grand old trees and noble park, is just the place to which a foreigner should be taken to give him an idea of the wealth of our English nobility.

"The tenants on this estate are represented as being in the most hopeless state of despondency on account of the present low prices of agricultural produce, and as they were complaining vehemently, the marquis offered to have the farms of any tenants who desired it revalued. Only one on this great estate accepted the offer. There have been no farms of any consequence yet given up, and for those which do come into the market there are plenty of offerers, though men of capital are becoming chary, and will only look at very desirable farms. The estate is said to be low-rented. Small

farmers, of whom there are many, are suffering most severely, as they have not saved any thing in good times to fall back upon now. Some of them are, indeed, greatly reduced, and we heard of one who had applied to his parish for relief. Others have sold every thing off their farms, and some, we were told, had not even seed corn left with which to sow their fields.

"In a fine country, with a gently undulating surface and a soil dry and easy of culture, laid into large fields moderately rented, one is surprised to hear that there is so much complaint and so much real suffering among the poorer class of farmers. It is only in part accounted for by the devastation of game, which on this and some other noblemen's estates in North Northamptonshire is still most strictly preserved. On the 24th of January last, seven guns, as we were told, on the marquis's estate killed 430 head of game, a most immoderate quantity at such a late period of the season. The fields are all stuck about with bushes to prevent the poachers netting; and the farmers feel most severely the losses they sustain in order that their landlord and his friends may not be deprived of their sport. The strict preservation of game on this and some other estates in the northern parts of the county was described to us in the bitterest terms, as 'completely eating up the tenant farmer, and against which no man can farm or live upon the farm.' It is 'the last ounce that breaks the camel's back,' and men who might have made a manful struggle against blighted crops and low prices, are overborne by a burden which they feel to be needlessly inflicted and of which they dare not openly complain.

"In consequence of the distress among the small farmers many of the labourers would have been thrown out of employment had work not been found for them by the marquis in stubbing and clearing woodland, which will thus be re-

claimed for cultivation. The improvement is expected to be amply remunerative in the end, and it is one of the unlooked-for results of free trade, which are to be met with in every part of the country, that a landlord is compelled by circumstances, various in kind, to improve the neglected portions of his estate, and which, without such impelling cause, might have long lain unproductive. Every such improvement is not merely an addition to the arable land of the kingdom, but it becomes also an increased source of employment to the labourer."

I witnessed immense injury done to turnip crops by shooting over them in Scotland. I was once visiting a farmer there, when for a whole half day a "*gentleman*," with three dogs, was trampling down his Swedes, not once going out of the field. He was a stranger, and the farmer said it would do no good to remonstrate; he would only be laughed at and insulted.

We passed near a rookery, and the keeper was good enough to shoot one of the rooks for us to look at. It was a shorter-winged and rather heavier bird than our crow, with also a larger head and a peculiar thick bill. At a distance the difference would not be readily distinguished. The *caw* was on a lower note, and more of a parrot tone, much like the guttural croak of a fledgling crow. The keeper did not confirm the farmer's statement of their quality for the table. When they were fat they made a tolerable pie only, he said, not as good as pigeons. The rookery was, as we have often seen it described, a collection of crows'-like nests among the tops of some large trees.

We turned off from the river a little ways to look at Eccleston, a kind of pet village of the marquis, on the border of the park, and about the prettiest we saw in England, though rather too evidently kept up for show.

The cottages were nearly all of the timber and *noggin* walls I have described as common at Chester, covered with thick thatched roofs, with frequent and different-sized dormers, often with bow-windows, porches, well-houses, &c., of unpainted oak or of rustic work (boughs of trees with the bark on), broad latticed windows opening on hinges, a profusion of creeping vines on trellises, and often covering all the walls and hanging down over the windows, little flower gardens full of roses, and wallflowers, and violets, and mignonette, enclosed in front by a closely-trimmed hedge of yew, holly, or hawthorn, sometimes of both the latter together, and a nicely-sloped bank of turf between it and the road.

A cut from a sketch I made of one of the largest houses will be found on page 207. An intelligent labouring man talked with me while I was drawing it, and said it was the residence of the schoolmaster, and the village school was kept in it. The main part (which was covered with our American ivy) was over three hundred years old; a part of the wing was modern.

This labourer had been digging drains in the vicinity. He said the practice was to make them from 18 to 36 inches deep, and from 5 to 7 yards apart, or "in the old *buts*"—"The *buts?*" "Ay, the buts." He meant what we sometimes call the "'*bouts*" (turnabouts?) or furrows between the *lands* in ploughing, which here are often kept unaltered for generations for surface drainage, and, oddly enough, considering the many manifest inconveniences of retaining them, as we were often told, on account of the convenience of measuring or dividing fields by them (as our farmers are often guided in their sowing by the *lands*, and estimate areas by counting the panels of fence). Pipe-tiles, such as are being now introduced with us, an inch or an inch and a half in diameter (without collars), were laid in the drains to conduct

the water. The usual crop of potatoes in the vicinity he thought about three *measures* to a rood, or 225 bushels to an acre; of wheat, 30 bushels.

We went into a stylish inn to get some refreshment, and while waiting for it, watched some little girls playing in the street. They stood, four, holding hands, dancing and singing round one ("Dobbin") lying on the ground:

Old Dobbin is dead,
Ay, ay;
Dobbin is dead,
He's laid in his bed,
Ay, ay.

There let him lie,
Ay, ay;
Keep watch for his eye,
For if he gets up
He'll eat us all UP—

and away they scampered and Dobbin after them. The one he first catches lays down again for "Dobbin," when it is repeated. (Shown in the cut page 207.)

The church was a little one side of the village on an elevation, and so hidden by trees that we could only see a square tower and vane. Near it, we passed a neat stone building, which I thought probably the parsonage, and pointing towards it soon after, asked a man if he knew who lived in it. His reply was, "Why, there's none but poor peoples' houses there, sir!" The vicarage he showed us in another direction—a fine house in spacious grounds.

From Eccleston we had a delightful walk in the evening to Chester. There is a good foot-path for miles along the river bank, with gates or stiles at all the fences that run down to it, and we met great numbers of persons, who generally

seemed walking for pleasure. There were pleasure-boats, too, with parties of ladies under awnings, rowing up and down the river, sometimes with music.

We were stopped by some labouring people going home, who asked us to look after a poor woman we should see sitting by the water side over the next stile, who, they feared, had been unfortunate, and was going to drown herself. She had been there for an hour, and they had been for some time trying to prevail on her to get up and go home, but she would not reply to them. We found her as they had said—a very tall, thin woman, without hat or cap on her head, sitting under the bank behind some bushes, a little bundle in a handkerchief on her knees, her head thrown forward, resting upon it, her hands clasped over her forehead, and looking moodily into the dark stream. We drew back and sat on the stile, where we could see if she stepped into the water. In a few minutes she arose, and avoiding to turn her face towards us, walked rapidly towards the town. We followed her until she was lost in a crowd near the gate.

We found the streets within the walls all flaring with gaslight, and crowded with hawkers and hucksters with donkey-carts, soldiers, and policemen, and labouring men and women making purchases with their week's earnings, which it is a universal custom in England to have paid on Saturday night. We heard a ballad-monger singing with a long, drawling, nasal tone, on a high key, and listened for awhile to see what he had. One after another he would hold them up by a gaslight, and sing them. The greater number were protection songs, with "free trade" and "ruin" oft repeated, and were the worst kind of doggerel. One (sung to "Oh, Susannah!") I recollect as follows:—

"Oh, poor farmers,
Don't wait and cry in vain,
But be off to Californy,
If you cannot drive the *wain*."

He read also choice scraps from confessions of murderers; parts of the prayer-book travestied so as to tell against free-trade; and other such literature. In another place we found a crowd about a man with a flute, a woman with a hurdy-gurdy, and three little children singing what we guessed must be Welsh songs—regular wails. The youngest was a boy, not appearing to be over five years old, and was all but naked.

In front of our inn a man held in his arms a fine, well-dressed little boy, and cried in a high, loud, measured, monotonous drawl, continuously over and over—"His mother died in Carlisle we have travelled twenty-seven miles to-day I have no money she left this boy yesterday he walked eighteen miles I have no supper he is five years old I have walked two hundred miles this is no deception I have seen better days friends his feet are macerated I am in search of work I am young and strong he cannot walk his mother died in Carlisle help me in my lamentations I have but sixpence for myself and boy friends I am compelled to beg I am young and strong his mother died in Carlisle I am in search of work his feet are lacerated"—and so on. We watched him from the rows perhaps two minutes, and saw seven persons drop coppers into his hat: two little girls that a man was leading, a boy, a German lace-pedler, a woman with a basket of linen on her head, another woman, and a well-dressed gentleman.

The rest of the evening we sat round a bright coal fire, in what had been the great fireplace of the long back parlour. We are the only inmates of the inn except Mrs. Jones, the landlady, and her maid. About eleven o'clock we were dis-

turbed by some riotous men in the tap-room, which is the other side of the big chimney. Mrs. Jones seemed trying to prevail on them to leave the house, which they refused to do, singing "We won't go home till morning." Mrs. Jones is a little, quiet, meek, soft-spoken woman, and we were apprehensive for her safety. I was about to go to her assistance, when the maid entered and said, "If you please, sir, my mistress would like to see you." I went hastily round into the tap-room, and found two stout, dirty, drunken men, swinging pewter mugs, and trying to sing "There was a jolly collier." Mrs. Jones stood between them. I pushed one of them aside, and asked her what she wished me to do—expecting that she would want me to try to put him into the street. The men made such a noise that I could not hear her mild voice in reply, which, she perceiving, turned again and said, in a tone that at once quelled them, "Stop your noise, you brutes!" —and then to me, "will you please step into the kitchen, sir?" She only wished to know what we would like to have for our breakfast and dinner, as the shops would close soon, and, to-morrow being Sunday, they would not be open before noon. You talk about woman's feebleness!

The next morning, when we were going out, she came to unlock the door of the passage or entry, and told us she was obliged by law to keep it locked till two o'clock. At two o'clock we found it open, and immediately after saw a man drinking beer in the tap-room again.

There is a continual and universal beer-drinking in Chester. Mrs. Jones tells us that the quality of the beer made here has long been a matter of town pride, though now there is very little brewed in families, every one almost being supplied, at a great saving of trouble, from the large breweries. She says there used to be a town law that whoever brewed poor beer should be publicly ducked. Sunday night, young

men with their sweethearts and sisters, of very reputable appearance, and quiet, decent behaviour, came into our back-parlour, and sitting by the round-table ordered and drank each their glass or two of beer, as in an American town they would take ice-cream. Now and then a few remarks would be made about the sermon and who had been at church, or about those who had been, or were soon going to be, married, or other town gossip; but for the most, they would sit and drink their beer in silence, perhaps embarrassed by our presence.

SKETCH IN CHESTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTER OF THE WELSH.—THE CATHEDRAL: THE CLERGY, SERVICE, INTONING, THE LUDICROUS AND THE SUBLIME.—A REVERIE.—A REVELATION.—THE SERMON.—COMMUNIONS.—OTHER CHURCHES.—SUNDAY EVENING.—CHARACTER OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

Sunday, June 2d.

WE were awakened this morning by a sweet chiming of the cathedral bells.

After breakfast, Mrs. Jones introduced us to a young female relative who had come to visit her. She was intelligent and handsome, having a beautifully clear though dark complexion, thick, dark hair, and large swimming eyes. This style of beauty seems common hereabouts, and is probably the Welsh type.

She lived among the mountains near Snowdon, and told us the country there was bleak and sterile; agriculture confined mostly to grazing, small patches only of potatoes and oats being cultivated. She spoke highly of the character of the peasantry in many respects, but said they had very strong prejudices, usually despising the English and refusing to associate with them. Many of them could not speak English, and those who could would often affect not to understand if they were addressed by an Englishman. Among themselves they were very neighbourly, clannish, honest, and generous, but strangers they would impose upon most shamelessly. She had known very few to emigrate, and those that did

usually went to Australia, she thought. In her neighbourhood they were mostly dissenters; Methodists, and Baptists, and with the exception of deceit to strangers, were of good moral character, much better than the English labourers. They had, however, many traditional superstitions.

We attended service in the morning at the cathedral. Its outline upon the ground is, with some irregularities, in the form of a cross. Its great breadths and lengths, the comparative lowness and depth of its walls, strengthened by thick, rude buttresses, and its short square massive tower, together with its general time-worn aspect, impressed me much as an expression of enduring, self-sustaining age. Like the stalwart trunk of a very old oak, stripped by the tempests of much of the burden of its over-luxuriant youth, its settled, compact, ungarnished grandeur, was vastly more imposing than the feeble grace and pliant luxuriance of more succulent structures. The raggedness of outline, the wrinkles and furrows and scars upon the face of all the old masonry, are very remarkable. The mortar has all fallen from the outside, and the edges of the stones are worn off deeply, but irregularly, as they vary in texture or are differently exposed. The effect of rain and snow and frost, and mossy vegetation and coal smoke, for six hundred years upon the surface, I know of no building in America that would give you an idea of. The material of construction is a brown stone, originally lighter than our Portland sandstone, but now darker than I have ever seen that become. It has had various repairs at long intervals of time, and is consequently in various stages of approach to ruin—some small parts, not noticeable in a cursory view, being in complete and irreparable demolishment, and others but yesterday restored to their original lines and angles, with clean-cut, bright-coloured stone and mortar—bad blotches, but fortunately not prominent.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

It was once connected with an abbey, and other religious houses that stood near it, and by a long under-ground passage with the nunnery at the other side of the town. Think of the poor girls walking with a wailing chant, through that mile of darkness, to assist in the morning service at the cathedral.

Our approach to it this morning was by a something less gloomy and tedious way. We were accidentally in an alley in the vicinity, when we saw a gentleman in a white gown, and a square or university cap on his head, with a lady on his arm, enter an old, arched, and groined passage. We followed him adventurously, not being sure that it was not the entrance to his residence. After passing to the rear of the block of buildings that fronted on the alley, we found ourselves in a kind of gallery or covered promenade attached to the cathedral. (The cloisters.) From this we passed into the *nave* (or long arm of the cross). Its length, its broad, flat stone floor, entirely free from obstruction, except by a row of thick clustered columns near the sides, and the great height and darkness of its oak-ceiled roof, produced a sensation entirely new to us, from architecture. Its dignity was increased by a general dimness, and by the breadth of the softened, coloured light, that flowed in one sheet through a very large stained-glass window at one end. In the end opposite this were wide piers that support the tower, and between the two central of these were the gilded organ-pipes that we had seen in our nocturnal visit.

Under these was an arched door, on each side of which stood about thirty boys, from ten to fifteen years old, dressed in white robes; the "singing boys" or "choristers." Walking leisurely up and down the otherwise vacant floor of the nave were "my Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells" (I believe that is the title), the dean and canons, &c. A lot of eccle-

siastical dignitaries, whose very titles were all strange to me; but altogether forming, what Mrs. Jones said we should see, "a very pretty pack of priests." The bishop was a thin man, with a mean face and crisp hair, brushed back from his forehead; dressed in a black gown with white lawn sleeves, and a cap on his head. The dean, a burly red-faced man, strikingly contrasting with the bishop, particularly when they laughed, in white gown with a sort of bag of scarlet silk, perhaps a degenerate cowl, tied around his neck, and dangling by strings down his back. The others had something of the same sort, of different colours. We were told afterwards, that these were university badges, and that the colour was a mark of rank, not in university honours, but in the scale of society—as nobleman or commoner—(a pretty thing to carry into the worship of the Father, is it not?) The others were in black.

We walked about for a few minutes outside the columns, reading the inscriptions on the stones of the floor, which showed that they covered vaults for the dead, and looking at the tablets and monumental effigies that were attached to the walls and columns. They were mostly of elaborate heraldic design, many with military insignia, and nearly all excessively ugly, and entirely inappropriate to a place of religious meditation and worship.

After a while the great bell ceased tolling, and some men in black serge loose gowns, two bearing maces of steel with silver cups on the ends, the rest carrying black rods, entered and saluted the bishop. A procession then formed, headed by the boys, in double file, followed by the bishop, dean, subdean, canons major and minor, archdeacon, prebendaries, &c., and closed by three Yankees in plain clothes; passed between the vergers, who bowed reverently and presented arms, through the door under the organ into the *choir*—a

part of the edifice (in the centre of the cross) which is fitted up inconveniently for public worship.

It is a small, narrow apartment, having galleries, the occupants of which are hidden behind a beautiful open-work carved wood screen, and furnished below with three or four tiers of pews (*slips*), and a few benches. Under the organ loft were elevated armed seats, which were occupied indiscriminately by the unofficiating clergy and military officers in uniform: the governor of the castle; Lord Grosvenor (as "colonel of the militia,") Lord de Tapley, and others. Stationing soldiers among the canons, it struck us, was well enough for a joke, but as part of a display of worshipping the God of peace, very objectionable. It is one of those incongruities that a state church must be constantly subject to.*

Half way between these elevated seats and the chancel was the reading desk and pulpit, and on each side of this the choristers were seated. Several persons rose to offer us their seats as we approached them, and when we were seated, placed prayer-books before us. The pews were all furnished with foot-stools, or hassocks, of straw rope made up like a straw bee-hive.

Much of the service which in our churches is read, was sung, or, as they say, *intoned.* Intoning is what in school-children is called "*sing-song*" reading, only the *worst kind*, or most exaggerated sing-songing. I had never heard it before in religious service, except in a mitigated way from some of the old-fashioned Quaker and Methodist female exhorters,

* I remember when I was a child, seeing on the Sunday preceding the first Monday in May—the annual *training day*—in one of the most old-fashioned villages in Connecticut, the officers of the militia come into the meeting-house in their uniforms. The leader of the choir was a corporal, and the red stripes on his pantaloons, the red facings and bell-buttons of his coat, as he stood up alone, and pitched the psalm tunes, was impressed irretrievably on my mind.

and I was surprised to hear it among the higher class of English clergy, and for a time perplexed to account for it. But I at length remembered that nearly all men in reading Scripture, or in oral prayer, or in almost any public religious exercises, use a very different tone and mode of utterance from that which is usual or natural with them, either in conversation or in ordinary reading. And this is more noticeable in persons of uncultivated minds; so it is probably an impulse to distinguish and disassociate religious exercises from the common duties of life, that induces it. The effect is, that the reading of the Bible, for instance, instead of being a study of truth, or an excitement to devotion and duty, as the individual may intend, becomes an *act of praise* or prayer—the real, unconscious purpose of the reader, finding expression in his tone and manner. So we may often hear the most arrant nonsense in oral prayers; a stringing together of scriptural phrases and devout words in confusing and contradicting sentences, while the tone and gesture and the whole manner of the devotee show that he is most sincerely, feelingly, enthusiastically in earnest supplication. What for? Not for that which his words express, for they may express nonsense or utter blasphemy. It is simply an expression or manifestation by the *act* of uttering words in a supplicating tone, of the sense of dependence on a superior Being—of love, of gratitude, and of reverence. David did the same thing by dancing and playing upon the harp. It is done now, as it seems to us, more solemnly, by the playing upon church organs. It is done by monuments, as in the decorations of churches. It is done by the Catholics, in listening and responding to prayers in a language which they don't pretend to understand, and in mechanically repeating others, the number of them counted by beads, measuring the importance or intensity of their purpose. It is done by abstaining from meat on Friday, and by

confession to one another, in the form prescribed by their church government. It is done by the Japanese, in twirling a teetotum; by the Chinese, in burning Joss-sticks; by the Fakirs, in standing on one leg; by the Methodists, in groans and inarticulate cries; by the Shakers, in their dance; by the Baptists, in ice-water immersions; by Churchmen, in kneeling; by Presbyterians, in standing; by New-Englanders, in eating a cold dinner and regularly going to meeting on Sunday; by the English, in feasting, and the Germans, in social intercourse on that day as well as by more distinctly devout exercises.

It was plain to me that the tone of the reader was meant to express—"Note ye that this reading is no common reading, but is the word derived from God, not now repeated for your instruction, plainly and with its true emphasis, but markedly otherwise, that we may show our faith in its sacred character, and through it acknowledge our God—I by repeating its words as men do not those of another book—you by your presence and reverent silence while I do so."

It was evident, too, by the occasional difficulties and consequent embarrassment and confusion of our reader, causing blushing and stammering, that it was not with him a natural expression of this purpose as was the nasal tone of the Puritan, but a studied form, which had originated in some person more musically constituted.

Whether I was right with regard to the theory or not, there was no doubt that practically such was the operation of much of the service. The portion of the Old Testament read was one of those tedious genealogical registers that nobody but an antiquary or a blood nobleman would pretend to be interested in. The psalm, one of the most fearful of David's songs of vengeance and imprecation, alternately sung by the choristers and intoned by the reader, one often running

into the other with most unpleasant discord. The same with the Litany. Even the prayers could with difficulty be understood, owing partly to echoes, in which all distinctness was lost.

Despairing of being assisted by the words of the service, therefore, I endeavoured to "work up" in myself the solemnity and awe that seemed due to the place and the occasion by appropriate reflections. Under this vaulted ceiling, what holy thoughts, what heavenly aspirations have been kindled —what true praise of noble resolution has, like unconscious incense, grateful to God, ascended from these seats. On these venerable walls, for hundreds of years, have the eyes of good men rested, as from their firm and untottering consistency they gained new strength and courage to fight the good fight, —and again I raised *my* eyes to catch communion with them. They fell upon a most infamous countenance, like to the representations of Falstaff's,—a man with one eye closed and his tongue tucked out the side of his mouth,—his body tied up in a sack, his knees being brought up each side of his chin to make a snugger bundle. I turned away from it immediately; but there was another face in most doleful grimace, as if a man that had been buried alive had suddenly thrust his head out of his coffin, and was greatly perplexed and dismayed at his situation. Again I turned my eyes—they fell upon the face of a woman under the influence of an emetic—again upon a woman with the grin of drunkenness. Everywhere that any thing like a *knob* would be appropriate to the architecture were faces sculptured on the walls that would be a fortune in a comic almanac.

I closed my eyes again, and tried to bring my mind to a reverent mood, but the more I tried the more difficult I found it. My imagination was taken possession of by the funny things, and refused to search out the sublime. Not but that

the sublime, the grand, and the awful were not apparent also, all over and around—ay, and consciously within me; but, like a stubborn child, my mind would resist force. I gave it up, envying those who would have been so naturally elevated by all these incitements and aids to devotion.

I could not understand a sentence of the service, but sat, and rose, and kneeled, thus only being able to join in the prayer, and praise, and communion of the congregation.

Soon my thoughts, now wandering freely, fell to moving in those directions of reverie that I have found they are apt to take when I am hearing what those who listen with critical ear shall call fine music: doubtless it is the best and truest that can effect this; though when I listen attentively and try to appreciate it, my opinion would only be laughed at by them. I had been wandering in a deep, sad day-dream, far away, beyond the ocean—beyond the earth . . . dark—lost to remembrance—when I was of a sudden brought back and awakened again in the dim old cathedral with such emotion, as if from eternity and infinity, I was remanded to mysterious identity and sense of time, that I choked and throbbed; and then, as the richest, deepest melody I must ever have heard passed away, softly swelling through the vaulted ceiling, caught up tenderly by mild echoes in the nave, and again and again faintly returning from its deepest distances, I kneeled and bowed my head with the worshippers around me, acknowledging in all my heart the beauty and sublimity of the place and the services.*

The sermon was from an elderly man, with a voice slightly

* I try in vain to express a sensation, which I have many times in my life experienced, and which, I presume, is common to other men, that forces on me a belief, strong at the time as knowledge, of immortality and eternity, both backward and forward, vastly stronger than all arguments can effect.

broken, and an impressive manner, whom we were afterwards told was Canon Slade, a somewhat distinguished divine. It was one of the best, plain, practical, Christ-like discourses I ever heard from a pulpit. It was delivered with emphasis and animation, in a natural, sometimes almost conversational tone, directly to *individuals*, high and low, then and there present, and of course was listened to with respectful attention. The main drift of it was to enforce the idea, that a knowledge of the truth of God was never to be arrived at by mere learning and dry study; that these were sometimes rather encumbrances; that love was of more value than learning. He had been describing the Pharisees of old, and concluded by saying, that the Pharisees, satisfied with their own notions, and scorning new light, were not scarce in our day. "There are some of them in our Church of England: would that there were fewer; that there were less parade and more reality of heavenly knowledge." He made but little use of his notes, and pronounced an extemporaneous prayer at the conclusion with extreme solemnity.

I remained in company with a large proportion of the women present, and half a dozen men, at the communion service. The Church of England service, which has always seemed to me more effective than most others to the practical end of the ceremony, never was so solemn, impressive, and affecting. It was administered by the bishop, unassisted, with great feeling and simplicity. There was not the least unnecessary parade or affectation of sanctity; but a low, earnest voice, and a quiet, unprofessional manner that betokened a sense of the common brotherhood of us all united by God in Christ. The singing was "congregational," the choristers having left, and without assistance from the organ.

A considerable proportion of the congregation were servants in livery; and besides these and the soldiers and clergy,

the men present were generally plainly, and many shabbily, dressed. The women, many of them, seemed of a higher class, but were also simply dressed, generally in dark calicoes.

In the south transept (or short arm of the cross) of the cathedral another congregation were assembling as I came out. I followed in a company of boys, marching like soldiers, dressed in long-skirted blue coats, long waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, and with the clerical *bands* from their cravats. Within were several other such companies—boys and girls in uniform, from charity schools, I suppose. The girls were dressed in the fashion of Goody-Two-Shoes, with high-backed white caps, and white "pinafores" over blue check gowns.

This transept is a large place of worship in itself, though but a small part of the cathedral, and is occupied by the parish of St. Oswald, morning and evening service being held in it immediately after that of the cathedral church. On the doors were notices, posted in placards, addressed to persons in certain circumstances, among others, to all who used hair-powder, to give notice to the appointed officers that they might be rightfully taxed.

In the afternoon we visited a Sunday-school of the Unitarians, where we saw about sixty well-behaved children,—the exercises, much the same as in ours. Afterwards we heard a sensible sermon, on faith and works, in the Independent chapel. The clergyman, who has been a missionary in the East, and has also travelled in America, was good enough to call on us and invite us to his house the next day. The congregation seemed to be of a higher grade than *most* of that we had seen at the cathedral, more intelligent and animated, and more carefully dressed, yet very much plainer, more modestly and becomingly, and far less expensively than you could often see any congregation with us.

We had a delightful walk, later in the afternoon, on the

walls, where we met a very large number of apparently very happy people. I never saw so many neat, quiet, ungenteel, happy, and healthy-looking women, all in plain clean dresses, and conversing in mild, pleasant tones; squads of children, too, all dressed ridiculously, bright and clean and stiff, not a dirty one among them, and as well behaved as dolls, most comically sober and stately. The walls form a good promenade, elevated and dry. The landscape view across the river, in the sunset haze, seemed in communion with the minds of the people, tranquil and loving. An hour later, and we found the streets lighted up and almost as crowded as on Saturday night, yet very quiet, and no impudence, blackguardism, or indecency shown us. On the whole, spite of the universal beer-drinking, we received a high opinion of the character of Chester people, quite as high, as respects morality and courtesy, as a stranger passing a Sunday in a New England town of the same size would be likely to obtain of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLANDESTINE ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES.—A VISIT TO THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S STUD.—STABLE MATTERS.

Monday, June 3d.

EARLY in the morning we visited the old church of St. John's, and afterwards several curious places, relics of Romans, Saxons, and Normans, in the suburbs—after all, nothing so interesting to me as the commonest relics of Englishmen but two or three centuries old. As we returned through the town at seven, the early risers seemed to be just getting up. Passing the cathedral as the bell tolled for morning prayer, we turned in. There are services every day at 7, 11, and 3 o'clock. The service was performed in the Lady Chapel, which we did not enter. The attendance must have been rather meagre, as we saw no one going to it but two ladies with an old man-servant. We remained some time hunting on tip-toe for traces of the *Norman transition* in the architecture, and found we had had already practice enough to readily detect it in various parts. Stealing softly into the choir, from which the Lady Chapel opens, we examined the bishop's throne. It is adorned with many figures of saints and angels, kings and queens, and having been once broken to pieces, in the repairs upon it the old heads were generally put on young shoulders, and *vice versa*, producing in some instances a very ludicrous effect, particularly where the men's heads, beards and all, are set on female bodies. We then got out

into the *cloisters*, and from them into the chapter-house, in which the heavy-groined arches, simple, and without the slightest ornament, have a grand effect. The date is about 1190. We saw here some very strongly *marked* faces which in stone represent certain Norman abbots whose graves were under us.

Without the cathedral yard, the ruins of the old abbey appear frequently among the houses, the old black oak timber and brick work of the time of Cromwell, mingling picturesquely with the water-worn carvings of the older, old masonry. This morning we saw a stout, round, old Saxon arch giving protection to a fire-engine, which brought to mind the improbability of the present race of New-Yorkers sending down to posterity such memorials of itself. Well, it will send better perhaps, and more lasting than in stones—or stocks.

On the town-hall is a large statue, said to be of Queen Anne, but so battered and chipped, that it might stand for any body else, in a long dress. The hands and nose, and all the regalia are knocked off. And how, do you suppose? By the *super*-sovereign people in election demonstrations. Thank God, we may yet boast, that in our thoroughly democratic elections, where the whole national policy is turning, and the most important private and local interests are at issue, we leave no such memorials of our time. (I beg pardon of the "bloody Sixth.")

Going into a book-shop for a direction, we saw Emerson's "Representative Men," and Irving's "Sketch-Book," on the counter, with newspapers and railway guides, and the proprietor told us he had sold a great many of them.

We passed through a crockery shop to see a Roman bath, which had been discovered in excavating a cellar in the rear of it. Such things are being every year brought to light.

After breakfast we once more took our knapsacks, and left Chester by the foot-path on the bank of the Dee.

The Marquis of Westminster owns some of the finest horses in the kingdom; in passing through Eccleston, we asked a man if he could direct us where we could see some of them. He informed us that he was head groom of the stud to the marquis, and he would take pleasure in showing it to us. He took us first to *the paddocks*, which are fields of from two to five acres, enclosed by stone walls, ten feet high, some of them with sheds and stables attached, and some without. In these were thirty or forty of the highest bred, and most valuable mares and fillies in the world. Unfortunately I am not a horse-*man*, and cannot attempt to describe them particularly. It needed but a glance, however, to show us that they were almost any of them far the most beautiful animals we had ever seen. The groom, whose name is Nutting, and whose acquaintance I recommend every traveller this way to endeavour to make, was exceedingly obliging, not only taking us into every paddock and stable, and giving us an account of the pedigree, history, and performances of every horse, but calling our attention to the *points*, all the peculiarities of form which distinguished each individual. It was evident his heart was in his business, and that his regard was appreciated, for as soon as he unlocked the gate, and showed himself within the enclosure, some of the older mares would trot up to be caressed with the most animated, intelligent, and gratified expression. The most celebrated among them was *Bee's-wing*. She is seventeen years old, and very large, but most perfect in form; I should think better than her daughter, *Queen-Bee*, who is lighter and more delicate. The extraordinary beauty of "Ghuznee" and "Crucifix," both distinguished on the turf, was also obvious. These, I think, do not belong to the marquis. In one of the pad-

docks were a number of foals, pretty, agile, fawn-like creatures. They came around us dancing and capering, catching our knapsacks with their teeth, then springing off, and coming back again, like dogs at play. The mares, fillies, and colts were all of dark bay colour, but one, which was dark iron-grey, nearly black.

Just as we left the colts, a great cart-horse, belonging to the marquis, was passing on the road. The contrast was wonderful. He was *seventeen hands and one inch* high (within a trifle, six feet), and putting both my thumbs to the smallest part of his leg, I could not make my fingers meet around it.

From the paddocks we went to the stables to see the stallions. They were all loose boxes (no stalls), thirteen feet by sixteen, some with rack and manger across the side, some with the same in a corner. Touchstone is a magnificent creature, beyond conception. It is impossible to imagine such high *condition*, indicated not less in the happy and spirited expression and action, than in the bright, smooth, supple, and elastic *feel* of his skin. I never saw any thing to equal it in America; and it was nearly as remarkable in the mares. Five thousand guineas (over $25,000) have been offered and refused for Touchstone.* *Springy-Jack* is a younger stallion; by Nutting esteemed even higher than Touchstone. Nothing in the world of animal life can be finer than the muscular development of his neck. Touchstone is a little coarse in the withers. They were intending to put him in pasture the next week, and in preparation for it, he had some fresh grass mixed with hay to eat. He stood in a deep bed of straw, and

* Mares are sent here from all parts of the kingdom, to be served by *Touchstone*, perhaps the most esteemed stock-getter in England. He is allowed forty in a year, and the charge is $150 to $200, and $2.25 a week for pasture.

was not curried—groomed merely with a cloth, yet he was so clean, that it would not have soiled a white linen handkerchief to have been rubbed upon him.

In the granary we saw some very plump and bright Scotch oats. They were bought for 42 lbs. to the bushel, but would overweigh that. The common feed was oat and bean meal mixed with cut hay. The hay was cut very fine (not more than $\frac{1}{8}$ inch lengths) by a hand machine. I believe, cut as it usually is by our machines ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 1 inch), it is more thoroughly digested. I use Sinclair's, of Baltimore, which is intended for corn-stalks, driven by horse-power, and cuts hay and straw from one to three inches, which I prefer to the finer.* The machine here cost £6 ($30), and was in no way superior, that I could see, to Ruggles', of Boston, which is sold at half that price.

The farm buildings were not fine or in good order, manure wasting, old carts and broken implements thrown carelessly about, and nothing neat. Nor were the cattle remarkable—most of them below the average that we have seen on the road-side. It is evident the marquis is more of a horse-jockey than a farmer.

The groom's house, which we entered, was very neat and handsomely built of stone. All the cottages hereabout are floored with tiles, nine inches square. They vary in colour, but are most commonly light brown.

Nutting showed us a cow of his own, which I took to be a direct cross of Devon and Ayrshire, and which had as fine points for a milker as I ever saw in any thing. She was very large, red and white, and a good feeler. He assured us she was giving now on pasture feed thirty-two quarts a day.

* I do not wish to recommend this machine for hay and straw, which it does not cut as rapidly as some others, but for stalks it cannot be surpassed—cutting and *splitting* them in small dice.

The hay was partly stored under slate roofs, supported by four strong stone columns, the sides open. This plan differs from the hay *barracks*, common where the Dutch settled in America, in which the roof, thatched or boarded, is attached to posts in such a way that it can be easily set up or down, and adjusted to the quantity of hay under it. These erections are here called Dutch barns. Nutting thought hay was preserved in them better than in any way he knew, and this has been my opinion of that from our *barracks*. Close barns he particularly objected to. Probably hay suffers more in them here than it does in America.

After showing us all about the farmery, he walked on with us to a shady pasture by the river side, where was a herd of fine mares. We sat here under an old elm for some time, looking at them as they clustered around us, and talking with him about the agriculture of the district. He was so easily good-natured, and conversed so freely, asking as well as answering questions, that we were greatly puzzled to tell whether he expected a fee, or would be offended by our offering it. At length, when he was about to leave, we frankly stated our difficulty, explaining that we were foreigners, and not familiar with the English customs on such occasions. He answered pleasantly, that he was always glad of a chance to converse with gentlemen on such subjects as we appeared to be interested in; if they liked to give him something he did not refuse it, but he did not wish any thing from us. We assured him that we were much indebted to him, and begged that he would not make an exception of us, handing him a half crown, which he dropped into his pocket without looking at it or thanking us, but politely replying that he considered himself fortunate in having met us. He then said he would walk on a little further to direct us on a path much pleasanter than the regular travel, and from which we might see

one of the best dairy farms in the country, with an excellent herd of one hundred and fifty cows. The path would run through the park, and was not public, but if we would mention his name at the lodges they would let us pass.

We soon came in sight of the cows. They were large, half-bred Ayrshires, which seem to be the favourite dairy stock throughout the country. Pure-bred stock of any breed were not in favour, but the Ayrshire blood was most valued.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE DISTRICT AND ENGLISH HUSBANDRY UPON HEAVY SOILS.—PASTURES.—THEIR PERMANENCE.—THE USE OF BONES AS A MANURE IN CHESHIRE.—A VALUABLE REMARK TO OWNERS OF IMPROVED NEAT STOCK.—BREEDS OF DAIRY STOCK.—HORSES.

THE soil of a considerable part of this county being a tenacious clay, favourable to the growth of grasses, and difficult of tillage, its inhabitants are naturally dairy-men, and it has been particularly distinguished for many centuries for its manufacture of cheese. Its distinction in this respect does not appear to be the result of remarkable skill or peculiar dairy processes, but is probably due to the particular varieties of herbage, to the natural productions of which, the properties of its soil, and perhaps of its climate, are peculiarly favourable.*

The grounds for this conclusion are the general value placed by the farmers upon their old pastures, where the natural assortment of herbage may be considered to have entirely obtained and taken the place of the limited number of varieties which are artificially sowed, the fact that the butter of the district is not, as a general rule, highly esteemed,

* The best cheese is made on cold, stiff, clay-soils (but not on the purest clays), and from the most *natural* herbage, even from *weedy*, sterile pastures; but much the largest quantity is made from an equal extent of more moderately tenacious and drained or permeable soils spontaneously producing close, luxuriant, fine (not rank) grasses and white clover.

and that I cannot learn that the process of cheese-making differs any more from that of other districts in England or the United States, than between different dairies producing cheese of equal value in this district itself.

It is by no means to be inferred, however, that the quality of cheese is not affected by the process of manufacture. There is no doubt that the skill and nicety of a superior dairy-maid will produce cheese of a superior quality on a farm of poor herbage, while an ignorant and careless one will make only an inferior description, no matter what the natural advantages may be. The best cheese made in the United States is quite equal to the best I have tasted here, but the average quality is by no means equal to the average quality of Cheshire cheese.

Superiority in the manufacture seems not to depend, however, upon any describable peculiarities of the process, which differs in no essential particular from that common in our dairies. Excellence is well understood to depend greatly upon extreme cleanliness in all the implements employed, and upon the purity and moderate temperature of the atmosphere. Means to secure the latter are used much the same as with us. Stoves and hot-water pipes are sometimes employed in the cheese-room; and I may mention that where this is in a detached building of one story, it is considered essential that it should have a thatched roof. In some cases where the roof has been slated, it has been found necessary in the warmest weather to remove the cheese to the cellar of the farm-house. Plank shelves are more generally used, and are esteemed better than stone.

Not only is there no uniformity in the methods of the different dairies to distinguish them from those of the United States, but rarely in any single dairy are there any exact rules with regard to the time to be employed in any parts of

the process, or as to the temperature or the measure of any ingredients. Thus the degree of heat at setting the milk, although the skill to *feel* when it is right is deemed highly important, is almost never measured, even in the best dairies. The quantity of rennet is guessed at, and its strength not exactly known. The quantity of salt used is undefined, and the time for *sweating* or curing of the cheese, when made, is left to be accidental.

With regard to some of these points, however, it has been found (as reported to the Royal Agricultural Society) that in some of the best dairies the milk, when judged to be of the right temperature for coagulating, was by the thermometer at 82° F. (variations from 76° to 88°). From four to sixteen square inches of rennet skin in a pint of water (generally four square inches) were used to make the cheese from fifty gallons of milk, and 1 lb. to 1 lb. 4 ounces salt to the same quantity. It is thought that the best cheese is made with less salt than this. The heat of the milk-room was found to vary from 64° to 78° in August, and it was thought desirable that it should be cooler than this. The reporter thought that a temperature of 50° would be most approved throughout the year. I never saw or heard of ice being used in any way in a Cheshire dairy.

Some of the best dairy-maids claim to have *secrets* by which they are enabled to surpass others, but it is certain that they do not lessen the necessity for extreme cleanliness, nicety, and close observation and judgment, and that with this, in addition to what is everywhere known and practised, there is no mystery necessary to produce the best.*

* "A cheese dairy is a manufactory—a workshop—and is, in truth, a place of hard work. That studied *outward neatness* which is to be seen in the show dairies of different districts may be in character where butter is the only object, but would be superfluous in a cheese dairy. If the room,

The Cheshire cheese in market always has an unnaturally deep, yellow colour, though of late less so than formerly. It is given by the addition of "colouring" to the milk immediately before the rennet steep is applied. This "colouring" is manufactured and sold at the shops for the purpose. It is an imitation of annatto, formed chiefly of a small quantity of real annatto mixed with tumeric and soft soap. I think it is never used in sufficient quantity to affect the flavour at all, but I observe that the farmers and people in the country prefer cheese for their own use that is not coloured.

Whey Butter. It is common in Cheshire to make butter from the whey. It will probably surprise many to learn that there is any cream left in whey; but *there* undoubtedly is, and *it* may be extracted by the same means as from milk. The only difference in the process is, that it is *set* in large tubs, instead of small pans, and that the whey is drawn off by a faucet from the bottom after the cream has risen. If allowed to remain too long it will give a disagreeable flavour to the cream. One hundred gallons of milk will give ninety of whey, which will give ten or twelve gallons of cream, which will make three or four pounds of butter. So that besides the cheese, twenty to twenty-five pounds of butter are made in a year from the milk of each cow, an item of some value in a large dairy. The butter is of second-rate quality, but not bad—worth perhaps three cents a pound less than milk butter.

the utensils, the dairy-woman and her assistants be sufficiently *clean* to give perfect sweetness to the produce, no matter for the *colour* or the *arrangement*. The scouring-wisp gives an *outward fairness*, but is frequently an enemy to *real cleanliness*."—MARSHALL'S VALE OF GLOUCESTER. Besides the means of securing this *inner* cleanliness, sweetness, and purity, which must be of the air too, as well as of the utensils, &c., it is probable that the dairy-maids' *secrets* are in a knowledge of the best *temperature*, particularly of that at which the milk should be curdled.

The farms in the country over which we walked in Cheshire were generally small, less, I should think, than one hundred acres. Frequently the farmer's family supplied all the labour upon them,—himself and his sons in the field, and his wife and daughters in the dairy,—except that in the harvest month one or two Irish reapers would be employed. The cows, in the summer, are kept during the day in distant pastures, and always at night in a home lot. During the cheese-making season, which on these small farms is from the first of May till November, they are driven home and fastened in *shippens*, or sheds, between five and six o'clock, morning and night, and then milked by the girls, sometimes assisted by the men. On a farm of one hundred acres, fifteen to twenty cows are kept, and three persons are about an hour in milking them. From twenty to thirty gallons of milk (say six quarts from each cow) is expected to be obtained on an average, and about one pound of dried cheese from a gallon of milk. From two to five cwt. (of 112 lbs.) of cheese may be made from the milk of each cow during the year. Three cwt. is thought a fair return on the best farms. In a moderately dry and temperate summer, more cheese is made than in one which is very wet.

The pastures are generally looked upon as permanent, the night pastures are sometimes absolutely so, as it is supposed that they have not generally been broken up for many hundred years. During the last ten years the pasture lands have been very greatly, and, as they tell me, almost incredibly improved by the use of bone dust. It is applied in the quantity of from twenty to forty cwt. on an acre as top-dressing, and I was told that pastures on which it had been applied at the rate of a ton to an acre, eight or nine years ago, had continued as good (or able on an average of the years to bear as many cows) as similar land top-dressed with

farm-yard dung every two years, probably at the rate of thirty cubic yards to an acre. There seems to be no doubt at all that land to which *inch* bones were applied ten years ago are yet much the better for it. They are usually applied in April, and the ground is lightly pastured, or perhaps not at all until the following year. The effect, the farmers say, is not merely to make the growth stronger, but to make it sweeter; the cattle will even eat the weeds which before they would not taste of. However, in poor land especially, it is found to encourage the growth of the more valuable grasses more than that of the weeds, so that the latter are crowded out, and a clean, thick, close turf is formed. If the ground has been drained, all these improvements are much accelerated and increased. Upon newly *laid down* lands, however, the effect is not so great; it is especially on old pastures (from which the extraction of the phosphates in the milk has been going on for ages sometimes, uninterruptedly) that the improvement is most magical. The productive value of such lands is very frequently known to have been doubled by the first dressing of bones.

Both boiled and raw bones are used, and though there is a general belief that the latter are more valuable, I do not hear of any experience that has shown it; on the contrary, I am told of one field which was dressed on different sides equally with each sort, and now, several years after, no difference has been observed in their effect. A comparison must, of course, be made by measure, as boiled bones are generally bought wet, and overweigh equal bulks of raw about 25 per cent. Dry bone-dust weighs from 45 to 50 lbs. to a bushel.

I have not heard of *super-phosphate of lime*, or bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, being used as a top-dressing for pastures.

I quote the following from the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, as a mark of deep significance to American farmers, beyond its proof of the value of bones:—"Before bones came into use in this country, the farmers made a point of selecting a *hardy* and *inferior* description of stock for their clay lands, farmers finding that *large, well-bred cows did not at all answer upon them;* but now they find" (*in improved pasture*) "that the best of stock find ample support, not only to supply the cheese-tub freely, but also to *do justice to their lineage*, by retaining, if not improving, their size and symmetry, so that the farmer has not only the advantage of making considerably more cheese, but also of making more money by his turn of stock."

I cannot now ascertain the amount of bones annually exported from the United States to England, but it must be very great, as I know one bone-miller, near New York, that has a standing order to ship all he can furnish at a certain price, and who last year thus disposed of 80,000 bushels.

Breeds of Dairy Stock.—I have already described most of the dairy stock that we have observed along the road. We have seen scarcely any pure bred stock of any kind. Ayrshire blood seems to predominate and be most in favour on the best farms. The points of the short-horns are also common, and in the south we saw some Herefords. The best milkers seemed to be a mixed blood of Ayrshires and some other large and long-horned cattle with a smaller red and black breed, probably Welsh. I incline to think that experience has taught the dairy-men to prefer half or quarter bred stock to full bloods of any breed. For beef-making it is otherwise. I have seen no working oxen. Horses are the only beasts of draught on the farms; they vary greatly in quality, but are generally stout, heavy, hardy, and very powerful. On a farm of one hundred acres, three will be kept, sometimes four, and

at about that rate on the larger farms, with an additional saddle-horse or two for his own use, if the farmer can afford it. Farmers generally raise their own cows, choosing heifer calves from their best milker for the purpose. Cattle are not commonly reared for sale here. Few sheep are raised, but many are brought lean from Wales and Ireland, and fatted here.

CHAPTER XXI.

TILLAGE.—SIZE OF FARMS.—CONDITION OF LABOURERS.—FENCES.—HEDGES.—SURFACE DRAINAGE.—UNDER DRAINAGE.—VALUABLE IMPLEMENTS FOR STIFF SOILS, NOT USED IN THE UNITED STATES.

I SHOULD think that more than three-quarters of the land we have seen was in grass and pasture. I suppose that it would be more productive of human food, and support a much larger population, if it were cultivated; but the farmers being generally men of small means, barely making a living, are indisposed to take the trouble to break up and till the tough sward and stiff soil from which, while it is in pasture, they are always sure to realize a certain product of cheese without any severe labour. The cultivation is not, either, very thorough, because the strongest and most efficient implements and great brute forces are needed to effectually act upon such a soil. Accordingly we have observed on the large farms, where the extent of ground to be, of necessity, cultivated, warranted the purchase of clod-crushers and other strong and expensive implements, and made it necessary to employ a considerable number of labourers, the proportion of land under tillage was more extensive, and much more thorough work was made with it.

I wish I could say that the condition of the labourers appeared to be elevated with that of agriculture, by the leasing

of the land in larger tracts, and to men of larger capital. It is true that the tendency is to increase the rate of wages and give employment to more hands, but it is also evident that by the engrossment of several small farms in one large one, a number of persons must be reduced from the comparatively independent position of small farmers to that of labourers, and I cannot see that for this there is any compensating moral advantage.

Another evil of the small farms (not exclusively, however), is the quantity of land injured or withdrawn from cultivation by the fences. These are almost universally hedges, and not only are they left untrimmed and straggling, thereby shading and feeding upon the adjoining land, but a great many large trees have been allowed to grow up in them, of course to the injury of any crops under their branches. These are sometimes kept low, the limbs being trimmed off for firewood (in which case they are called *pollards*), or are left to grow naturally. In the latter case, of course, they add exceedingly to the beauty of the landscape, and eventually become of value for timber; but high as this is here, I cannot at all believe it will ever compensate for the loss occasioned to the farm-crops. Where every five or ten acres is surrounded by a hedge and ditch, the damage done cannot be slight. By way of improvement we have seen where lately some hedges have been grubbed up, two old fields being thrown together. We have also seen a few wire fences in use. These latter were very slightly set up, and could hardly be intended for permanence. We have also seen some fine, low, narrow hedges, taking up but little room, and casting but little shade. When a hedge is thus well made and kept, I am inclined to esteem it the most economical fence. The yearly expense of trimming it is but trifling (less than one cent a rod), and it is a perfect barrier to every thing larger than a sparrow. I

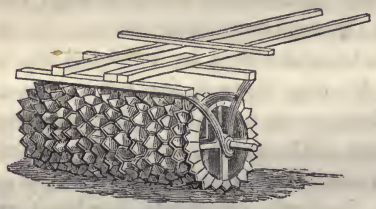
should add that the farmers seem to set much value upon the shelter from cold winds which the hedges afford.

Drainage.—The need of thorough draining is nowhere so obvious as upon clay soils with stiff sub-soils. There will be but a few weeks in a year when such soils are not too wet and mortary, or too dry and bricky, to be ploughed or tilled in any way to advantage. In the spring, it is difficult to cart over them, and in the summer, if the heat is severe and long-continued, without copious rain, the crops upon them actually dwindle and suffer more than upon the driest sandy loams. To get rid of the surface water, the greater part of the cultivated land of Cheshire (and, I may add, of all the heavy land of England) was, ages ago, ploughed into beds or "*butts*" ('bouts). These are commonly from five to seven yards wide, with a rise, from the furrows (called the "reins") to the crown, of three or four inches in a yard. The course of the butts is with the slope of the ground; a cross butt and rein, or a wide, open ditch by the side of the hedge, at the foot of the field, conducting off the water which has collected from its whole surface. When the land is broken up for tillage, and often even after thorough under-drainage, these butts are still sacredly regarded and preserved.

Thorough under-draining, by which all the water is collected after filtering through the soil to some depth, was introduced here as an agricultural improvement within the last eight years. The great profit of the process upon the stiff soil was so manifest that it was very soon generally followed. The landlords commonly furnished their tenants with tile for the purpose, and the latter very willingly were at the expense of digging the drains and laying them. Wishing, however, to do their share of the improvement at the least cost, the tenants have been too often accustomed to make the drains in a very inefficient manner, being guided as

to distance by the old reins, and laying their tile under these, often less than eighteen inches from the surface. The action of the drains was thus often imperfect. It is now customary for the landlords, when they furnish tile, to stipulate the depth at which they shall be laid. They sometimes also lay out the courses and distances of the drains. The Marquis of Westminster employs an engineer, who appoints foremen, and, to a certain extent, suitably-trained labourers, to secure the drainage of his tenant-lands in the most lastingly economical and beneficial manner. Last winter he had two hundred men so employed, in addition to the labour furnished by the tenants themselves, and over one million tiles were laid by them. I heard nowhere any thing but gratification and satisfaction expressed with the operation of the thorough-drains.

Implements.—After breaking up the sward of these heavy lands with a deep, narrow, furrow-slicing plough, a most admirable instrument, quite commonly in use and everywhere spoken well of, for crushing and pulverizing the soil in a much more effectual and rapid manner than the harrow, is



CROSSKILL'S PATENT CLOD-CRUSHER ROLLER.

"This implement," according to the inventor's advertisement, "consists of twenty-three roller parts, with serrated and uneven surfaces, placed upon a round axle, six feet wide by two and a half feet in diameter. The roller-parts act inde-

pendent of each other upon the axle, thus producing a self-cleaning movement. Of course the roller must only be used when the land is so dry as not to stick.

"The following are the various uses to which this implement is applied:

"1.—For rolling corn as soon as sown upon light lands; also upon strong lands, that are cloddy, before harrowing.

"2.—For rolling wheats upon light lands in the spring, after frosts and winds have left the plants bare.

"3.—For stopping the ravages of the wire-worm and grub.

"4.—For crushing clods after turnip crops, to sow barley.

"5.—For rolling barley, oats, &c., when the plants are three inches out of the ground, before sowing clover, &c.

"6.—For rolling turnips in the rough leaf before hoeing, where the plants are attacked by wire-worm.

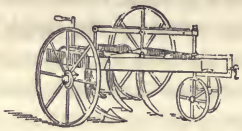
"7.—For rolling grass lands and mossy lands after compost.

"8.—For rolling between the rows of potatoes, when the plants are several inches out of the ground.

"Cash prices, with travelling wheels complete, 6 feet 6 inches, £21; 6 feet, £19 10*s.*; 5 feet 6 inches, £18."

For still more deeply stirring, and for bringing weeds to the surface of soil recently ploughed, a great variety of instruments entirely unknown in America are in common use here. They all consist of sets of tines, or teeth, placed between a pair of wheels, and so attached to them that, by means of a lever, having the axletree of the wheels for a fulcrum, the depth to which they shall penetrate is regulated, and they may at any time be raised entirely above the surface, dropping and relieving themselves from the weeds and roots which they have collected. Thus they may be described as combining the action of the harrow, the cultivator, and the horse-rake. (The wire-tooth horse-rake is used as an instrument of

tillage by Judge Van Bergen, at Coxsackie, N. Y.) They are designated variously by different manufacturers, as grubbers, scarifiers, extirpators, harrows, and cultivators. The "ULEY CULTIVATOR," of which a cut is appended, is one of the simplest and most efficient. In this the tines are raised by turning a crank, each complete turn of which raises or depresses them one inch. The depth to which they are penetrating at any time, is marked by a dial near the handle of the crank. Something of the kind more effectual than any thing we yet have, is much needed to be introduced with us. Clean and thorough culture of stiff clay soils can hardly be performed without it.



I should remark of English agricultural implements in general, that they seem to me very unnecessarily cumbrous and complicated.

I have lately had in use on my farm, a plough furnished me by A. B. Allen & Co., of New York ("Ruggle's Deep Tiller"), which, I think, has all the advantages of the best English ploughs, with much less weight, and which is sold at half their cost.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE GENERAL CONDITION OF AGRICULTURE.—ROTATION OF CROPS.—PRODUCTIVENESS.—SEEDING DOWN TO GRASS.—COMPARISON OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRACTICE.—PRACTICAL REMARKS.—RYE-GRASS, CLOVER.—BIENNIAL GRASSES.—GUANO.—LIME.—THE CONDITION OF LABOURERS, WAGES, ETC.—DAIRY-MAIDS.—ALLOWANCE OF BEER.

I MUST say that, on the whole, the agriculture of Cheshire, as the first sample of that of England which is presented to me, is far below my expectations. There are sufficient reasons to expect that we shall find other parts much superior to it; but what we have seen quite disposes of the common picture which our railroad and stage-coach travellers are in the habit of giving to our imagination, by saying that "all England is like a garden." Meaning only a "landscape garden," a beautiful and harmonious combination of hill and dale, with the richest masses of trees, and groups and lines of shrubbery, the greenest turf and most picturesque buildings, it might be appropriately said of many parts, particularly in the south of the county. But, with reference to cultivation, and the productiveness of the land, it might be quite as truly applied to some small districts of our own country as to this part of England.

In commencing the cultivation of land that has been in grass, the first crop is usually oats, and the most approved practice upon the stiff soils seems to be, to plough deeply in the fall or winter, and in the spring to prepare the ground

with some strong implement of the cultivator sort. Oats are sowed much thicker than is usual with us. I hear of six bushels to the acre; but with regard to this there is much difference of opinion. The crop of oats is not often large (from thirty to forty bushels from an acre is common); but oats seldom make a large crop upon clay soils. The next year the ground will be summer-fallowed, or, by the more enterprising farmers, cropped with turnips, beets, or with potatoes. The potatoes are sold, the turnips and beets fed to the cows during the winter. On the poorer farms, the cows get little but hay from December to April; and cheese-making is given up during the winter. Others, by the help of turnips, beets, and linseed cake, keep a constant flow of milk, and cheese-making is never interrupted. (Of course the milking of each cow is interrupted for a while at her calving time, which they try to have in March.)

The crop after roots is commonly barley; after fallow, wheat, of which twenty-five to thirty bushels is a common crop, and forty not uncommon. After wheat, oats again, and perhaps after the oats another crop of wheat; if so, the land is manured with bones or boughten manure, and sometimes limed at the rate, say of four tons to the acre of stone lime.

Grass.—With the last crop of oats or wheat, clover and grass seeds are sowed. Grass was thought to come better after wheat upon under-drained land. The best farmers sow a very great variety and large measure of grass seeds; the poorer ones are often content with what they can find under their hay bays, sowing it, weeds and all, purchasing only clover seed.

The quantity of grass seeds sowed is always much greater here than in America. I should think it was commonly from a bushel to three bushels on an acre; rarely less than one, or more than three. I do not think more than one quarter of a

bushel, or perhaps half a bushel of the lighter seeds, is often sowed in the United States. I should attribute the more general evenness and closeness of the English meadows in a great degree to this, though, doubtless, much is due to the moister climate. Land intended for permanent pasture receives much more seed, and a larger variety, than that which is intended to be mown only for a few years, and then be brought to tillage again. Of the good policy of the English practice for pastures (and the same applies to lawns and public greens) I have no doubt. Among the great variety of grasses in an English meadow, there will be one that springs up and grows strongly, furnishing a wholesome and delicious bite to the cattle, as early after the first warm breath of spring as the ground will be dry enough to bear a hoof (and on drained lands it is rarely not so). This will be succeeded by others, and in May by others; and in July, those natural to the driest and warmest soils will be in perfection; and so through the year there is a constantly renewing perfection. A ranker sward, and one that would for a season support more cattle, I think would be obtained from sowing a smaller quantity and less variety of seed.

I am not prepared to recommend the English practice for mowing lands. To obtain the largest quantity of grass hay from an acre, without regard to quality, plough deep, manure deep, and sow one variety of seed in such quantity that when it comes up it will speedily *tiller*, and occupy the whole ground, yet not stand so closely as to greatly crowd and compress the stools, thereby *dwarfing* the reeds from their natural size, and obstructing the flow of sap in their vessels. Cut it when it has attained to its greatest size, while it is yet entirely succulent, just at the time that the *blood* of the plant begins to be drawn up into the forming seed, and the bottom dries into such tough, close, ligneous fibre that

nourishment can no longer ascend from the root. The right quantity of seed for this will vary in different soils—a very rich, deep soil needing less than a more sterile one, because in the latter the roots cannot extend far enough to collect the requisite food and drink to make a large, strong, open stool, and more herbage will grow upon the same space by having the stools stand closer.

In some degree proportionately to the closeness of the fibre and the fineness of the grass, will be its nourishing quality, so that ninety pounds of fine, close-grown hay, from a thick-seeded meadow, may be of equal value with a hundred pounds of a coarser, ranker quality. But the nourishment is by no means in the inverse ratio of size; so that for all ordinary purposes, with all the usual hay-grasses, the farmer will find his profit in studying to obtain the largest burthen of grass. For this end, I am inclined to think English farmers often sow too much seed, Americans not enough. It seems, however, to be the best farmers in other respects that sow the most seed in England.

There is one consideration that I have omitted to mention against the common practice on American farms, where hay is an important staple crop: it is generally an object to retain a clean sward of grass as long as possible, without the necessity of breaking up, from the grass having *run out*, that is, given place to weeds, or to finer and less profitable grasses. Where the seed has been thickly sown, the grass takes more entire possession of the surface, and retains it longer. The thicker grass seed is sown, therefore, other things being equal, the longer it will *lay*.

I have known, in a district where it was the custom to sow four to eight quarts of timothy seed, on two occasions, twenty quarts sowed. The result was a finer grass in both cases; in one it was thought the crop was much larger, and

in the other that it was somewhat smaller, than where ten quarts was sowed alongside. The probability is, that in an average of ten years it will prove the larger crop on the thickest sown, in both fields.

The commonest grass-seed sowed in England, what may be called the staple grass, is rye-grass, or ray-grass (perennial). It is a much smaller, closer-growing grass than our timothy; I think it has a sweeter taste, is probably, bulk for bulk, considerably more nutritious, and perhaps so pound for pound; but I think more fat and muscle can be made from an acre, if sowed with timothy, than with rye-grass. A valuable quality of rye-grass is its early spring growth. A field of rye-grass will be up some inches, offering a tempting bite to cattle, before a field of other grasses will begin to show a green surface. I believe that it ripens earlier, too, than timothy, and is better for mowing-ground on that account, to be sown with clover, which is much injured by over-ripeness, if not cut till timothy is in its best state to make hay. I have seen no timothy in England, but I know it is sometimes sowed.

Rye-grass has stood at the head of the mowing grasses in some parts of England for centuries. In districts of light and dry soil, it is least in favour than elsewhere, but I judge becomes of more value with the improvement of husbandry generally. Marshall (1796), writing from Gloucestershire, speaks of the general strong prejudice of the farmers against ray-grass, which he calls his favourite grass, "smothering every thing and impoverishing the soil, until it will grow nothing!" they say; and arguing against them, he makes an observation of value with reference to the question of quantity of seed. "If *real* ray-grass has ever been tried alone, and without success, it has probably risen from too great a quantity having been sown. Be it ray-grass or rubbish, I understand seldom less than a sackful" (three heaped bushels) "an acre is thrown

on, whereas *one gallon* an acre of *clean-winnowed real ray-grass seed* is abundantly sufficient on such soil as the vale in general is covered with." The soil is "a rich, deep loam."

Clover (red and Dutch) is more sowed here for hay than with us, though it is much more difficult to make good hay of it in this climate. It is sowed in the spring, as with us, perhaps 20 lbs. to the acre. We commonly sow 5 to 10 lbs. Arthur Young tried about a dozen experiments to ascertain the most profitable quantity of clover seed to sow, and concluded his record of them as follows:

"The more seed, as far as 20 lbs. per acre, undoubtedly the better. This is a plain fact, contradicted by no part of the experiments; and the great inferiority of 5 to 7 lbs. shows equally clear that such portion of seed is too small for an acre. Where land is well manured, less seed is required; 12½ lbs. seems the proper quantity" (on very rich, gravelly soil.)

A bushel of clover seed weighs 60 to 64 lbs.

In ground intended for mowing but one or two years, biennial varieties of the rye-grass are sown, which are of stronger growth than the perennial. They are also sowed sometimes with permanent grasses, giving, on a deep, rich soil, a heavier burthen of grass the first year of cutting than these would do. For this purpose, I have thought it might be well to sow the biennial or sub-perennial rye-grass seed with timothy, which does not usually yield a fair crop at its first cutting, and have twice attempted to make trial of the Italian rye-grass, but in both cases the seeds that I had procured failed of germination.

I shall have occasion hereafter to notice several species of herbage that are much valued in England, that have not been generally introduced in the United States.*

* Fifteen or twenty varieties of grass seeds are sowed together, and the expense for seed in laying down for pasture is often ten or twelve dollars an acre.

The grass is mowed for hay for a longer or shorter course of years; sometimes broken up after one or two seasons, sometimes becoming permanent or perennial pasture, and so running on indefinitely; and sometimes being mowed for a number of years. One field I saw that had been mowed eight years, and having received a dressing of 30 cwt. of bones, promised fair yet to bear heavy swaths. Mowing lands are usually top-dressed at the end of the second year, and afterwards every second or third year. All the homestead dung is commonly reserved for this purpose, and all other manure is purchased from the towns. Guano for turnips and wheat is coming into general use; some think very profitably, others have been disappointed. For wheat, it is applied at the seed sowing, and sometimes again as a top dressing in the spring; but in a dry season it is thought that this second application has done more harm than good. Guano has been a good deal tried as a top dressing for pastures, and it has been said to improve the quality of cheese when so used. The immediate effect upon grass, when applied in the spring, is always very advantageous; but later in the summer, particularly if the season is dry, the good effect disappears, and sometimes the result is unfavourable.

Of course the round of crop varies according to every farmer's notion. What I have described is as common as any, though not probably among the best farmers. Another crop is beans, which is introduced between either of those I have mentioned, sometimes at the head. Not uncommonly the first crop is wheat, the ground having been summer fallowed. Wheat is drilled or sowed broadcast; most commonly sowed in this county, and is either ploughed or harrowed in, opinions varying as to which is best. My own experience on a stiff soil is decidedly in favour of ploughing in.

Labourers.—Wages, as they have been reported to me,

vary much, and unaccountably. I should think the average for able-bodied men as day-labourers, working and receiving pay only in days that commence fair, was $2.25 a week, perhaps averaging thirty-three cents a day. The rent of a labourer's cottage, with a bit of garden attached (less than a quarter of an acre), is from $15 to $25. In addition they have sometimes a few perquisites from the farmers who regularly employ them. A great many labourers in winter are without work, and wages are then a trifle less than I have mentioned, as in harvest time they are also a trifle more. The reader will understand that out of this thirty-three cents, which I have supposed to be the average receipts of a labourer per day, he has to pay his rent, and provide food and raiment for his family. Of course his diet cannot be very sumptuous (the cost of provisions being, perhaps, ten per cent. higher than with us), but I have not learned particulars.

The wages of farm servants, hired by the month or year, and boarded in the family, are for men, from $45 to $65 a year; for boys, $15 to $25; maid-servants, $30 to 40; dairy-maids, greatly varying, say from $50 to $100.

It is customary to give all labourers and servants a certain allowance of beer besides their wages. It is served out several times a day, and may be supposed to cost, on an average, ten cents a day for each person. One farmer estimated it at twice that.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMARKS ON THE CULTIVATION OF BEET AND MANGEL-WURZEL.

I FOUND the best farmers in all the south of England, and throughout Ireland, where the soils were at all stiff, increasing their crops of these roots. For the production of milk they are, undoubtedly, a more valuable crop than turnips or ruta bagas, though it is asserted that the milk is more thin and watery. Some thought them equal, and even superior, weight for weight, for fattening cattle. I think it is certain that in such soils a larger amount of nutriment can be obtained from a crop of them on an equal measure of ground. Donaldson says the beet yields a larger weight per acre, both in roots and leaves, than any other root crop known. I have heard of crops of from fifteen to thirty-five tons an acre; and in one instance, near New-York, at the rate of forty-four tons an acre, from one quarter of an acre. Chemical analyses and practical experiments in feeding, to ascertain their value as compared with other roots, or with hay, differ so very greatly, that nothing can be said with any certainty about it. The climate of the United States, like that of France, is much better adapted to the beet, and much less favourable to the ruta baga, than that of England. The beet is much less liable to be injured by insects or worms than the turnip or ruta baga, though I incline to think the latter is much more favoured with us than in England in this respect.

The ground for beet crops is prepared the same as for turnips; that is, it is finely and deeply tilled (and there is no crop which will better show the value of draining and subsoil ploughing), and manured with well-decomposed dung, compost, bones, or guano, in drills from twenty-seven inches to three feet apart. The seed is usually prepared by steeping for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and is then rolled in lime. As rapidly as possible after the manure is deposited, it is covered with soil and the seed dropped, sometimes being drilled like turnip seed, but more commonly dibbled. There are two simple machines used here for dibbling. Whatever way the seed is planted, it must be expected that a large part will fail to germinate.

I have found dibbling by hand not very tedious, as follows: One man making holes an inch deep, and six or eight inches apart, with a round stick an inch in diameter, another following and dropping three seeds in a hole, and a third covering by a single stroke, and pressing, with a hoe. I have obtained a large crop planting so late as the middle of July, in the climate of New York.

A rapid early growth of the plant is important. When the weeds come up, the horse-hoe or cultivator is run through, and as often afterwards as there is need, while the size of the beets will permit it, they are horse and hand hoed. It is found that earthing-up with a plough is injurious. When two or three inches high, the plants are thinned to twelve inches apart. When two or three plants come up in a bunch, one only of them must be left. It will wilt down flat upon the ground at first, but soon recovers.

The outer leaves begin to dry and decay early in the fall, and may then be plucked and fed to cows with profit, and without retarding the continued growth of the root. The root may be pulled by hand, and is harvested more readily than

any other. It will keep (at New York) in the open air, in stacks four feet wide and high, covered with straw and six inches of earth, a small hole being left in the top for ventilation, until April, and is then of great value to new milch-cows and ewes with lamb.

I particularly recommend the cultivation of the sugar and mangel-wurzel beets to cottage-farming gentlemen, who wish to keep a small dairy with a limited extent of land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DELIGHTFUL WALK BY THE DEE BANKS, AND THROUGH EATON PARK.—WREXHAM.—A FAIR.—MAIDS BY A FOUNTAIN.—THE CHURCH.—JACKDAWS.—THE TAP-ROOM AND TAP-ROOM TALK.—POLITICAL DEADNESS OF THE LABOURING CLASS.—A METHODIST BAGMAN.

FOLLOWING Nutting's directions, we had a most delightful walk along the river bank and under some noble trees, then through thick woods and over a bit of low, rushy land, where some Irishmen were opening drains, and out at length into the private park-road; a pleasant avenue, which we followed some miles. The park here was well stocked with game; rabbits were constantly leaping out before us, and we frequently started partridges and pheasants from a cover of laurels, holly, and hawthorn with which the road was lined.

We came out at Pulford, when we lunched at the Post Office Inn, and thence walked by an interesting road, through a village of model cottages not very pretty; over a long hill, from the top of which a grand view back; and by a park that formerly belonged to Judge Jeffreys, of infamous memory, to Wrexham.

Wrexham is a queer, dirty, higglety-piggelty kind of town, said to be the largest in Wales (it is about as large as Northampton). It was the latter part of a fair-day, and there had been a mustering of the yeomanry of the shire, so that the streets were crowded as we entered. In the balcony of an hotel in the market-place a military band was playing to a

mass of up-turned, gaping faces, through which we worked our way. The inns were generally full of guzzling troopers, dressed in a very ugly fashion, but we finally found one; some colour of the bear family, blue, I believe, which seemed tolerably quiet, where we stopped for the night.

After dining and resting awhile, we took a walk about the town. Most of the houses out of the market-place are very mean and low, the walls plastered with mud, and white-washed, and the roofs thatched. Noticing a kind of grotto in a back street about which a pretty group of girls, in short blue dresses, engaged in lively talk, were standing with pitchers, we approached it. We came close upon them before they noticed us, but, instead of showing any timidity, they glanced at our hats and laughed clear and heartily, looking us boldly in the face. Catching one alone, however, as we descended to the fountain, and asking her to let us take her mug to drink from, she handed it to us, blushing deeply, and said nothing, so we were glad to leave quickly to relieve her. There was a spring and pool of remarkably clear, cool water, within the grotto, from which all the neighbourhood seem to be supplied. Our California hats attracted more attention at Wrexham than anywhere else in Europe, but we met with no incivility or impertinence beyond a smile or laugh.

The church at Wrexham is curious, from the multitude of grotesque faces and figures carved upon it. It is a large and fine structure, and the tower is particularly beautiful, as seen from the village. There were jackdaws' nests in it, and a flock of these birds, the first we have seen, were hovering and screeching around them. They are of the crow tribe, black, and somewhat larger than a blue-jay.

Returning to our inn we found in the parlour a couple of lisping clerks, who were sipping wine in a genteel way, and trying to say smart things while they ogled the landlady's

daughter. Retreating from their twaddle, I called for a pipe and mug of ale, and joined the circle in the tap-room. There was a tall, scarlet-coated fellow who told me he was a sergeant in the Queen's guards recruiting here; an older man who had been a soldier, and had served in Canada and China; a half-tipsy miller with a pleasant-speaking, good-natured wife trying to coax him to come home, and half a dozen more countrymen, all muddling themselves with beer and tobacco.

The conversation was running on politics, and was not at all interrupted by my entrance; on the contrary, I thought the old soldier was glad of a stranger to show himself off before. He was the orator of the night, and the others did little but express assent to his sentiments, except the miller, who every few moments interrupted him with a plain and emphatic contradiction. The sergeant said very little either way except he was appealed to, to substantiate some assertion, "*as a military man*," but leaned on the bar, drinking hot gin-and-water, and whispering with the bar-maid.

There was news that the French minister had taken diplomatic offence and demanded his passports, and war was threatened. War there certainly would be, according to the ex-soldier, and a terrible time was coming with it. England was going to be whipped-out most certainly—it was inevitable. Every body assented—it was "inevitable"—except the miller, who said it was fol-de-rol. "Why," continued the ex-soldier, "isn't every country in Europe against England?—don't they all hate her? and isn't every Frenchman a soldier?" Then he described the inefficient state of the national defences, and showed how easy it would be for a fleet of steamers, some dark night the next week, to land an army somewhere on the coast of Wales, and before they heard of it, it might be right there amongst them! He would like to

know what there was to oppose them. The miller said there was—"gammon." The sergeant, on being asked, admitted that he was not aware of any respectable force stationed in that vicinity, and the miller told him he was a "traitor then." Ex-soldier said miller knew nothing about war, any way, and the company unanimously acquiesced. Ex-soldier then resumed his speech—asked if government would dare to give arms to the people, and pictured an immense army of Chartists arising in the night, and with firebrands and Frenchmen, sweeping the government, queen and all, out of the land, and establishing a republican kingdom, where the poor man was as good as the rich. The company all thought it very probable, and each added something to make the picture more vivid. A coarse joke about the queen's bundling off with her children produced much laughter; and the hope that the parsons and lawyers would have to go to work for a living, was much applauded.

It was strange what a complete indifference they all seemed to have about it, as if they would be mere spectators, *outsiders*, and not, in any way, personally interested. They spoke of the Government and the Chartists, and the landlords and the farmers, but not a word of themselves.

Late in the evening there was some most doleful singing, and a woman came in and performed some sleight-of-hand tricks, every one giving her a penny when she had concluded. We were obliged to sleep two in a bed, one of us with a Methodist young man, who travelled to make sales of tea among country grocers and innkeepers, for a Liverpool house. He said that what we had seen in the tap-room would give us a very good notion of the character of a large part of the labouring class about here. He thought their moral condition most deplorable, and laid it much to the small quantity and bad quality of the spiritual food that was provided for

them. He seemed well informed about America, and, excepting for slavery and steamboat explosions, greatly to admire our country. He had some idea of going to it, and said his present business was exceedingly disagreeable, as it compelled him to be so much at inns, where he rarely found any one with whom he could pleasantly associate.

CHAPTER XXV.

MORNING WALK THROUGH A COAL DISTRICT.—RUABON.—AN OPTIMIST WITH A WELSH WIFE.—GRAVEYARD NOTES.—A STAGE-WAGON.—TAXES.—WYNSTAY PARK.—THOROUGH DRAINING.—A GLIMPSE OF COTTAGE LIFE.—"SIR WATKINS WILLIAMS WYN."

June 4th.

THE most agreeable chimes, from the church tower, we had ever heard, awoke us this morning at three o'clock. It is light enough here at that time to read or write, and the twilight at evening does not seem to be over at half-past ten. I felt very stiff and sore, but arose and wrote till half-past six, when we got the bar-maid up, paid our bill (we were charged only sixpence a piece for our lodging), and were let out into the street; no signs that any one else in the town was yet stirring.

Our road ran through a coal district, tall chimneys throwing out long black clouds of smoke, and pump-levers working along the hill-tops; the road darkened with cinders; sooty men coming home from the night-work to low, dirty, thatched cottages—the least interesting and poorest farmed country we had yet travelled over. After walking six miles, we stopped at the Talbot Inn, Ruabon, to breakfast.

In the tap-room, over his beer, was a middle-aged man, a currier by trade, who told us he had come hither nine years ago from Staffordshire, had married a nice Welsh girl, and settled himself very comfortably. He said wages were good here,

and it did not cost so much to live as it used to. He had a cottage in the village; the landlord, Sir Watkins Wyn, was an excellent man, and his agent was very kind to poor people. He did not see any need of grumbling, and, for his part, thought the world a pretty fair world.

After a good breakfast in a room adorned with sporting pictures and a likeness of Sir Watkins Wyn, I returned to talk with him. When he had work, his wages were six dollars a week, but just now he was out of work. The rent of his cottage and four roods of land was one hundred and twenty dollars, and Sir Watkins paid the poor-rates. Sir Watkins was not very generally liked by his tenants, because he was not so liberal with them as his father; but his father had been extravagant, and run the estate deeply in debt, and he had need to be more particular: and he was sure he was always very easy with poor folks. He had had a deduction made on his rent more than once when the times were hard with him, and this year the farmers all were allowed ten per cent. of their rents because corn is so low.

I had told him I was from America, and he was asking me some questions about it, when he suddenly stopped, fidgeted about a moment, and then, looking at a woman coming across the street, said, with a laughing, swaggering air, "There's my wife coming; now you'll see a specimen of a Welsh girl!" His wife, a stout, hard-looking woman, walked briskly in, stood up straight before him, folded her arms, and, in a deep, quiet, determined way, gave him a regular *Caudling*. He tried for a while to make a joke of it, and to appease her. "Come now, missus, don't be hard upon un'; sit ye down now, and take a pint; these gentlemen be from Ameriky, and I talks with 'um about going there. Come now, how'd thee like to go to Ameriky?" As we were thus introduced, she glanced fiercely at us, and we retreated at once without the

door. He tried for a moment longer to brave her, and called loudly for another mug of ale. She turned her head to the bar-maid, and said, "You'll get no more ale!" and the bar-maid minded her.

She said he had been there before, this morning, and when he began drinking in the morning it was always the last of him for the day. He whimpered out that he had come home and breakfast wasn't ready, and he hadn't any thing else to do but to come back here. It *was* ready, she said, and he might have been looking for some work, and so on. In a few minutes they went off arm in arm.

Opposite the inn was an old church and a graveyard. There were more monkey-faces on the church, and two effigies in stone, of knights—the forms of their bodies with shields, barely distinguishable, and their faces entirely effaced. Many of the gravestones had inscriptions in Welsh, and both here and at Wrexham I noticed the business of the deceased person was given, as *John Johnes, Wheelright; William Lloyd, Tanner, &c.* On a flat stone near the church, the following was inscribed (letter for letter), probably by a Welsh stone-cutter following an English order, given verbally—"*This his the end of the vault.*"

Returning from the church, we found the currier again drinking beer in the tap-room, with a number of other men, a drunken set, that probably had come passengers by a stage wagon that stood in the road. This was an immense vehicle, of pre-railroad origin, like our Pennsylvania wagons, but heavier and higher. It had a heavy freight of barrels, cases, and small parcels, on the top of which, under the canvass hooped cover, a few passengers were cheaply accommodated, there being a ladder in the rear for them to ascend by. Behind one of the hind-wheels was a roller, attached by chains on either side the wheel to the axle-tree, so that if the wagon fell back any, it

scotched it—a good idea for heavy loads in a hilly country. There were six stout cart-horses to draw it, and all in a line, the wheeler being in shafts. The driver said he had a load of eight or ten tons, and drove three miles an hour with it. He paid about sixteen dollars a year taxes for his

horses, and two dollars for a very ugly bull-dog that stood guard over the establishment for more than an hour while he was refreshing himself in the inn. At length we saw the whole company come out, and the wagon started again, all very jolly; the currier and another man, with their hands on each other's shoulders, staggered across the street, singing "Oh, Susannah!" At the churchyard gate both fell, rolled over and embraced each other, once or twice tried ineffectually to get up, and then both went to sleep there on the ground. No wonder the specimen Welsh girl had a hard look.

After finishing our letters to send by the steamer, we visited Wynstay Park. It is much more picturesque than Eaton, the ground being diversified and the trees larger. The deer also were larger; a servant told us there were fifteen hundred of them. The hall, which is a plain building, was undergoing repairs.

We separated here for a few days, my friends wishing to

see more of Welsh scenery, and going to the vale of Llangollen (pronounced Langothlan), while I had a letter I wished to deliver in another direction.

The park was covered with lines of recently-made underdrains, and I hunted over it in hopes to find men at work, that I might see the manner in which they were constructed. Going to a pretty checkered timber-house to make inquiries, I was so fortunate as to meet the foreman of the draining operations, Mr. Green, an intelligent Warwickshire man, who obligingly took me to a field a mile or two distant, where he had thirty men at work. The soil was a gravelly loam, with a little heavier subsoil. The drains were laid twenty-seven feet apart, and dug three feet deep (ordinarily), and one foot wide from top to bottom; in the middle of the bottom a groove was cut for the pipe, so the top of it would be three feet from the surface. No narrow tools were used, except to cut the grooves for the pipe. The foreman said that though a man could work to much better advantage in a wider-mouthed drain, the extra dirt to be moved compensated for it, and made this plan the cheapest.

I thought then, and since, until I came to try it in gravelly and stony land, that the work might be done much more rapidly with the long, narrow tools described by Mr. Delafield,* making the bottom of the drain only of the width of the pipe intended to be laid; but I find these can only be used to advantage in free ground. The method here described is probably the best for draining soils, where many stones larger than a hen's egg are to be met with.

Cylindrical pipes, of either one or one and a half inch bore, were laid in the grooves at the bottom of the drain; *collars*, connecting them, were only used in the loosest soils.

* *Transactions N. Y. State Agricultural Soc.*, 1848, p. 232.

The *mains* were laid one foot deeper than the collecting drains, and the pipes in them were from two to six inches bore. No series of drains were run more than seventy yards in length without a main, and all the mains emptied into an open ditch at the lowest side of the field, which was made deep enough to allow of a drop of one foot from the mouths of the pipes. Where such a ditch was likely to *gully*, the sides were sloped and turfed.

I will hereafter give a chapter on the process of thorough draining in its most approved British methods, with estimates of cost, and a discussion of how far it may be profitably employed in the United States. For Great Britain, it is the most important agricultural improvement ever made, and it is hardly absurd to assert that its general introduction during the last ten years has saved England from a revolution; certainly it is of the greatest political and social consequence to her; I trust, therefore, even my non-agricultural readers will have some interest in the subject.

The wages of the men employed at this work averaged $2.25 a week; boys, 16 cents a day.

Mr. Green sent a lad to guide me across the park to the road I wished to take—a remarkably bright, amiable boy, with whom I had a pleasant talk as he led me on by the most charming way, among the old oaks, and through herds of deer. He could read and write, and knew something of geography and arithmetic, having been instructed by the curate of Ruabon, whom he seemed to have much loved. (I think he had died lately.) He also spoke kindly of Sir Watkins and his lady, to whom his father was shepherd, and said that all their servants and poor people were much attached to them. Passing near the hall, I asked for some water, and he took me into one of the servants' cottages to get it. There was an old woman rocking a cradle, and a young woman ironing

linen, both very neatly dressed, the furniture plain and meagre, but every thing clean, and an appearance of a good deal of comfort about the room.

While the repairs were being made upon the hall, the family lived in a cottage completely embowered among trees and shrubs, which we afterwards passed, and I had the honour of catching a glimpse, through the foliage, of a form in a grey coat, which, I was assured, was the good Sir Watkins himself.

Soon after leaving the park, I crossed the Esk by a very high stone arch, built "by Sir Watkins," as some ragged boys and girls, who were employed in collecting for manure the horsedung that dropped upon the road, informed me, and this was the last I heard of Sir Watkins.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STONE HOUSES.—IVY.—VIRGINIA CREEPER.—A VISIT TO A WELSH HORSE-FAIR.—ENGLISH VEHICLES.—AGRICULTURAL NOTES.—HORSES.—BREEDS OF CATTLE.—HEREFORDS, WELSH, AND SMUTHY PATES.—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.—DRESS.—POWIS PARK.

Shrewsbury, June 7th.

I HAVE been visiting a gentleman to whom I was introduced by Prof. Norton. His residence is on the east border of Wales, amidst very beautiful scenery of round-topped hills, and deep, verdant, genial dells. He has the superintendence of a large number of mines of coal and metals, and of several agricultural estates, the extent of which may be imagined from the fact, that he is preparing to thorough-drain 5000 acres next winter. He is building a tileery, and will employ seven engineers, each with two foremen to oversee the workmen. The cost, it is estimated, will be from $23 to $25 an acre; drains, seventeen feet apart and three feet deep.

The house is of stone, and is covered with ivy, which I mention that I may contradict a common report that ivy upon the wall of a house makes it damp. The contrary, I have no doubt, is the fact. The ivy-leaves fall one over another, shedding off the rain like shingles; and it is well ascertained that in a long storm the inside walls of a house, or of those rooms in it which are protected by the ivy, are much less damp than those not so shielded. It is also generally supposed in America that stone houses are much damper than wood. This

may be so with some kinds of porous stone, but I can testify from my own experience that it is not so with others. A slight *furring out* on the inside, and lath and plaster, will in all cases remove this objection to any stone. A good stone house is warmer in winter, cooler in summer,* equally dry and healthful, and, if built in convenient and appropriate style, every way much more satisfactory and comfortable than our common, slight-framed buildings. As for the ivy, I think it is one of the most beautiful things God has

given us, and the man who can and does not let it beautify his habitation, is sinfully ungrateful. It is perfectly hardy, and grows luxuriously on the north side of a house or wall in the climate of New York. (My experience is with the Irish ivy.)

The cut represents the schoolmaster's house at Eccleston,

* In a late rapid change of weather, the thermometer on the outside of my house rose in 18 hours from 19° to 35°, while that within the walls remained stationary at 20°, not rising even one degree!

and is inserted here to show the great beauty given by the creeper to that part of the house which it has grown upon, contrasted, as it is, with the bare wall of the modern addition. The vine, in this case, is our Virginian creeper (*ampelopsis quinquefolia*, the common five-leaved vine of our fences—not the *poison ivy*), a very beautiful plant certainly, and growing more rapidly than the European ivy, but having this immeasurable disadvantage, that it is not *evergreen*.

The day after I reached here, my host had occasion to go to a horse-fair at Welsh Pool, a place some twenty miles distant, and invited me to accompany him. We went in a dog-cart, a kind of heavy gig, which here takes the place of our light boat-wagon. It is a box (large enough to hold a dog or two in driving to sporting ground), hung low, between two small, heavy wheels, with a seat on the top of it for two, looking forward, and sometimes another in which two more can sit looking backward. On the back, to exempt it from the tax upon more luxurious vehicles, is painted the owner's name, business, and place of residence, thus: "John Brown, Farmer, Owestry, Shrops." All the humbler class of carriages are thus marked here, including farm carts.

The landscapes were agreeable in the country we passed through, but the farming in much of it no better than in some parts of the Connecticut valley. Coarse, rushy grass, indicating the need of draining, grew in much of the meadow land, as I think it does to the exclusion of more valuable grasses in land that is ordinarily dryer than such as would spontaneously produce it in America. The buildings along the road were such as I have previously described; but I saw one old shackling board barn which, but for its thatched roof, would have looked very home-like.

Welsh Pool is a small compact town (population 5,000) with a market-house, and a single small church, on the tower

of which a union-jack was hoisted, and within which there is a peal of three bells, that continually, all day long, did ring most unmusically; there were booths in the main street, in which women sold dry goods, hosiery, pottery, &c. In another street horses were paraded, and in other places cows and swine.

There was present a considerable crowd of the country people, which I observed carefully. I verily believe if five hundred of the common class of farmers and farm-labouring men, such as would have come together on similar business —say from all parts of Litchfield county in Connecticut—had been introduced among them, I should not have known it, except from some peculiarities of dress. I think our farmers, and particularly our labourers, would have been dressed up a little nearer the town fashions, and would have seemed a little more wide awake, perhaps, and that's all. I not only saw no drunkenness, except a very few solitary cases late in the day, no rioting, though there were some policemen present, but no *gayety;* every body wore a sober business face, very New England like.

The small farmers and labouring men all wore leggins, buttoning from the knee to the ankle; heavy hob-nailed shoes; little, low, narrow-brimmed, round-topped felt hats, and frocks of linen, blue or white in colour, the skirts reaching below the knee, very short waists, a kind of broad epaulette, or cape, gathered in, boddice fashion, before and behind, loose shirt-like sleeves, and the whole profusely covered with needle-work. I suppose this is the original *smock-frock.* An uglier garment could not well be contrived, for it makes every man who wears it appear to have a spare, pinched-up, narrow-chested, hump-backed figure. The women generally wore printed calico jackets, gathered at the waist, with a few inches only of skirt, and blue or grey worsted stuff petti-

coats, falling to within a few inches of the ankle—a picturesque, comfortable, and serviceable habit, making them appear more as if they were accustomed to walk and to work, and were not ashamed of it, than women generally do. Most incongruously, as a topping off to this sensible costume, a number of women had crowded their heads into that *ultima thule* of absurd invention, a stiff, narrow-brimmed, high-crowned, cylindrical fur hat. What they did with their hair, and how they managed to keep the thing on their heads, I cannot explain. I assert that they did do it, notwithstanding something of a breeze, as well as the most practised man, and without showing evidence of any particular suffering.

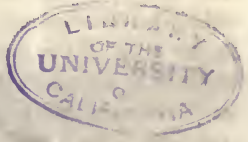
There were, perhaps, a hundred horses offered for sale; among them one pair only of fine carriage-horses, one large and fine thorough bred cart-horse, and a few pretty ponies. All the rest were very ordinary stout working-horses, much like our Pennsylvania horses. The average price of them was but a trifle over $100, about what they would bring at New York.

There were still fewer cattle, and they were all comprised in three breeds and their intermixtures: first, Hereford, which predominated; second, Welsh, small, low, black beasts, with large heads and white faces, black muzzles and long spreading horns; third, *Smutty pates*, an old Welsh breed hardly to be found in purity now. They are longer and somewhat larger than Devons, a little lighter red in colour, with invariably black or brindle faces. They were generally in fair condition, tolerable *feelers*, and would cut up particularly heavy in their hind quarters. A Smithfield man told me that he thought a cross of this breed with the Hereford made the best beef in the world.

After dining with a number of gentlemen, most of whom had come from a distance to attend the fair, I took a walk

out into the country about the town. The only object of interest that I remember was "Powis Castle," the seat of a nobleman, finely situated in a picturesque, mountain-side park. The castle itself is upon a spur of the mountain and is entirely hidden among fine evergreen trees. I had toiled up to within about ten feet of the edge of the plateau upon which it stands, when I heard a low deep growl, and looking up saw above me a great dog asking me, with bristling back, curling fangs, and fierce grinning teeth, what business I had to be there. Considering that I had no right to be visiting the residence of a gentleman who was a stranger to me unless I had some business with him, and concluding upon short reflection that indeed I had none, I determined upon a retrograde movement, and taking care not to attempt even to apologize to his dogship for the intrusion until I had brought a few trees between us, I found that he *backed down* just about as fast as I did, so that at a distance of half a dozen rods he appeared a handsome, smooth, generous-natured mastiff, and I began to consider whether the earl would not probably be pleased to have an intelligent stranger see the beauty of his castle; but the moment I stopped, the dog's lips began to part and his back to rise again, and I concluded that whatever the earl's wishes might be, I could not make it convenient just then to accommodate him in that way, and returned forthwith to the village.

The true mastiff is a somewhat rare dog in England, and I do not think that I ever saw one in America. He is very large and powerful, and smooth haired.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CHAPTER XXVII.

ENGLISH VEHICLES.—A FEUDAL CASTLE AND MODERN ARISTOCRATIC MANSION —ARISTOCRACY IN 1850.—PRIMOGENITURE.—DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY OF POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.—DISPOSITION TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES.—COMBATIVENESS.—SLAVERY.

J. AND C., after a tramp among the mountains of Wales, which they have much enjoyed, reached the village nearest to where I was visiting last night. This morning a party was made with us to visit ——— Castle. We were driven in a "Welsh car," which is much the same kind of vehicle as the two-wheeled hackney cabs that a few years ago filled the streets of New York, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Two-wheeled vehicles are "all the go" in England. They are excessively heavy and cumbrous compared with ours, the wheels much less in diameter, and they must run much harder, and yet, over these magnificent roads, they can load them much more heavily.

The castle is on high ground, in the midst of the finest park and largest trees we have seen. The moat is filled up, and there are a few large modern windows in the upper part, otherwise it differs but little probably from what it appeared in the time of the crusaders. The whole structure is in the form of a square on the ground, with four low round towers at the corners, and a spacious court-yard in the centre. The entrance is by a great arched gateway, over which the old *portcullis* still hangs.

We were kindly shown through all its parts, including much not ordinarily exhibited to strangers, and I confess that I was not more interested in those parts which were its peculiar features as a feudal stronghold, than in those that displayed the sumptuous taste, luxury, and splendour of a modern aristocratic mansion. The state apartments were truly palatial, and their garniture of paintings, sculpture, bijoutry, furniture, and upholstery, magnificent and delightful to the eye, beyond any conception I had previously had of such things. Let no one say it will be soon reproduced, if it is not already excelled, in the mansions of our merchant-princes in America. Excelled it may be, but no such effect can be reproduced or furnished at once to the order of taste and wealth, for it is the result of generations of taste and wealth. There was in all, never a marvellous thing, or one that demanded especial attention, or that proclaimed in itself great costliness; and while nothing seemed new, though much was modern, most of the old things were of such materials, and so fashioned, that age was of no account, and not a word was said by them of fleeting time. The tone of all—yes, the *tone*—musical to all who entered, was, Be quiet and comfortable, move slowly and enjoy what is nearest to you without straining your eyes or your admiration;—nothing to excite curiosity or astonishment, only quiet esthetic contemplation and calm satisfaction.

I liked it, liked to be in it, and thought that if I had come honestly to the inheritance of it, I could abandon myself to a few months living in the way of it with a good deal of heart. But in the first breath of this day-dreaming I was interrupted by the question, Is it right and best that this should be for the few, the very few of us, when for many of the rest of us there must be but bare walls, tile floors and every thing besides harshly screaming, scrabble for life? This question,

again, was immediately shoved aside unanswered by another. whether in this nineteenth century of the carpenter's son, and first of vulgar, whistling, snorting, roaring locomotives, new-world steamers, and submarine electric telegraphs; penny newspapers, state free-schools, and mechanic's lyceums, this still soft atmosphere of elegant longevity was exactly the most favourable for the production of thorough, sound, influential manhood, and especially for the growth of the right sort of legislators and lawgivers for the people.

It seems certainly that it would be hard for a man whose mind has been mainly formed and habited in the midst of this abundance of quiet, and beauty, and pleasantness, to rightly understand and judiciously work for the wants of those whose "native air" is as different from this as is that of another planet. Especially hard must it be to look with perfect honesty and appreciating candour upon principles ideas, measures that are utterly discordant with, and threater to interrupt, this costly nursery song to which his philosophy religion, and habits have been studiously harmonized.

Hard, by the way, very hard sometimes, must be the trial of a younger son in one of these families. One son only is the real son, to sympathize with and make his own, his father's interests, arrangements, and hopes; the others are but hangers-on for a time, and while so must grow accustomed to all this beauty and splendour—must be *enhomea* to it, and then they are thrust out and return only as inferiors or as guests.

Strange! I find this monstrous primogeniture seems natural and Heaven-inspired law to Englishmen. I can conceive how, in its origin, it might have been so—in the patriarchal state, where it was the general direction of the common inheritance, rather than the inheritance itself, that was taken by

the eldest of each succeeding generation; but in modern civilized society, with its constant re-familization, and in England especially, where immediate isolated domiciliation of every newly-wedded pair is deemed essential to harmony and happiness, it seems to me more naturally abhorrent and wrong than polygamy or chattel-slavery.

Doubtless, if you take it up as a matter to be reasoned upon, there is much to be said for it, as there is for slavery, or, among the Turks, for extra wiveing, I suppose;—and first, I fully appreciate that without it, could in no way be sustained such noble buildings and grounds—national banner-bearers of dignity—schools of art and systematic encouragement of art, and perhaps I should add, systematic, enterprising agricultural improvements, such as this of five thousand acres thorough-drained *in the best manner*, by the conviction of its profit in one man's brain instead of fifty men's, as it must be with us. And finally, it may be that for some few, there is sustained by it a local home, a family nucleus, more permanently than it can be with us.

But there is every thing to be said against it, too, that there is against an aristocratical government and society, for the customs of primogeniture and entail are in fact the basis of aristocracy. And between an aristocratical government and society, with all its dignities, and amenities, and refinements, and a democracy with all its dangers, and annoyances, and humiliations, I do not believe that any man that has had fair observation of our two countries, and who is not utterly faithless in God and man, a thorough coward, or whose judgment is not shamefully warped by prejudice, habit, or selfishness, can hesitate a moment. I think that few Englishmen, few even of the English nobility, and no English statesman, would advise us to return to their system. I think that most of them would be sorry to believe that England

herself would fail of being a democratic nation a hundred years hence.

This opinion has been strengthened by the further acquaintance I have had with Englishmen. I have little doubt that the majority of those who ultimately control the British government, do wish and purpose, as fast as it may be expedient, to extend the elective franchise until it shall become universal male adult suffrage. That they do not do this as fast as *we* should think expedient, is probably to be explained by the fact that they have not yet experienced, and cannot see with sufficient faith, how very rapidly, in God's providence, the self-governing strength and discernment of a man is stimulated and increased by the freedom to exercise it. And yet one would think that it was on this that they depended alone, so entirely indifferent are they in general to the educational preparation of their subject class to enter the sovereign class.

It may be proper for me here to record my observation of the general disposition of the English people towards our nation, which I confess I did not find to be exactly what I had anticipated, and which I think must be generally much misconceived in the United States.

There is a certain class of the English, conservative whigs more than tories, as I met them, that look upon the United States people as a nation of vulgar, blustering, impertinent, rowdy radicals; very much as a certain set with us look upon the young mechanics and butcher-boys of the town—troublesome, dangerous, and very "low," but who are necessary to put out fires, and whose votes are of value at elections, and whom it therefore *pays* to make some occasional show of respect to, and it is best to keep on civil terms with. A considerable number of snobbish, pretending, awkwardly

positioned, sub-aristocratic, super-sensible people, that swear by the Times, and have taken their cue from Trollope, follow in their wake. But the great mass of the educated classes regard us very differently; not with unqualified respect and unalloyed admiration, but much as we of the Atlantic States regard our own California — a wild, dare-devil, younger brother, with some most dangerous and reprehensible habits, and some most noble qualities, a capital fellow, in fact, if he would but have done sowing his wild oats.

This may be well enough understood in the United States, but further, there is not in the English people, so far as I have seen them, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, high or low, the slighest soreness or rancorous feeling on account of our separation from them, or our war of separation. Of our success as a republic many of their aristocratic politicians are no doubt jealous; and many having naval and military tastes, do not feel quite satisfied to hear our everlasting boasting about the last war, and would like to have another round or two with us to satisfy themselves that they know how to fight a ship, if they don't know how to build her, as well as we. There is also a party of "aged women of both sexes," that worship the ghost of that old fool, "the good king George," who, I suppose, look upon us with unaffected horror, as they do equally upon their own dissenters and liberals. Yet it never happened to me, though I met and conversed freely with all classes, except the noble, while I was in England, to encounter the first man who did not think that we did exactly right, or who was sorry that we succeeded as we did in declaring and maintaining our independence.

The truth is that, *at that time*, the great mass of thinking men in England were much of that opinion. Our war was with king George and his cabinet, not with the people of England, and if they did reluctantly sustain the foolish measures

of the king, it was precisely as our Whigs, who were opposed to the measures that led to the war with Mexico, sustained, with money and with blood, that war when it did come. It is a remarkable thing, that I have noticed that there are many men in England who were born at the time of, or shortly subsequent to our revolutionary war, who are named after the American heroes of that war, Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin.

This and other circumstances, early in my visit to England, made me reflect that the hostile feeling of the people had never been deeply engaged against us, while it soon became also evident that very much less of so much hostility as they once had towards us, had descended to the present, than we are in the habit of calculating for.

The reason of the great difference in this respect of the *popular feeling* in the two countries is evident, though it often extremely puzzles and offends a liberal Englishman who has been in the habit of looking with the greatest feeling of fraternity towards the people of the United States, to find himself when he comes among them expected in all his opinions and feelings to be either a traitor to his own country or an enemy of ours. It is easily explained however.

There is a love of hostility in our nature that wants some object to direct itself towards. Seventy years ago, and forty years ago, that object to us as a nation was the kingdom of Great Britain. No other object until within a few years has been offered to us to weaken that traditional hostility. All our military and naval glory, the most blazing, though by no means the most valuable, jewels of our national pride, have been our victories in war with Great Britain. Almost our only national holidays have been in a great part exultations over our successful hostilities with Great Britain. "The enemy" and "the British," came to me from my fighting grand-

father as synonymous terms. When I was a child I never saw an Englishman but I was on my guard against him as a spy, and would look behind the fences to see that there was no ambuscade of red-coats. I made secret coverts about the house, so that when they came to sack and burn it, and take our women and children and household gods into captivity, I could lay in wait to rescue them. In our school-boy games the beaten party was always called "British" (the term "*Britisher*," I never saw except in a British book or heard except in England). If a law was odious it was termed a British law; if a man was odious he was called an "old Tory;" and it has been with us a common piece of blackguardism till within a short time, if not now, to speak of those of an opposing party as under British influence.

The war had been with us a war of the people; not a woman as she sipped her tea but imbibed hatred to the taxing British, and suckled her offspring with its nourishment; not a man of spunk in the country but was hand to hand fighting with the British, and teaching his sons never to yield to them.

In England, on the other hand, comparatively few of the people knew or cared at all about the war; even the soldiers engaged in it were in considerable numbers mere hirelings from another people, whom the true English would have rather seen whipped than not, so far as they had any *national* feeling about it. Their hostile feeling was even then more directed towards France than towards America; and now, I do not believe there is one in a thousand of the people of England that has the slightest feeling of hostility towards us, descending or inherited, from that time. It was much so again in the later war. England was at war with half the world in those days, and if a general disposition of enmity towards us had been at all aroused in the course of it, all

recollection of it was lost in the fiercer wars with other nations that immediately followed. I doubt if one-half the voters of England could tell the name of a single ship engaged in the war of 1812; whether it was General Hull or Commodore Hull that was heroized in it; whether, in the assault upon New Orleans or Washington, it was that their forces were successful; or whether, finally, they carried or lost the diplomatic point for which their soldiers and sailors had been set to fighting.

Even if the people of England could remember us equally among other important nations as their enemy, it would be a very different feeling towards us that it would lead to, from the remembrance of us as their *old and only* enemy; so that not only was our original share of the hostile feeling of the people of England a very small one, being principally confined to the king and his sycophants, and the idolaters of the divine right, but the pugnacious element in the nature of an Englishman, of our day, is directed by much more vivid remembrances towards France, or Spain, or Germany, than towards us.

Nothing can be more friendly than the general disposition of the English people at present towards us. The liberals, especially, have great respect for us, and look upon us as their allies against the world of injustice, oppression, and bigotry. (Just now the free-traders, however, seem to be a little miffed with us because we have not gone over *stock and fluke* all at once to perfect reciprocity with them, and the Tories are consequently our greatest flatterers.) The uneducated, common people in general know no difference between America and Russia, but the more intelligent of the working classes are often very fairly informed with regard to our country, and are our most sincere admirers and friends. All the more sober and religious people have a great horror of our slavery and of the occasional

Lynch-law performances on our western border, of which they always get the first and darkest reports, and none of the corrections and extenuating circumstances that come in later and cooler despatches. On slavery they are usually greatly misinformed, and view it only as an unmitigated and wholly inexcusable wrong, injustice, and barbarous tyranny for which all Americans are equally responsible, and all equally condemnable, and with regard to which all are to be held responsible, and everlastingly to be scolded at (except a few martyrs, called abolitionists, that obtain a precarious livelihood through their contributions). The Chartists and Radicals, too, are generally *down* very hard upon an American about slavery, and are commonly grossly misinformed about it. I wish our Southern brethren would send a few lecturers upon the subject to England; the abolitionists have it all their own way there now, and take advantage of it to give the ignorant people ideas about our country which it is very desirable should be contradicted. I wish especially that they could make them comprehend how it is that we at the north have nothing to do with their peculiar institution, and are not to be expected to carry pistols and bowie-knives and fight every body that chooses to attack it all over the world. This is no more nor less than a great many people in some parts of England seem to expect, when they are told that one is an American, and it comes sometimes to be a regular bore to a traveller to have to disappoint them. There is, in truth, a hundred times more hard feeling in England towards America from this cause, than from all others, and it is unfortunately strongest with the most earnestly republican and radically democratic of her citizens.

Within this year or two there has been much more interest with regard to America among all classes in England than previously, more hope and more fear of us than ever before.

The works of our best authors—Irving, Emerson, Bancroft, Bryant, Channing, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Whittier—are, many of them, as well known and as generally read in England as in America. The introduction of American provisions, cutting under the native products, has brought even the farmers to scowlingly glance at us, and as, just at this time, most of them are forced to be thinking of emigration for themselves or their children, they are generally disposed to honestly inquire about us. Among all making inquiries of me, I never found one to whom our form of government was an objection. Finally, the present of food which, in the famine, we sent to Ireland—a most mean portion out of our plenty and superabundance to dole out to an actual STARVING neighbour, a most unworthy expression of our Christian charity and brotherly regard for her, it has always seemed to me, but such as it was—obtained for us not only in Ireland, but all through Great Britain, a strange degree of a sort of affectionate respect, not altogether unmingled with jealousy and soreness because they cannot pay it back.

Altogether, considering the exceedingly queer company English travellers seem usually to keep when in the United States, and the atrocious caricatures in which, with few exceptions, they have represented our manners and customs to their countrymen, I was surprised at the general respect and the degree of correct appreciation of us that I commonly found. There is no country not covered by a British flag in the world, that the British of 1850 have any thing like the degree of sympathy with, and affection for, that they have for the United States.

On the other hand, it is happily evident, that since our war with Mexico has given us a new military glory, it has also diverted our national combativeness, in a degree, from our old enemy, and that since the English liberals in so many

ways, if not very valuable, at least as much so as ours, have shown their sympathy and desire to assist our common brethren struggling for freedom on the Continent; since the lynching of the Butcher of Austria by the beer-men of Bankside, and the general exultation of the British people over it; since the general intercommunication between the countries has been made so much more frequent and speedy, and cheaper than it used to be, the disposition of our people towards the British has been much less suspicious, guarded, and quarrelsome than it very naturally, if not very reasonably, was, until within a few years.

God grant that every tie grow constantly tighter that binds us together to peace, and to mutual assistance and co-labour—for justice, for freedom, for the salvation of the world. If there is any body who does not heartily say Amen to this, I commend him to Elihu Burritt; and all who do, I call upon, from him, to go to work for OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE—so shall our prayer not fail. (*See Appendix, B.*)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAINTINGS.—CROMWELL.—PASTORAL SHIPS.—FAMILY PORTRAITS AND DISTANT RELATIONS.—FAMILY APARTMENTS.—PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.—THE WREKIN.

THE pictures which most interested me were portraits of Cromwell and Charles, one of Rubens, two of very beautiful women of the family, by Sir Peter Lely, a female face by Carlo Dolci, and two or three little things by Rubens. The portrait of Cromwell appears as if he might have sat for it, as, if I remember rightly, is asserted. It looks like one's idea of him, but not in the best light of his character—a melancholy, sour, deep, stern face.

There is a large landscape representing a brook tumbling over a rock into the sea, on which is a fleet of shipping. The story is, that it was painted by a French artist on a visit here, and when first exhibited had, in place of the sea, a broad meadow through which the brook meandered. Lady —— suggested that a few sheep on the broad green ground of the meadow would be a pleasing addition. "Sheeps! mi lady?" said the chagrined artist, "suppose you better like it with sheeps, I shall make de sheeps;" and so he painted a blue sea over the green meadow, and abruptly embouched his brook into it, that he might appropriately gratify Lady ——'s maritime penchant.

Among the family portraits one was shown having a title

that sounded familiarly to us, and after a moment's thought we both remembered it to be that of the single nobleman whom an antiquarian friend had informed us that our family had been, long before its emigration with the Plymouth Pilgrims, by marriage connected with. If it had been a Scotch castle, we might perhaps have felt ourselves a good deal more at home in consequence. It was an odd coincidence, and made us realize the relationship of our democracy even to aristocratic England quite vividly.*

In consideration of this I think I may say a few words of the private apartments of the family, through nearly all which, apparently, we were shown. They were comparatively small, not larger, or more numerous, or probably as *expensively* furnished as those of many of our wealthy New York mercantile families; but some of them were very delightful, and would be most tempting of covetousness to a man of domestic tastes or to a lover of art or of literary ease. Generally there was most exquisite taste evident in colours and arrangements and forms of furniture, and there were proofs of high artistic skill in some members of the family, as well as a general love and appreciation of the beautiful and the excellent. Some of the rooms were painted in very high colours, deep blue and scarlet and gold, and in bizarre figures and lines. I hardly could tell how it would please me if I were accustomed to it, but I did not much admire it at first sight; it did not seem English or home-like. It is just the thing for New York though, and I have no doubt you'll soon see the fashion introduced there, and dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, counting-rooms, and steamboat state-rooms all equally flaring.

* In speaking of our relationship as a nation to England, I do not mean to ignore our relationship also to other nations. I think Mr. Robinson has very conclusively proved that, taking the people of the United States altogether, the majority are by no means of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The bed-chambers and dressing-rooms were furnished to look exceedingly cosy and comfortable, but there was nothing very remarkable about them, except, perhaps, the immense preparation made for washing the person. I confess if I had been quartered in one of them, I should have needed all my Yankee capabilities to guess in what way I could make a good use of it all.

There is a story told of two members of our legislature that came together from "the rural districts," and were fellow-lodgers. One of them was rather mortified by the rough appearance of his companion who was of the "bone-and-sinew" sort, and by way of opening a conversation in which he could give him a few hints, complained of the necessity which a Representative was under to pay so much for "washing." "How often do you shift?" said the Hon. Simon Pure. "Why, of course I have to change my linen every day," he answered. "You do?" responded his unabashed friend. "Why, what an awful dirty man you must be! I can always make mine last a week."

Among the other bedrooms there were two with their beds which had been occupied by kings. I do not recollect any thing peculiar in their appearance.

The ball-room, or ancient banqueting-room, was a grand hall (120 feet long, I should think), with a good deal of interesting old furniture, armour, relics, &c. It also contained billiard-tables, and other conveniences for in-door exercise. A secret door, cut through the old oak wainscot which lined its wall, admitted us to the private apartments.

We peeped into a kind of broad well into which prisoners used to be lowered like butter for safe keeping, and ascended to the battlements of one of the towers, from which there is a very extensive and beautiful view, extending it is said into sixteen counties. A gauzy blue swelling on the horizon was

pointed to as the *Wrekin*, a high mountain—the highest in midland England; hence the generous old toast, "To all around the Wrekin." We were let out through a narrow postern, which gave us an opportunity to see the thickness of the wall: it was ten feet, and in some parts it was said to be sixteen,—of solid stone and mortar. The castle was a border fortress of Wales, on the dyke or ancient military wall between that country and England, remains of which can be seen running each way from it. It has withstood many sieges, the last by Cromwell, the effect of whose artillery upon it is largely manifest within the court. A decree of the long parliament is on record ordering it to be razed to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO A FARM.—FARM-HOUSE AND FARMERY.—FATTING CATTLE.—SHEEP.—VETCHES.—STOCK YARD.—STEAM THRESHING.—TURNIP SOWING.—EXCELLENT WORK.—TRAM ROAD.—WAGES.

IN the afternoon we were taken to visit a farmer who was considered about the best in the district (Shropshire). The house was in the middle of a farm of three hundred acres, and was approached by a narrow lane; there were no *grounds* but a little court yard, with a few trees in it, in front of the house, which was a snug, two-story, plain brick building.

On entering, we found the farmer, a stout elderly man, sitting alone at a dinner-table, on which were dishes of fruit and decanters. He insisted on our joining him, and we were obliged to sit some time with him over his wine while he talked of free-trade and questioned us how low we could afford to send wheat from America, and how large the supply was likely to be.

He then led us into the farmery, which was close by the house, the rear door almost opening into a cattle yard. I mention this as it would be considered extraordinary for an American gentleman who could afford wines at his dinner, to be content with such an arrangement. There was not the least attempt at ornament anywhere to be seen, beyond the few trees and rose-bushes in the enclosure of a rod or two, in front of the house: not the least regard had been had to beauty ex-

cept the beauty of fitness, but every thing was neat, useful, well ordered, and thoroughly made of the best material—the barns, stables, and out-buildings of hewn stone, with slated roofs, grout floors, and iron fixtures. The cattle stables were roomy, well ventilated and drained, their mangers of stone and iron; fastenings, sliding chains; food, fresh-cut vetches, and the cattle standing knee deep in straw.

The fatting cattle were the finest lot I ever saw, notwithstanding the forty finest cows that had been wintered had been sold within a fortnight. These forty had been fattened on ruta baga and oil-cake, and their *average* weight was over 10 cwt., some of them weighing over 12 cwt. They were mostly short-horns. Those remaining were mostly Hereford bullocks.

Sheep were fatting on a field of heavy vetches: Cheviots and Leicesters, and crosses of these breeds.

The VETCH is a plant in appearance something like a dwarf pea; it is sown in the autumn upon wheat stubble, grows very rapidly, and at this season gives a fine supply of green food, when it is very valuable. It requires a rich, clean soil, but grows well on clay lands. I think it has not been found to succeed well in the United States.

In the rear of the barns was a yard half filled with very large and beautifully made-up stacks of hay, wheat, oats, and peas. The hay was of rye-grass, a much finer (smaller) sort than our timothy. The peas were thatched with wheat-straw. The grain stacks were very beautiful, several of them had stood three years, and could not be distinguished from those made last year. The butts of the straw had been all turned over at regular distances, those of one tier to the top of that below it, and driven in, so the stack appeared precisely as if it had been *served* with straw-rope, and I supposed that it had been, until I was told. The threshing of the farm is done by steam, the engine being in the stack-yard, the furnace under-

ground, and the smoke and sparks being carried off by a subterranean flue to a tall chimney a hundred yards distant. (I have seen a hundred steam-engines in stackyards since, without this precaution, and never heard of a fire occasioned by the practice.)

The grain on the farm had all been sowed in drills. The proprietor said that if he could be sure of having the seed perfectly distributed, he should prefer broad-cast sowing (i. e., as well as a first-rate sower could distribute it in a perfectly calm day). The wheat was the strongest we have yet seen, and of remarkably equal height, and uniform dark colour. The ground was almost wholly free from weeds, and the wheat was not expected to be hoed.

We found fourteen men engaged in preparing a field for turnips: opening drills with plough, carting dung, which had been heaped up, turned, and made fine, distributing it along the drills, ploughs covering it immediately, and forming ridges 27 inches apart over it; after all, a peculiar iron-roller, formed so as to fit the ridges and furrows, followed, leaving the field precisely like a fluted collar. The ridges were as straight as the lines of a printed page; and any inequality, to the height of half an inch, was removed by the equal pressing of the roller. A more perfect piece of work could not be conceived of. Seed (3 lbs. to the acre) will be sown immediately on the ridges, by a machine opening, dropping, closing, and rolling six drills at once. The field is thorough-drained (as is all the farm, three feet deep) and sub-soil ploughed.

I saw no farming that pleased me better than this in all England. It was no gentleman or school farming, but was directed by an old man, all his life a farmer, on a leased farm, without the least thought of taste or fancy to be gratified, but with an eye single to quick profit; with a prejudice against "high farming," indeed, because it is advised by the free-tra-

ders as a remedy for low prices. He declared no money was to be made by farming: do his best, he could not pay his rent and leave himself a profit under the present prices. He had been holding on to his wheat for three years in hopes of a rise, but now despaired of it, except the protective policy was returned to.

There was a coal mine and lime-kiln on the farm, and a tram-road from it to the railroad about two miles distant. A tram-road is a narrow track of wooden rails, on which cars are moved by stationary power or horses. On extensive farms they might be advantageously made use of. A road running through the barns and out-buildings of a farmstead, on which straw, feed, dung, &c., could be easily moved by hand, would cost but little, and often afford a great saving of labour.

The fences were all of hawthorn, low, and close-trimmed.

The farm servants had from $65 to $75 a year and their board. (The very next day a man told me he paid just half these sums.) Day-labourers from $2 to $2.50 a week (fair weather) and board themselves. A boy just over fourteen years old (under which age it is by law forbidden) told me he worked in the coal mines for sixteen cents a day.

CHAPTER XXX.

VISIT TO TWO ENGLISH COMMON SCHOOLS.

IN compliance with our desire to visit an English common school, we were driven from the castle to a village in the vicinity, in which was a school for boys under the guidance of the British Foreign Society, and one for girls under the control of the National, or State Church, Society. The school-house of the former was a simple but tasteful stone building, standing a little one side, but not fenced off, from the principal street, with a few large trees and a playground about it. The interior was all in one room, except a small vestibule. It was well lighted, the walls were plastered and whitewashed, and had mottoes, texts of Scripture, tables, charts, &c., hung upon them; there was no ceiling, but the rafters of the roof, which was high-peaked, were exposed; the floor was of stone. There were long desks and benches all around against the wall, and others, the form of which I do not remember, filling up the most of the body. The house and furniture was much too small and scanty for the number of scholars present, and the labour of the teacher must have been very arduous.

The boys all rose as we entered, and remained standing during our visit, a request from us that they might be seated not being regarded. Classes in arithmetic, geography, and spelling were examined before us. The absence of all embarrassment, and the promptness and confidence of the schol-

ars in replying to our questions was remarkable. In mental arithmetic great proficiency was shown in complicate reductions of sterling money. In geography their knowledge of America was limited to the more important points of information, but so far as it went was very accurate and ready. With regard to Great Britain, their information was very minute. The boys were particularly bright, ready-witted, and well-behaved, and surprisingly free from all excitement or embarrassment before strangers.

The schoolmaster was also parish-clerk, and his pay from the two offices was about $500 a year.* I judged that he had intended to make teaching his business for life, and had thoroughly prepared and accomplished himself for it. His manner to us, and two or three incidents which it would be impossible to relate, gave me the impression that his position in society was far from being a pleasant, or what we should deem a proper one for a teacher.

The "National School" for girls was a building of more highly finished architectural character, and had a dwelling for the schoolmistress attached to it. The whole school was engaged in sewing when we entered, the mistress, assisted by some of the older scholars, going from one to another, giving instructions and examining the work. It was not interrupted by our entrance, though the girls all rose, curtseyed, and continued standing. There were one hundred and thirty present in a room about twelve yards by six in area. The girls were neatly, though exceedingly plainly, dressed, and were generally very pleasing in their appearance. They seemed well instructed, and without the least want of desirable modesty,

* Advertisements for common-school teachers, "capable to instruct in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the principles of the Christian religion," appear in the Times, offering salaries of from $150 to $300, with lodging and board.

showed much more presence of mind, and answered our questions with more promptness and distinctness than any school of girls I ever visited before.

Both schools are conducted on the Lancasterian plan.*

* I propose, in some future letter, to give a general account of the English common schools.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

APPENDIX A.

WE were leaning over the gunwale, where I had been watching the curious, nebulous-like life that was revealed in the sea-fire splashing from the ship's sides, and our conversation turning upon this, we talked of a number of marine mysteries. He believed that there was a large class of animated nature fitted to exist only in dense waters at the depths of the ocean, and which only appeared on the surface when in a diseased state. He had great confidence that such must be the case, and he cited several cases, known to naturalists, where nature has very peculiarly fitted animals and vegetables to enjoy life under circumstances in which nothing could exist of the more ordinary organisms. I remarked that there was a wonderful connection and fitting together of one thing to another, through the whole of nature, as if it were all designed together, and every part contrived with reference to all the rest; to which he assented.

"And does not that irresistibly impress you with the idea of a reasoning mind having constructed it for certain purposes of his own, to which purposes all this working together must have reference?"

"Humph! Suppose it does. Say every thing must have a cause, and call the cause of the world, God, if you like. What do they stop there for? I want to know what's the cause of God; what is God's God. You see, you must back up farther for that cause."

"But we can take one step. Suppose we do take that, and see what we can make of it first. There must be, or there seems likely to have been, a constructing mind—a will—above us—"

"An imaginary something that put the world together. Well, suppose there is."

"That put our minds and bodies together, that made us with our own peculiar characters and wills, distinct apparently from each other's and from His."

"Well, well!—that created us. Suppose he did; what's the good of saying that, if you don't know any thing more. What did he create us for?—what is he going to make of us?—what's the will he put into my body going to do for him?—what did he want to make me so for, and you a different way, and a hog in another way for? My will *is* independent of his; I know nothing about his will, and I have nothing to do with him. I can talk to you, and you talk back, and I can see you, and I know you; but him, supposing there is such a being, I know nothing about, and what's the use, like a fool, of talking of him by name as if I did?"

"My dear fellow, how do I know there's such a place as Liverpool? I never have seen it any more than I have God. From the evidence of my senses I know nothing of it; and yet I am fool enough (if you please to call me so) to come aboard this ship with provisions for sixty days, calculating that in that time I shall be carried to an imaginary something which I talk about by the name of Liverpool."

"I reckon you will in twenty if this wind holds."

"I think it likely, but what do I know about it?—actually nothing, except that you and others tell me you have been there, and that the ship will go there, and I have faith enough in your word, and the promises of the captain, to put out here where I have never been before, and don't know from any thing I can see, any more than a fool, where or what it is I am being taken to. Now, though I never saw this being with the creating will, which we will call God, I can tell you something more about him, not that I actually know, only I have heard—"

"Heard! heard! how?"

"Why, people tell me and I've read, just as I have read travellers' accounts of Liverpool, that there was a man once that professed to know all about it,—in fact, that he made it all himself—"

"Made it himself, a man! I thought we agreed to call the maker of it, God."

"Very well; out of this form of a man, for so it is described, there expressed itself—a mind, declaring itself to be the same mind that made the world; and that it had entered that form that it might tell us in the language, not only of the lips and tongue and breath, but in all the language of all the members in all the actions of a man, what he

thought it desirable for us to know about him,—the God; about his purposes in creating the world and us, and what now he wanted of us. Something of this he said in words, Hebrew words, which some of the people translated into Greek, and they have been again turned into English, and in this way I have read considerable of it; but more he told in the actions of the life of that man. If a stranger comes to me, and says that he loves me, I don't well know what he means, for there's all sorts of love, and some of it not worth many thanks. I should be still more uncertain if he spake in the Chinese tongue, and it had to be carried through Portuguese into English; but if I had been detected in some disgraceful crime, and every body scorned and hissed at me, and a man should come, alone of all a crowd, and lift me out of the dust where I lay in expectation of death, and cheer me with hopeful and encouraging words, I should not need to be told that he loved me, to be grateful to him; and if you were an Indian, and it was told to you in Choctaw, you'd understand it exactly as I would, and have no mistake and no doubt about what he meant. Now supposing the great power and wisdom that contrived and executed this world, and all we know of material things, was showing itself in that man that so pretended, and we have a reliable account of the way he lived, we can infer what at least is the general character and tendency of his motives and purposes, and judge pretty well what he wants of us."

"But is it not altogether more likely a man making such pretensions, was an impostor?"

"We must judge of that too by his character as displayed otherwise than in professions. Now what do we find? An earnest, serious man, seemingly living only to do and be good; subduing extraordinary temptations of passion and ambition; helping and healing the sick, and the crippled, and the outcast, in season and out of season; speaking his mind truly and freely, no matter who he hits; persevering in what he thinks is right, and just, and merciful, though it is disreputable and directly in the teeth of the prevailing standard of morals; sticking to it, though he is misunderstood, reproached, and forsaken for it, as a wilful, stubborn fanatic, by his friends, and it destroys his influence over all the respectable part of the community."

"Good for him, by jingo! They didn't *excommunicate* him, did they? If it had been in the United States or in England, they would have said he was damned, body and soul, past recovery, and utterly unworthy of the means of grace!"

"They said the devil was in him and turned him out of the synagogue, which is much the same, I take it."

"Right—I never thought of that; he must have been a true honest man."

"Just such a man as you would like to be yourself Mr. C., only a great deal more so—a thorough-going brave man of the people, an out-and-out democrat, fraternizing with the very lowest classes, and seeing and trying all sorts of life. More than that, sir, he could endure misrepresentation and the ingratitude and unfaithfulnesss of friends without impatience; and finally, to realize his purpose more effectually, he could suffer without wavering the severest mental and bodily agony, and at length could die, without the least stain of inconsistency on his noble, manly character, not as you might be willing to on the barricades, but alone, and by slow process of law."

"All right, sir, and a true man, call him what you will."

"A true man, sir, and no time-server, and now, what taught he? That goodness, truth, and love, and happiness are one and inseparable. Further, that all the good in the universe is a commonwealth (kingdom of God), and that one's enjoyment of it cannot be separate from another's. He always seemed to think every body else's good just as much his business as his own, and taught his followers to find their happiness in that of others; always to do that for others which they would have done for themselves."

"And that's just what they don't do."

"They don't pretend they do, but they believe it's the right plan, and they wish to and try to, and they say he never did any other way. His whole life, as it is described to us, does seem to be in accordance with the idea, and if no other man's ever was, so much the better for him. Perfect love always guiding him, entire annihilation of self, selfish purpose all merged in desire for the general good of mankind."

"A very nice model of a man, no doubt, *if* —— one must believe the story; but you see I don't." Here he went off into a long and laboured attack upon the Bible as being called an infallible guide, and upon the theory of plenary inspiration. If it teaches one thousand men one doctrine, and one thousand other men, of an average equal capacity, directly the opposite doctrine, he would like to know what it infallibly guided to—and so on: some few of his points being fair and reasonable, some of them utterly absurd, and the greater part of his argument mere narrow-minded cavilling and play upon words. I attempted very little

reply, as it was evident he was perfectly at home on the subject, and would sail tack for tack with me all night, if he lost confidence in his opinions on one gaining more on another. At length he fell into a fierce tirade upon the character of the Apostles. He thought them cunning, selfish plotters, "the same as their descendants, our reverend aristocrats, that cannot find any better way of living than by pulling wool over the poor workies' eyes, while they draw fat salaries from their pockets."

"A nice, lazy, comfortable sort of life they seem to have had of it, don't they?" I answered. "A jolly life, to be sure, loafing about with their fat salaries. You remember what Dr. Paul's was: 'Of the Jews five times forty stripes save one, thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, shipwrecked, &c., weariness, painfulness, &c., &c.'—So runs his receipt! very *fat*, all that, isn't it? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself? Talk about 'aristocratic parsons!' Every one of them started a working man—not one even of the *bourgeoisie* among them, unless it was that same Paul, and he had his trade, and worked honestly at it to pay his travelling expenses. You call them aristocratic. What do you mean? Why, sir, they were democratic socialists, and the worst sort, 'having all things in common,' the record of their acts says. And they seem to have had a sufficiently generous spirit to make the idea *work*, while all your modern communists only make themselves ridiculous whenever they attempt it."

He laughed aloud, and said that he wouldn't say another word against the Apostles, if I would admit that they were socialists. They certainly were not aristocrats. "But," he complained, "that does not make them infallible guides, by a long shot. I want you to answer my arguments against the infallibility of the Bible, if you can."

"I don't wish to," I said; "it is not at all necessary. Suppose you can detect a few inconsistencies, misquotations, and puzzling expressions in the New Testament. The books have come a long journey between them and us, and have passed through various hands. Wouldn't it be strange if there were not some things knocked out of them and a few tacked on? You know there are three biographies of Christ, written by different persons, among whom you cannot find any evidence of conspiracy or collusion, while there is much to the contrary. Yet are they not consistent in every essential particular? I think they are; and I am convinced the writers meant to give an honest, fair, and correct account of what *He* said and did within their personal knowl-

edge. Now, when they report, as each of them frequently do, that he took upon himself the authority and omniscience proper only to God, in instructing and governing them; when they make him declare that in that life of his flesh was the Spirit of God manifest, they must have so understood him. He probably meant them to, and as he was a wise, good, and true man, we can have reasonable faith that, in some fair and honest understanding of the words, it was so. What if there is room for some difference of opinion as to the *precise* meaning of language, so written in a narrative, two or three times translated, and that through heathen tongues, and God only knows how many times copied by humanly imperfect hands. I am willing you should understand it as seems, on the whole and in sincerity, most natural to you. I say that I do not believe it will make any very essential difference in your idea of God, but that you will still see him, through Christ, a God of eternal Truth, Justice, Love—a Father worthy of your deepest reverence and affection."

"Suppose I did; and when you've done and said all, what good is it? But I tell you, you don't convince me of the inspiration of the Bible."

"I don't now undertake to convince you of it. If it does not appear evident to you on the face of it that it is an inspired production, I don't think I can bring you to it by argument. All I ask of you now is to look upon those three men, Matthew, Luke, and John, simply as honest biographers. Suppose Hume, Gibbon, or Jared Sparks had described such a character, made such a character to appear in the life of some historical personage with regard to whom they had had facilities to be particularly well informed, would you not respect, honor, love—yes, and worship—"

"No, no! I'd worship nothing human."

"But you would worship divine qualities, and, so far as these go to make up the character of a man, you would worship them in him—"

"Yes, the divine qualities, not the human."

"Not the human—purely human; nobody asks you to. But here is a man who, in all his actions for thirty years, you cannot suppose to have been governed by any motives inconsistent with justice, magnanimity, and benevolence. His life is described with a good deal of minute detail, but you cannot find that he ever said, or thought, or did a single mean, unmanly, ungentlemanly thing. A man who avoided kingly honors; who did not labor for riches; who neither sought nor avoided the luxuries of life; who endured to be forsaken of his friends; who

put up with contempt, reproach, and ridicule; who was always going about doing good, without either ostentation or secrecy—a man so great and true, as he appears among the pettifogging saints of the day, in the case of the adulterous woman, or at the picking of corn on the Sabbath, or in his ideas of morality as brought out in his sermon on the mount, so simple, so grand, so truly divine—do you think, can you think—that such a man would be mean enough and wicked enough to declare a most monstrous falsehood, and stick to it all his life, suffer all sorts of shame, and finally die ignominiously rather than give it up? No, sir; that man was no impostor! . . . . Nor is there any thing that looks like the fanatic or crazy man about him either. Yet he plainly thought, and had some good reason for thinking, that in all his peculiar character he was exhibiting the peculiar qualities of God. And were not those qualities such as are consistent with the highest wisdom that we can conceive of? And what *good*, you were asking, does it do us to believe in them? If you had never seen your father, but your elder brother should say: 'Father is like me in all that you like in me, in all that you love me for'—you would not need to see your father face to face, but would love him, and would lovingly respond to his will, and when he sent for you to come home, you would look forward to meeting him, not with dread, but with a joyful trust. If you can have as much faith in the word of that noble man as I have in yours and the captain's about this ship's going towards Liverpool, you will love and worship him, and strive to be like him."

"Christ said he *was* God, which is nonsense, and I don't swallow it."

"Look here! When I tell you that I am a man, what do I mean? A man has two legs, two arms, and two eyes; suppose I had but one leg, one arm, and one eye, would it be nonsense to call me a man? Or suppose that I had twelve fingers instead of ten, or my body all covered with hair, would it be nonsense to call me a man because I had more than the ordinary qualities of a man? I might call myself a hirsute, but I should still be a man."

"I don't understand you."

"Why, I mean that because Jesus Christ asserted himself to be God it does not follow that he asserted himself nothing but God, or even that he exhibited the whole of God, but that he spoke in the name of God, with the authority of God, that the word of God was spoken in him. It is absurd for us, and evidently was never intended that we should, take the exact weight and measure of the words of his familiar conver-

sation, and reduce it to the English standard, from the simple narratives of Hebrews writing in the Greek tongue. You can understand it so as to make it nonsense if you are determined to, but that's your nonsense and not Christ's. There is plenty of room to fight over it if you like, but was that what it was intended for? You may understand it somewhat differently from me, but *practically*, if you believe it at all, will the difference in our understanding of it make an essential difference in our lives? I believe that Channing and Calvin, standing at two opposite theoretical extremes with regard to this, both showed in their characters the influence of a common faith in the divinity of Christ."

"You do? You don't suppose Channing believed in the divinity of Christ? You ought to know better than that."

"He might not express his belief in that way, because that mind had got to be employed technically to denote a different view from his, but plainly it was the God revealed in Christ to whose service he gave his life. You must remember that language is a human and exceedingly imperfect and inefficient means of conveying thought. Neither Calvin nor Channing believed that in Christ was the whole of God concentrated and made manifest to us, or that God was and could be revealed to us in no other way; but both believed that in Christ God was speaking, that in Christ's life, far more truly and distinctly than in any other, was uttered the true and eternal and soul-saving word of God. 'In truth, in love, in all that deserves your love, your gratitude, your adoration, and whole-hearted devotion, I AM.'"

We were both silent for a few moments, and then he laughed.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"I am afraid you are getting into the bond of iniquity; don't you know that's very dangerous the way you talk. 'Tisn't orthodox by a long shot."

"I've no particular passion for being called orthodox," I replied.

"You haven't, eh? What is your religion then?"

"That of Christ, I wish it to be."

"No, but what do you believe in?"

"The God revealed in Christ."

"Pshaw! What sect—what church do you run with?"

"None of your business—that is, the question's not in order."

"But, good heavens, man! I want to know what you pretend to believe. What do you want to have me believe? Was he very God of very God, all God and all man, or only half God and half man, or a

whole man and no God, only an extra-inspired prophet, or what? There's no use talking with you till I know where you stand."

"What do you want to bother with such nonsense for? Christians themselves don't agree about those matters. I won't answer you. You admitted that you had seen enough in the ordinary works of God to impress you with the belief of a designing wisdom above us, and you asked me how any one could know any more than that. Now I tell you: Look to Christ, his most perfect work. Believe, if you like, that in him—his life—God is manifest only in the same way that he is in all the works of his hand, as you would be in yours, as Powers is in the Greek Slave, and Bell and Brown are in this ship, only he must be peculiarly manifest in man (created in his image), and most distinctly and obviously manifest in the man most perfect and altogether lovely, the express image of his person. Mustn't he? Take him as a sheer man, if you will, not even a prophet, simply a wise man—the wisest and best man. Must not his pure heart, his self-forgetful spirit, his wisdom who spake as never man else spake, have attained to the best and truest idea of God? Must not that be, in the first place, the most reasonable relation for us to assume towards God—that in which he placed himself—a son to a loving, personally-interested father—a Father whose almighty power moves only in love? If that's the utmost you can make out of the life of Christ, why, take that; don't lose so much good of it because others can take more. But if you can take more than that, and it's better for you to call him—what is it you say? 'very God of very God?'—not merely seen as manifested in the man Christ, but peculiarly, indescribably, incomprehensibly, and contradictorily both God and man and neither man or God—have it so, and welcome. Describe him in Latin, or Hebrew-Greek, if you like it better than plain English. It may seem one thing in the dim, religious light of worship, and another in the flickering lamplight of study, but you will find both the same in the clear daylight of life. After all, it is the WORD that is wanted, and not the image through which it is spoken. Look at Christ in whatever way you can read that Word with the most faith. I care not in what language you receive it, so you can translate it into love, joy, faith, long-suffering, goodness, peace, meekness, and temperance (the fruits of the Spirit)." He was laughing again and I asked, "What is there ridiculous about this, Mr. C.?"

"Why, I don't know as there's any thing—don't know as I can object to it, only—eh, ha! ha!"

"Only what?"

"Don't you think if your minister heard you talking so, he'd be—rather—hauling you over the coals, eh?"

"My minister! What under the sun has my minister got to do with it? I am not a Roman Catholic."

"What the devil are you, any how?"

"I've told you."

"Well, you arn't what I call a Christian. What do you call me an infidel for?"

"I never called you an infidel; infidel means unfaithful. God only knows whether you are unfaithful to your light or not. That's none of *my* business."

"Well, but now do you believe in fore-ordination and total depravity? Do you hold to salvation by grace?"

"I believe, certainly, that if a man is not saved it is because, as Christ said, he '*would not.*' I believe that every man shall be judged according to his works, and so did Christ—"

"Ah, then you don't go those doctrines. Now—"

"I don't want to discuss them with you."

"Why, you can't believe them—it's inconsistent."

"I don't much think it is, but if it was—"

"What's that striking—eight bells? I declare it's twelve o'clock."

"Wait a bit, let me tell you a story, and then we will turn in. I once fell in with an old Quaker. He was the first one I ever met to converse with: a simple-hearted, honest man, and I was glad of a chance to talk with him about his society. He finally spoke of some of their doctrines, and defended them in a sensible, manly way that I liked. He took up a Bible and showed me how some idea of his that I doubted about was sustained in it. I turned over a leaf or two further, and showed him another passage that I thought pretty flatly opposed his understanding of the verse he had brought as proof, and said, 'What do you make of that?' He looked at it a moment, read each side of it, didn't say any thing, shook his head, and sighed, and I begun to feel ashamed of myself for troubling him with it. At length his face lighted up, and he turned to me with a beautiful smile and said softly, 'I can see the truth the Lord testified to in the verse I showed thee, but for this I have not yet sight enough. If thee cannot yet see the truth that cometh to me from the verse I showed thee, wilt thee not be content to also wait for thy light?' Now, Mr. C., I advise you to take what truth

you *can* find; and if other people profess to believe what seems to you absurdities, don't be so sorry for them as not to let them enjoy the benefit of what light they have got; don't yourself be so foolish as to shut your eyes to what of God's word is plainly enough set before you in Christ, because you have not turned over the next page and can't see through the whole book at once. I don't want you to try to force upon yourself any belief that is unnatural, and which honestly appears illogical to you. No kind of heresy is so bad as hypocrisy. I think those Christians were exceedingly wrong that felt that the sacredness and chief power of their religion consisted so much in the doctrines which they had agreed together to stand by, that they must summarily exclude you from their fellowship when you began to question the soundness of them. On the other hand, I must tell you that I think you are equally wrong to hold them and their opinions in contempt, and to have such entire confidence, as you seem to, that you are yourself right. The fact that so many men differ with you, whom you cannot help respecting as having equal powers of mind and equally good spirit with yourself, should at least make you hold your opinions with humility."

"Well! Now let's go and see them heave the log. She's going a bit faster; the fog isn't so thick as 'twas either. Hallo! there's that old Irishwoman again. She always gets in behind the harness cask to say her prayers. You will hear her muttering there for two or three hours every night."

"She must have strong faith."

"Faith in the devil! Fear and ignorance, I call it. She's a good old thing though, I must say. She takes care of that sick woman's child as if it were her own; and last night she asked the doctor to let her darn his stockings, and he did, the conceited old dandy."

"She has a good deal of true religion, then, for all her ignorance and fear."

"Then it's true religion to believe in the Pope and the Virgin Mary!"

"Oh no! oh no! 'True religion before God is this: to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted in the world.' Yet it may be worth your while, Mr. C., to consider whether she would have been as likely to pity that sick mother, and take care of her child, if she hadn't been in the habit of praying in this way every night, although in her ignorance she addresses the mother of Christ instead of the Father. Good-night."

APPENDIX B.

THE chapter on the disposition of the people of England towards the United States was written before, and not in anticipation of the coming of Kossuth to this country. The general discussion of the subject which that event has occasioned makes it proper for me to mention this. Opinions opposing the views I have presented having been expressed by several persons in honorable positions, for one at least of whom I entertain the highest respect, I wish to repeat that, during five months that I travelled in Great Britain, in almost every day of which time I heard the United States talked about with every appearance of candor and honesty, I do not recollect ever to have heard any expression of hostile feeling (except from a few physical-force Chartists, with regard to slavery) towards our government or our people, and only from a few stanch church-and-state men against our principles of government. Perhaps the highest eulogy on Washington ever put in words was written by Lord Brougham. The Duke of Wellington lately took part in a banquet in honour of American independence. I myself attended a Fourth-of-July dinner in an old palace of George III., and saw there a member of Parliament, and other distinguished Englishmen, drink to the memory of Washington, and in honour of the day. Having observed that Mr. Howard was threatened with a mob, for keeping an English ensign flying from a corner of the Irving House, I will add that I more than once saw the American ensign so displayed in England, without exciting remark; and I know one gentleman living in the country who regularly sets it over his house on the Fourth of July, and salutes it with gun-firing and festivities, so that the day is well known, and kindly regarded by all his neighbours, as "the American holiday."

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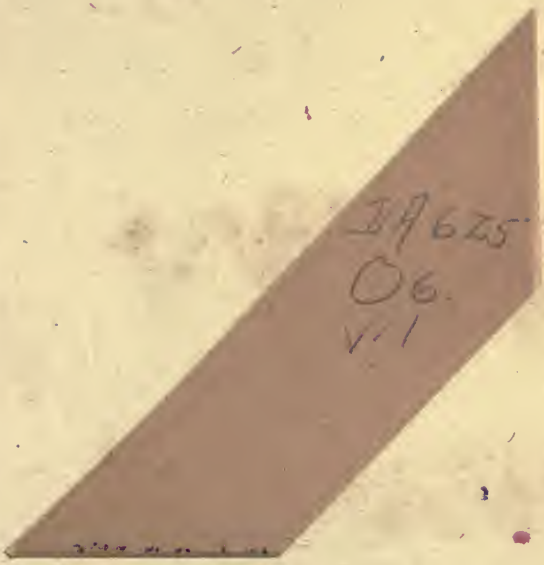
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